This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

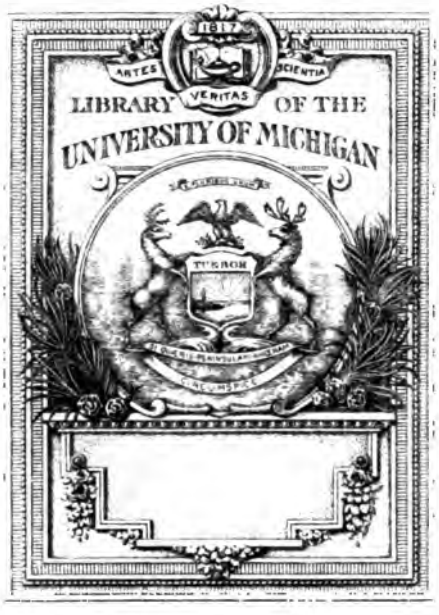
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

B 1,211,613



BEQUEST OF
DANIEL L. QUIRK, JR.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Quarterly

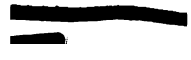
EDITED BY
SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS
KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

VOLUME IV

NEW YORK
THEATRE ARTS, Inc.
1920

822.95
T345
v. 4
Cop. 2

Copyright 1920 by Theatre Arts, Inc.



New Season, The 267
Note on Poetic Drama, A 190
Notes on the Spanish Theatre 157
O'Neill, Eugene G.—*The Dreamy Kid* 41
Pichel, Irving—*Stage Construction for Small Theatres* 25
Pichel, Irving—*Stage Machinery and Lighting Equipment for Small Theatres and Community Buildings* 137
Playwrights and Professors 16
Portrait of Tiero, The, by Zoë Akins 316
Power of Darkness The—Settings for Two Scenes by Lee Simonson ... 97
Puritans and the Theatre, The 280
Richard III—Four designs for, by Robert Edmond Jones 129
Roeder, Ralph—*D'Annunzio and Dr. MacClintock* 115
Rosse, Hermann—Four Designs by 108
Russian Theatres—Six Designs, Sketches and Settings from 205
Russian Theatres—Two Sketches from 215
Sayler, Oliver M.—*Constantin Korovin* 154
Sayler, Oliver M.—*The Moscow Art Theatre* 260
Sayler, Oliver M.—*Theory and Practice in Russian Theatres* 200
Severn, Margaret—*Use of Masks in Dancing* 274
Shadowy Waters, The—A Puppet Production of 254
Simonson, Lee—Settings by 2, 7, 97
Six Designs by Raymond Johnson 231
Stage Construction for Small Theatres 25
Stage Machinery and Lighting Equipment for Small Theatres and Community Buildings 137
Stanislavsky, C. C.—Frontispiece 267
Storm, The, by John Drinkwater 191
Takitomo, Torao—*The Faithful, on the Stage* 67
Thamira of the Cithern—Scene from, by Innocent Annyensky 178
Theatre Activities in Southern California 346
Theatre Arts Bookshelf 73, 173, 255, 348
Theatre Arts Chronicle, The 72, 169, 246, 344
Theatre of a Small Nation, The 91
Theatre in France, The 122
Theatre in London, About the 217
Theory and Practice in Russian Theatres 200
Tietjens, Eunice—*A New Nativity Play* 107
Tietjens, Eunice—*The Work of C. Raymond Johnson* 227

Tragedy 1
Truth About the Russian Dancers, The—Design by Paul Nash for Barrie's 188
Twelve Moscow Art Theatre Settings 303
Two Designs by Constantin Korovin and Portrait 154
Use of Masks in Dancing, The 274
Work of C. Raymond Johnson, The 227
Young, Stark—*Notes on the Spanish Theatre* 157

CONTENTS

Page

Akins, Zoë—*The Portrait of Tiero* 316
America's Best Season in the Theatre 61
American Drama Mid-Channel 3
Annyensky, Innocent—Scene by 178
Architecture of the Munich Art Theatre—Four Plates 57
Auditorium of Arts and Crafts Theatre, Detroit 29
Auditorium of Carnegie Institute Theatre 33
Auditorium of Reinhardt's New Theatre in Berlin 167
Benda, W. T.—Masks by 275
Birthday of the Infanta, The—Robert Edmond Jones' Design for 80
Boutique Fantasque, La, by Derain 76
Breed, Donald L.—*The Theatre of a Small Nation* 61
Burton, Richard—*Theatre Activities in Southern California* 346
Cannan, Gilbert—*The English Theatre After the War* 21
Carolina Playmakers—Scene from a Production of 153
Carter, Huntly—*About the Theatre in London* 217
Carter, Huntly—*The Theatre in France* 122
Constantin Korovin 154
Contemporary Chinese Theatre, The 238
Cover Design by Norman-Bel Geddes ..... April
Curtain 173
Curtain and Scene by Warren Dahler 263
Dahler, Warren—Curtain and Scene by 263
D'Annunzio and Dr. MacClintock 115
Derain—*La Boutique Fantasque* 76
Designs for Everyman Theatre, London 82
Dreamy Kid, The, by Eugene G. O'Neill 41
Drinkwater, John—*A Note on Poetic Drama* 190
Drinkwater, John—*The Storm* 191
Drucker, Rebecca—*The Jewish Art Theatre* 220
Eaton, Walter Prichard—*Eugene O'Neill* 286
Eaton, Walter Prichard—*Playwrights and Professors* 16
Editorial 69, 166, 244, 338
English Theatre After the War, The 21

Eugene O'Neill 286
Faithful, The—Three Settings for, by Lee Simonson 2-7
Faithful on the Stage, The 67
Folk Playmaking 105
Four Designs by Hermann Rosse 108
Four Javanese Marionettes 253
Four Moscow Art Theatre Settings 339
Four Spanish Caricatures 156
Frontispiece—C. C. Stanislavsky 267
Geddes, Norman-Bel—Four Designs by 11
Geddes, Norman-Bel—Cover Design by ..... April
Gloves, by Gilbert Cannan 160
Gods of the Mountain—Scene from, as Presented in China 264
Hamlet—Scene from, in Reinhardt's New Theatre 168
Hollywood Community Theatre—Two Scenes from Productions of 175
Hoyt, Burnham—Setting for *The Little Supper* 352
Hung, Shen—*The Contemporary Chinese Theatre* 238
Isaacs, Edith J. R.—*The Puritans and the Theatre* 280
Jewish Art Theatre, The 220
Johnson, Raymond—Scene from *Medea* 187
Johnson, Raymond—Six Designs by 231
Jones, Robert Edmond—Designs by 80, 129, 133, 136
Jones, Robert Edmond—Portrait of 90
Jones, Robert Edmond—Sketch and Model by 225
Little Supper, The—Setting for, by Burnham Hoyt. 352
Macgowan, Kenneth—*America's Best Season in the Theatre* 91
Macgowan, Kenneth—*American Drama Mid-Channel* 3
Macgowan, Kenneth—*Curtain* 179
Macgowan, Kenneth—*The New Season* 267
Masefield, John—*Tragedy* 1
Masks by W. T. Benda 275
Medea—Setting by Raymond Johnson 187
Merchant of Venice—Scene from, at Smith College 351
Moscow Art Theatre, The 290
Much Ado About Nothing—Sketch and Model for, by Robert Edmond Jones 225
Nash, Paul—Design by 188
Nave, La—Four Designs for, by Norman-Bel Geddes 11
New Nativity Play, A 107

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

An Illustrated Quarterly

EDITED BY
SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS
KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

VOLUME IV

NEW YORK
THEATRE ARTS, INC.
1920

822.95
T 345
v. 4
Cop. 2

Copyright 1920 by Theatre Arts, Inc.

Scene from the Theatre Guild's production of John Masefield's *The Faithful*: the exit of the Ronin in Act III. Setting designed by Lee Simonson. (Photograph by Francis Brugière.)

ARTS MAGAZINE

JANUARY, 1920 Number 1

...n Drama Mid-Channel

By KENNETH MACGOWAN

I.

...e American theatre is passing through the most ...gnificant period of its history. It has come out ... Colonial dramas, history plays and minstrel shows, ...mas, Civil War melodramas and Wall Street ...mall-town comedy from Broadway to Oshkosh, ...d bedroom farces. It has passed through the ...y, the star-stock company, the touring repertory ... Daly-Wallack-Frohman organizations, the star, long- ...ring systems. To-day—thanks to a more or less mys- ...nation of the war, economics and the uncharted surge ...ive spirit—the American theatre is rushing ahead at a ...k (and-pocketbook) speed into the most picturesque ...active professional theatre in the world. It seems about ...g forth theatre organizations to match its producers and ...ers. And there are signs of plays and playwrights to justify ...ll.

II.

...o Jones . . . . Shakespeare.

...t has been the nightmare of all thinking lovers and prop- ...lists of the new stagecraft. Are we following the carpenters ...d of the poets? Is Gordon Craig the prophet of a god with ...of papier-mâché? Shakespeare played his eternal dramas ... sunlit hustings. Inigo Jones created his mechanical marvels ...t of all the resources of a royal court. Shakespeare lives to-day, ...ile Gordon Craig worries the problem of how to create "the ...urable theatre." Can the artists make it without playwrights? Can they make it even with poets? The final disquietude of all of us lovers of the new scenic art is the thought that when Inigo Jones did get hold of a real creator, the outcome was the same as when he bossed some tu'penny rhymster. The genius of Ben

Jonson was crushed beneath the canvas tomb of *The Masque of Blackness.*

Shakespeare, 1564-1616 . . . Inigo Jones, 1573-1652.

Here is hope: Inigo Jones came *after* the great days. Robert Jones may be coming before them. Decadence requires something ripe enough to decay; something great enough to make a descent evident. Decadence is a difficult feat for the art that has known no heights. Further, the first months of the new season have brought some native American plays of enough merit to make the optimistic see the Great American Drama on the edge of the horizon.

The full power and domination of the new stagecraft was unquestionably established last spring in the twin successes of *The Jest* and *John Ferguson.* In spite of new and more costly demonstrations of Belascoism in *The Son-Daughter* and *Aphrodite*, this supremacy carries forward with still greater strength in 1919-20. Jones, Anisfeld and Geddes dominate the new productions of the Chicago Opera Company, *The Birthday of the Infanta, Aphrodite, The Love of the Three Oranges* and *Le Nave.* The Metropolitan continues with these men and with Urban, Wenger and Pogany. No play in the slightest degree imaginative can reach Broadway now without the managers calling for some one of the dozen more or less expert practitioners of the new method. Even a melodrama of '49 requires the services of Rollo Peters.

Among the new men that the season has already established, the leader is Lee Simonson, one-time decorator of Washington Square playlets, and most promising of the artists who began at the Bandbox Theatre. His work was one of the three thoroughly satisfactory things about the Theatre Guild's first production of the season, *The Faithful.* The other two were John Masefield's magnificent prose and Rollo Peters' acting. These were the virtues that fought and vanquished a doubtfully dramatic second act which called for acting of impossible virtuosity.

The story of the Forty-seven Ronin has been long familiar to readers of the epic lore of old Japan. Masefield's version of this story of the chieftain who came to his death through the trickery of an upstart, and of the followers who suffered and abided that they might work vengeance, has been made familiar to a wider audience through the printed play. The play is, unfortunately, not of steadily mounting interest. The first act is too much the best. Set with Lee Simonson's background of cedar and cream, clothed in the surge of his costumes, and acted vividly and beautifully by Rollo Peters, Henry Herbert and Henry Still-

man, the scene of trickery and death, in which it culminates, proved the finest and most moving opening of any play within my memory. Unfortunately in the second act Masefield requires from the actor who plays the dead man's friend a sustained half-hour of despair, resolution, and cunning gleaming through feigned drunkenness such as only players with the qualities of Mansfield, Ditrichstein and Arnold Daly have ever shown the virtuosity to accomplish. Augustin Duncan, who played John Ferguson so magnificently, made a sorry spectacle on the cross of this second act. Simonson and the rest of the company managed to bring the third act back to a level of interest only slightly lower than the first. They could not, however, make *The Faithful* so straight-driving and exciting a tragedy as Masefield's *Nan* or cause its dialog to take on the rare qualities of his *Pompey*. They were compelled to leave it a worthy but very difficult play, illuminated but not sublimated by production.

III.

Even before the war, New York boasted more theatres for its population than any city in the world. Under the stimulus of a peace without unemployment and of an inflation that has outdistanced the rise in the price of theatre tickets, the fervid interest of New York in the playhouse has been little short of staggering. *The Faithful* was one among about seventy new productions that tumbled pell-mell into Broadway in the two months following the successful outcome of the actors' strike. They brought such audiences to the forty-eight first-class theatres as this most amusement-seeking city in the world has never known. They also brought some plays and playwrights of a very hopeful sort.

The first and most American of these is *Clarence*. Its distinction is that it is pure Tarkington. It transfers to the stage just the sort of broad and hilarious sketches of young America in which the novelist has won his most abiding fame. As a piece of play-making *Clarence* is neat enough to be effective, and irresponsible enough not to care whether it fits the formulas. It is quite satisfied with being a vehicle for extraordinarily amusing people, mostly very well acted, with the name-part played to comic perfection by Alfred Lunt. The best part of the whole entertainment is that Booth Tarkington made the play all by himself. The man whose true sense of character (in novels) has never before reached the footlights intact, succeeds in this undertaking with apparent ease, once he is rid of collaborators. At last we find a playwright who ought to be able to do completely and to our entire satisfac-

tion the thing that George M. Cohan, at the head of the journeymen of Broadway, has haltingly accomplished. It is the creation of true American comedy, unstudied from the sophisticated models of Europe.

IV.

At the same time, we have in *Declassée* an American play very evidently drawn from those models—as much of our serious drama has always been—and yet showing us something of America that we had hardly thought possible. An admirable vehicle for extraordinarily fine acting by Ethel Barrymore, *Declassée* is by the last person to be suspected of nursing an ambition to write a better "social drama"—as Clayton Hamilton, for some unknown reason, calls it—than Pinero. Zoë Akins is chiefly known to the American theatre for her *Papa*—smart in the American fashion, and *The Magical City*, a skilful playlet of a flavor that might be approximated if the advertisement-writer who visualizes Djer Kiss tried his hand at booming Robert W. Chambers. In *Declassée* Miss Akins has taken the Pinero heroine—a smart noblewoman of London—and the Pinero problem—what will happen if she loses her grip on the social proprieties. Miss Akins takes the lady to America—following her fall from society—and involves her in declassée difficulties which ultimately bring her "an ambiguous proposal" from a rich American Jew who has collected everything else that is beautiful or notable in life. (In his playing Claude King realizes the distinctive qualities of this man so clearly that the situation is unusually convincing.) She is about to be made the wife instead of the mistress of this magnetic and finely-drawn man when the cause of her former troubles turns up. Although there seems to be no bar here to as happy a future as a woman of such small spiritual resources may win in such a marriage, the heroine is adventitiously run over by a taxicab. There are other points besides the ending at which the play flounders away from the necessary truth. But there is throughout *Declassée* a certain fine intellectual quality rare among American plays. Its dialog is in the best sense literary. It accords in phrases and ideas with the educational polish and emotional limitations of the people of what Bernard Shaw calls "heartbreak house and horseback hall." Somewhere, I know, between *Clarence's* absurdities and the gravities of *Declassée*, somewhere between children of little moment and grownups of no moment at all, lies American life; and somewhere

Screen designed by Lee Simonson for the Theatre Guild's production of *The Faithful*, representing a Japanese landscape in winter. (Photograph by Francis Brugière.)

Interior setting for *The Faithful*, designed by Lee Simonson. (Photograph by Francis Brugière.)

between the wayward sketches of Tarkington and the deliberately schooled etchings of Miss Akins, lies drama for our American theatre.

V.

This point is attained by none of the other three new American plays worth talking about—*Palmy Days*, *His Honor Abe Potash* and *Wedding Bells*. The skill of Augustus Thomas plays some part in *Palmy Days*, but hardly more than Wilton Lackaye. The plot is a modulated melodrama of the days of '49, with less excitement and a bit more characterization than the early Thomas dramas held. At times it seems on the point of truly visualizing a great gone time. Then again it becomes simply a vehicle for a delightful fusing of playwright and player in the sketch of an old miner who once was dresser to Edwin Forrest and now poses as exponent of the Bard.

In *His Honor Abe Potash* we see still more clearly the player as playwright. The tale is a simple old thing—just stage-politics with one of Montague Glass's closely observed Jewish merchants as the traditional heroic mayor, beset by the gang. Its conventionalities are less offensive than most. They set off admirably the brilliant acting of Barney Bernard as Abe. It is a sterling, uncompromised impersonation, a work of the highest excellence.

Wedding Bells is excellently acted by Wallace Eddinger, Margaret Lawrence, John Hardwood and Philip Ames. Well and skilfully staged by Edgar Selwyn, it is deliciously funny. But a warmer interest resides in the fact that its author, Salisbury Field, has succeeded in writing an American comedy with the thinnest sort of plot, in which deftness of dialog and neatness of wit can stand comparison with the gossamer distinction of such an English play as Somerset Maugham's *Too Many Husbands*. Like *Declassée*, *Wedding Bells* is, in a sense, imitative; it is in a foreign tradition. But when American playwrights can master a skill in comic dialog which doesn't have to stretch for points and jokes, there is nothing in particular to prevent their applying it to more American ends.

As for *Too Many Husbands* itself—acted with delightful delicacy by Lawrence Grossmith, Kenneth Douglas and Estelle Winwood, this satire on English types, English viewpoints and even English methods of conducting war, is the most amusing comedy that England has sent us since *Fanny's First Play*.

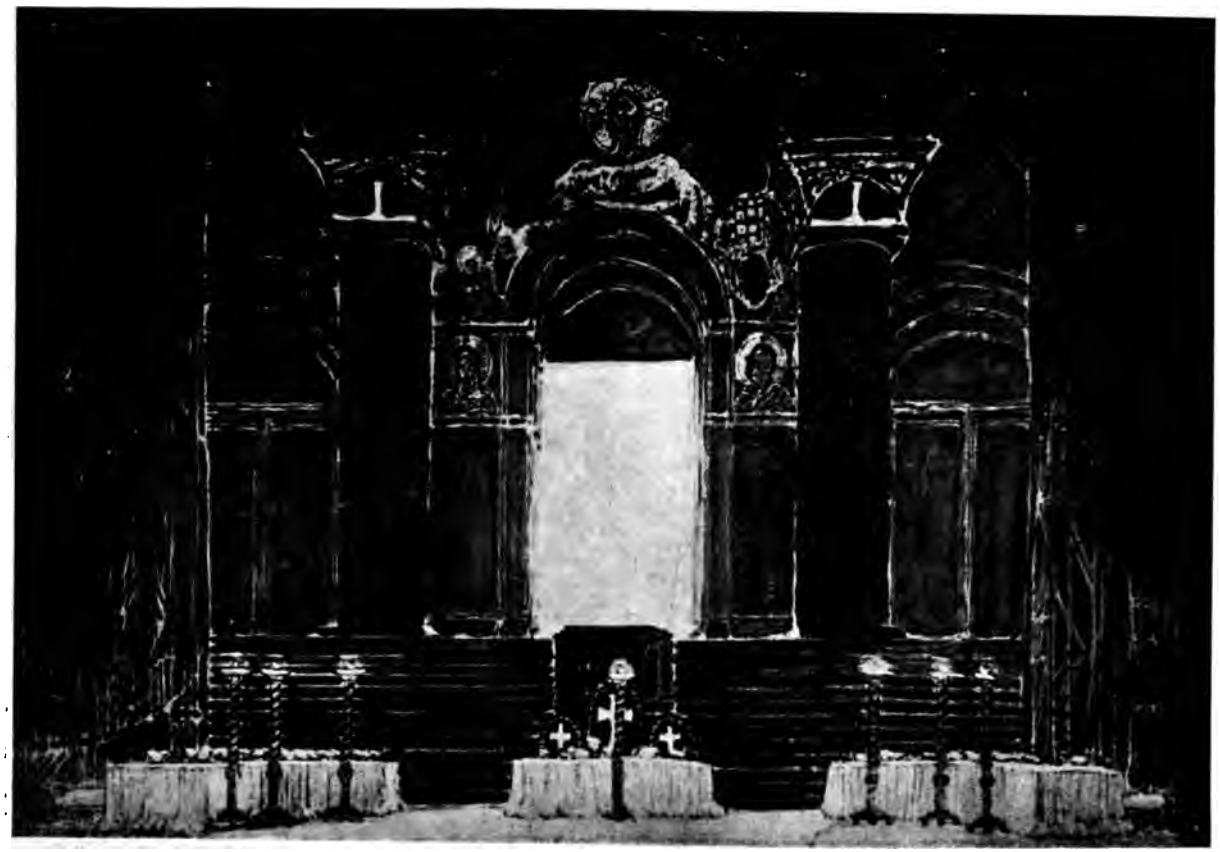
VI.

Though the new season has shown us that we have a playwright of first distinction in Booth Tarkington, and playwrights who can turn out drama and comedy of high life with all the qualities of Pinero and Maugham, it has as yet presented us with no American substitutes for the authors of *The Lost Leader* and *Abraham Lincoln.* At the present writing John Drinkwater's fine drama still impends, and must be reserved for a later review; yet its remarkable dramatization of a great American can hardly be ignored in any discussion of Lennox Robinson's play about the great Irishman, Charles Stuart Parnell. Both these plays bring before us a kind and a quality of English playwriting that we are all too likely to ignore—the vivid and plausible reconstruction in thoroughly modern terms of the living dead. Bernard Shaw began it—as he began most good things of the English theatre—with his Napoleon in *The Man of Destiny*, his Cæsar in *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and his General Burgoyne in *The Devil's Disciple.* Since then we have had Masefield's *Pompey* and *Philip, the King*, George Moore's scenario, *The Apostle*, Herbert Trench's *Napoleon*, Robinson's *The Dreamers*, about Robert Emmett, as well as *The Lost Leader*, and *Abraham Lincoln.* The fascination of such playwriting goes far beyond the possibility that through it our boys and girls and a few of our history-writers besides Robinson and Breasted may come to see the great ones as living humans and not as lay-figures such as people the newspapers. It is the fascination of meeting the moving currents of the races embodied and expressed through those men whose fortune it was to accord most greatly with them or whose distinction it was to be of such power as to turn them aside.

Such fascinations are a part of the *The Lost Leader*, yet frankly not the major part. Robinson's play begins as an exciting sort of detective-ghost story, in which a modern psychiatrist draws out of the dreams of a broken old Irishman the truth that he is the great "uncrowned king of Ireland," whose face, according to tradition, was never seen in the coffin. There is a dramatic and spiritual thrill, in this first act, of a kind unique in our theatre. Naturally it cannot be maintained during the rest of the play. Instead we have the manifold reactions of Irish life to the news of Parnell's return, and finally the man's own deep reflections on the need of his country, and his accidental and ironic death at the hands of a blind follower.

Four Designs by Norman-Bel Geddes for the Chicago Opera Association's production of *La Nave*, a new opera by Italo Montemezzi, libretto by Gabriele D'Annunzio, which was performed at the Auditorium Theatre, Chicago, in November. Above is the scene for the Prologue.

Scene for the First Episode: Courtyard and House of Marco Gratico.



Scene for the Second Episode: Atrium and Basilica.

Scene for the Third Episode: The Ship.

The Lost Leader is as well acted as any drama of the past year—barring *John Ferguson.* Robert T. Haines and J. M. Kerrigan take relatively small parts with distinction. As Parnell, Frank Conroy achieves a very rare visual impression of spiritual greatness. On the side of production, Livingston Platt—a well-trained if not over-robust artist—is at his happiest in the lighting of the interior of the small Irish inn. He achieves that most difficult of problems—naturalistic and yet dramatic lamplight—as no other art director has done in recent memory.

VIII.

Meantime, what of the organization of the theatre? While the crafts of writing and production advance, what of the craft of management? What of the prospects for the erection of the repertory theatre? They are good. They are better than they have been since the beginning of the war. And this in spite of a Broadway season of the greatest prosperity in years. There are signs: The Theatre Guild goes on—and the Provincetown Players and the Neighborhood Playhouse. Arthur Hopkins keeps a character and a clientele for his Plymouth Theatre by planning to revive *Redemption* there, following *The Jest,* and then to present John Barrymore in another vivid production. Further he begins experimental matinées at his theatre with Gorky's *Nachtasyl,* and rumor connects his name with plans for a new house of genuine repertory. And the Jewish Art Theatre, established at the old Garden, demonstrates, under the hand of Emanuel Reicher, the possibility of creating a sturdy art under conditions that also create an audience to understand it and pay for it.

Playwrights and Professors

By Walter Prichard Eaton

It is quite possible for the writer in the practical theatre—and by practical theatre, we mean the theatre which offers entertainment at a price and thus supports its workers—to underestimate the debt the theatre owes to its theorists, even to those men who are professors, a term less honored on Broadway than Brattle Street. Yet it would be rather difficult, we fancy, to name any two men in America who have inspired an understanding love of dramatic art in more young men (and young women) than Professor George P. Baker of Harvard and Professor Brander Matthews of Columbia. The wit at the Players Club who remarked that the Columbia group of dramatists were all Brandered with the same Matthews was paying a perhaps unintended compliment to the professor's influence, an influence so strong that it has sent man after man out of Columbia filled with a desire to work in the theatre.

The recent success of the two volumes of one-act plays written at Harvard and Radcliffe under Professor Baker's influence—a success not only among readers but in the test of scores of amateur performances—is alone sufficient vindication of the academic study of dramatic composition. Did it have no immediate effect at all upon the professional theatre, so pronounced an effect in the amateur theatre would be worth all the effort.

In the light of the influence of these two men, who have given us from their classrooms playwrights, critics, scene designers, actors, etc., it is interesting to turn to their most recent books, and to see, if possible, how far the 'academic' attitude towards the theatre, the theorizing attitude, holds a value for us who have, presumably, advanced beyond the pupil stage (though, to be sure, no man worthy of attention ever ceases to be a pupil to experience).

Professor Matthews' latest book is called *The Principles of Playmaking*, but if any hopeful aspirant to the mantle of Shakespeare or Fitch hopes to learn his trade by a perusal of these pages, he will be doomed to disappointment. In a series of more or less unrelated papers, the author ranges from a discussion of the theories of Aristotle, Lessing and Sarcey to memories of Edwin Booth and an essay on Matthew Arnold and the Theatre. But he nowhere tells anybody how to write a play. Rather he discusses the plays which have been written, and sets forth what

seem to him certain laws deducible from them, as opposed to the mere rules or fashions of this or that period. He is the teacher of architecture who discourses on proportion, on the uses of detail, on the underlying principles of structure, not the teacher who supplies the draftsman technique, the mathematics, the planning.

Professor Matthews' point of view toward the drama is too well known by now to require exposition. Like Walkley in England, he rests on Aristotle and runs with Brunetière. Some of us may think that he overstresses the part an audience plays—that is, he gives an audience too little credit for individual judgments, pushing the theory of 'mob psychology' beyond a reasonable point, and also makes the 'success' of a play too dependent upon its immediate effect in the playhouse. There was a long period, for instance, when Shakespeare could not succeed in the theatre, yet his plays remained great drama. For a long time American audiences did not accept Ibsen. They were forced to accept him—by Ibsen. In other words, Professor Matthews' advice to playwrights to go to the theatre constantly and study the successes, to see what makes them succeed, is possibly dangerous doctrine, and certainly unnecessary. We find, too, a shade of amusement in his theory of the need of music-drama to stick to the romantic, the far away, illustrated by *Madame Butterfly* and the drink of whiskey; for is not *Madame Butterfly* the most popular opera on the stage to-day? However, theories quite aside (and the Brunetière theory of drama as a clash of wills, so constantly urged by Professor Matthews, particularly annoys us at times), it is this author's deep knowledge of plays and players and playhouses, his devotion to the task of speculating endlessly about them, his vast sympathy for them and his unfailing interest in everything which concerns them, that makes us understand how he has influenced young men, of keen minds and alert curiosity, winning their sympathies and their enthusiasms, also, for the theatre. If the stage does not owe much to Professor Matthews, and if the playwrights do not owe much because of awakened interest in critical speculation about their art, there is no such thing as debt. When shall we have done with the cheap belief that to 'theorize', to be 'academic', is to be useless? When shall we realize that until theory does enter into our work, until intellectual interest is awakened in the young, we can have no real criticism and no reasoned progress?

Professor Baker's book is of a totally different stamp. It is not a collection of essays on the theatre, but the ordered study of the practical task of putting a play together, so far as this study can be embodied in a book and divorced from the personal

equation. It deals in theory not at all, except as a preliminary. Yet Professor Baker's preliminary theories are interesting. First, of course, since he is to teach the pupil how to write a drama, he must needs define drama. That is dramatic, he says, 'which by representation of imaginary personages interests, through its emotions, an average audience assembled in a theatre.' He does not deny that drama is most frequently a contest, a clash of wills, but it certainly is not always that. He would, practically, define drama as something creating emotional response; and further, he defines 'theatric' as the dramatic made fit for practical presentation in a theatre. To make a dramatic idea theatric, in this good sense of the word, is, he says, the mission of technique—and to show the way is the mission of his book.

He does not pretend to tell any writer how to express himself in an individual idiom; if that could be done differently in each individual case. But he, like Professor Matthews, finds certain technical laws of the drama eternal, as opposed to tricks and rules, and by pointing them out in detailed studies, he shows the way to master the basic, essential steps every dramatist must take in shaping a play for the theatre.

The first value of Professor Baker's book, one is inclined to say, is its thoroughness, its painstaking search for apt and illuminating illustration. Page after page, often in parallel columns, of examples are cited, showing how dramatists of the past and present have met the various problems of exposition, suspense, character revelation, natural and revealing dialogue, and so on. Often two versions of the same scene are presented. Nothing whatever, in the practical part of the book, is left to theory. It is all stuff from the workshop. Yet, paradoxically, theory is never quite absent. The critical instinct is probing for the reason of every step and illuminating the process. Nowhere is this clearer than in his chapters on characterization. He agrees largely with Galsworthy that 'character is plot', and by parallel illustrations he shows how the same 'situation', tame or ineffective in one version, becomes tinglingly alive when the dramatist lets his characters take it in hand. "When in doubt, when your transition scenes don't work out, when your act becomes clogged, stop and become better acquainted with your characters", is the gist of his advice. Because drama is emotion, the deepest and surest drama must inevitably result from character.

It is practical advice, which not a few of our practicing playwrights would do well to heed, that every dramatist, facing the further development of his story, should not at once cast about

for further situations, but should first see whether he has extracted all he can of complication and revelation out of the character clashes naturally incident to the existing situation. An act of a dozen situations may very well be less absorbing and rich than one of a single situation worked out to the full. "Intimate knowledge of his characters is the only safe foundation for the ambitious playwright", Professor Baker says, to which we cry Amen! And never was this truth more disregarded than in the American theatre to-day where we are still under the spell of the trick drama, the search for novelty of theme and fresh twist of plot.

In his chapters on Dialogue the teacher holds no less firmly to the basic need of understanding the characters. In these chapters, also, he has something to say—but too little—about the actors. It is a fault of this book, as of all books on playwriting, that the perpetual consciousness of the actor in the dramatist's mind as he works cannot be expounded. No doubt it was to fill this very want, primarily, that Professor Baker started his workshop theatre in conjunction with his classes in composition. A dramatist must not only feel what words will express a character and a situation, but what words can best be spoken by an actor. He must know what effects the actor can secure by gesture, by facial expression, more potently than by words. (Professor Baker's remarks on Pantomime are shrewd and sensible, but he cannot teach a novice to know how expressive his players can be. Only the instinct which comes from practice in the theatre will teach him that. It is interesting to observe how Barrie, for example, has advanced in pantomime understanding.) Similarly it might be urged that Professor Baker neglects the possibilities of lighting, grouping, setting, in the creation of that total emotional effect which is acted drama. But doubtless he would urge that this, too, can only be taught in the school of experience.

Not the least valuable part of the book is a concluding chapter on scenarios, which contains the complete author's scenario of *Kismet*, with notes on subsequent changes. This chapter helps to drive home the common-sense lesson of the entire book—the lesson of clearness, coherence, the need of so definite a knowledge of the characters, so well-realized a purpose, that the action may, in summary, tell a good story, with emphasis in the proper places and the guiding idea held like a beacon.

Frankly a book of technical instruction for beginning playwrights, to aid them in mastering those first principles which, under self-instruction, are often so painfully mastered, or never

quite grasped, this volume at the same time by its theory of the first principles, and by its copious illustrations of them from fine examples, becomes of interest to all students and lovers of the theatre, making for a better understanding of dramatic art and a richer background of judgment and enjoyment.

In all departments of American life, and particularly, perhaps, in the theatre, the absurd pose of contempt for the 'highbrow' by the 'lowbrow' (and sometimes the equally absurd patronage of the 'lowbrow' by the 'highbrow') has worked much evil, opening the gap between enjoyment and critical contemplation which makes enjoyment unthinking and criticism dull. There should, of course, be no such gap, and when men like Brander Matthews and George P. Baker are filling young minds with enthusiasm as well as critical curiosity, we, on our part, hail the enthusiasm and refuse to quarrel much with any of the critical theory.

Dramatic Technique by George Pierce Baker (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co.); *The Principles of Playmaking*, by Brander Matthews (New York Charles Scribner's Sons).

The English Theatre During and After the War

By Gilbert Cannan

The English theatre, which before 1914 had made some attempt to advance by a rather feeble clutching at German methods, disappeared in the calamity. The temporary war-population which flooded the metropolis was willing to fall into any place of public resort which opened its doors, and the suburbans and provincials who for the first time found themselves with money to spare, innocently accepted the London theatre as the London theatre. The war-public was a public without instruction or critical standards, and, as there were not enough music-halls, the theatres flourished.

At first some attempt was made to be martial and patriotic; but nobody wanted to be martial or patriotic in the theatre. Shakespeare's *Henry IV* and *Henry V* were put on but quickly withdrawn, and it was accepted that the war-public as a matter of fact simply wanted somewhere to sit down that was not the lounge of a hotel or the parlor of a boarding-house. It was a public new to the theatre and it knew nothing of the reputation of actor-managers, who accordingly disappeared. Syndicates were formed, chiefly with American or Colonial money, and the theatres were exploited *sans phrase* as places of public resort. The strangest plays were produced by the queerest managements with the oddest actors and they succeeded.

As the war went on even the staidest Londoners could not stay at home and the theatre business grew with restaurant business and cinema business. Charlie Chaplin's reputation grew, very properly, from that of a popular buffoon to that of a great artist, but no other reputation was made. The theatre, from being a mother of a few household names, became anonymous. The theatre of Pinero, Barrie, Shaw, Barker disappeared in the flood. A Pinero play was produced; a Barrie play was produced, but without the old réclame. A public had arisen which knew not these Josephs, yet apparently had no prophets of its own and required none. Shaw was suspect: he had written Common-sense about the War. With Shaw under a cloud, the Repertory Movement in the provinces, which had depended enormously upon his vogue, collapsed, except in Birmingham

where John Drinkwater, backed by Barry Jackson, kept the tattered flag flying. Shakespeare was performed at the Old Vic, the people's theatre in South London, and save in these two humble and frequented places the drama had no home.

That situation continued into the armistice, when the desire for public entertainment from a dumb passion became a frenzy. The public jazzed its jubilation and groups of dramatic enthusiasts began to form, gathering their ranks for the pursuit of Mæcenas, the swollen profiteer. Prospectuses flew about and over London like flocks of geese. The newspapers, reopening their correspondence columns, revealed the old controversies and the old controversialists, vociferous. Soon there were an Art Theatre, a British Drama League, a proposed Little Theatre on the American model, a travelling theatre, a Shakespeare company for Stratford-on-Avon, and Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Nigel Playfair discovered a derelict playhouse in Hammersmith and opened it as a home for lost repertory plays, at first without success.

Stanley Houghton's *Younger Generation* had certainly not survived the war. Shakespeare was proposed but shelved when news came that Drinkwater's long years of work had borne fruit in *Abraham Lincoln* which had induced the citizens of Birmingham to visit the Repertory Theatre as a matter of course. The play was transferred to Hammersmith and had the inevitable triumph of the first intelligent play of the post-war period.

I should mention here that a contributing cause of the success of *Lincoln* in Birmingham was the breakdown of the touring-system owing to the restriction in railway-traffic and the raising of freights. In England we wait until systems collapse before we mend our ways and even then we are in no great hurry about it. Nor are we in any hurry now.

There is an immense demand for public entertainment, but it will be a long time before that crystallizes out into an active demand for drama, that is, for quality in the entertainment. Individual artists will make their success as in the past without greatly affecting the situation or the organization of the theatre which is at present in the hands of wealthy syndicates composed of men who know more of horses and boxers than they do of human nature and its æsthetic needs. They understand success and they back actors and actresses as they back Jimmy Wilde or Joe Beckett. The British public, which is in the main a sporting public, understands that, approves and asks nothing better, though it knows and loves sincerity when it sees it.

I am not, and never have been, of those who blame the public for the calamities that overtake us in literature and the drama, and the present state of things in the London theatre seems to me to be healthy because it is absolutely without pretention. Those men who want money can get it without being under the necessity of assuming an air of nobility; while those who care about the pleasure of doing good work can take their time about it and are given room in which to ride this particular hobby-horse. It is becoming plain that the theatre cannot compete with the music-hall and must create its own public out of the millions who know vaguely that there is an acute collective pleasure to be got out of four walls and a stage, provided there are the artists who know their job.

There lies the rub! In the theatre by our old system there was no means by which young people could learn their trade, or discover any art save that of exploiting their personalities, and so we are without young actors and actresses of any serious training. And we are without playhouses which can afford to experiment. From that point of view the success of *Abraham Lincoln* is a bit of a nuisance, for it takes Drinkwater away from Birmingham and blocks the Hammersmith theatre. There remain the Old Vic and the Bridger Adams company that did so well at Stratford-on-Avon. But, as I have pointed out, we British are never in a hurry, and once you get theatrical companies forming, their powers of parturition are quite remarkable. It is most unlikely that the old touring system will be revived, for it depended on the actor-manager system in London. Places like Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Edinburgh that have already swallowed the ground-bait of repertoryism are bound to attract the companies that will form out of those already in existence, and before very long they will find themselves with modern theatres properly designed and equipped for modern audiences, and such theatres will in due course produce their dramatists, because theatres always do, as Moscow produced Tchekov, the Court Galsworthy, Manchester Houghton, the Abbey Synge, etc., etc.

And here I should point out that we English, never being in a hurry, like other people to do the spade-work for us; and we are under the impression that you in America have done a great deal of spade-work in the theatre. Movements nowdays are not local. The Moscow Art Theatre has had its repercussion in America just as Isadora Duncan has her share in the evolution of the Russian Ballet. Dramatic art is one of the first human things to become

consciously inter-, or rather super-, national, and is therefore at the present time of the most vital importance in any number of directions. I know that in the English theatre without direct and continual contact with the dramatic artists of other countries we are hopeless. We can neither hear nor see clearly, and we cannot set about our first great task, which is to discover and reveal our tradition and release it from the lumber with which it is overlaid. Our tradition like our language is America's, and it is here in the sharing of their common great inheritance that they can meet and work together until they have given to the drama its rightful place in social organization. I claim for it, and there are many with me, the first—I would have it—the best meeting-place of the imaginations and the passions of the people, the home of their vision, the trumpet of their aspiration. I do not believe that any community working alone can make it so, but with the artists of all countries joining together they can create a currency of ideals by which there shall in time be evolved a spiritual life which shall dominate the turbulence and unrest of that existence from which, impatient and sickened of its futile sufferings, we are emerging.

I put the claims of the theatre high because of all means of expression it is the most powerful, and the most easily understanded of the people. I put those claims high because the theatre is the one means by which the people can be instructed through delight and I do not believe that any other form of instruction is valid. If, then, these claims are accepted by artists both in Great Britain and in America, they have a common goal, a common aim, and they should, between them, be able to create a theatre so noble that it will gather into itself artists in every kind, workers in every intellectual field, and become the living heart of that university which is surely the dream of every thinking, feeling human being.

Stage Construction for Small Theatres and Community Buildings

By Irving Pichel

Architectural ineptitudes are more likely to be perpetuated and in time condoned than those in any other art. Generally speaking, a bad painting is scrapped, poor music remains unpublished and unplayed (along with much good music, no doubt), and bad books, after a time, cease to be read. But a building is somehow inescapable. Having a durability that needs no treasuring, and being erected more often for use than for beauty, a building generally achieves longevity, and the bad art crumbles no sooner than the good stone. Usefulness, great initial cost, sturdy stuff, are all against a building's being put out of the way merely because it is ugly. Or even, as a matter of fact, because it does not successfully serve the purpose for which it was erected.

As people live in a house, or work, day after day, in a store or factory or public building, they become used to inconveniences, bad arrangement, and lack of proper facilities. They complain for a time, perhaps, and then forget. And after a while, when the house has become home, or the large building has gathered tradition, a sort of admiration settles upon it. What is really plain ugly or wrong or bad appears quaint and full of "atmosphere." And is imitated. Style and tradition embalm the very features that make the building a bad building.

In the theatre, this perpetuation of musty, tradition-hallowed faults of construction has been carried to an extraordinary extreme. There is more ritual, one might believe, in constructing a stage and auditorium in accordance with honored custom than there is in the building of a church. In the more modern theatres, there have been notable improvements over the theatres of a generation ago; but in the auditoriums and stages of schools, clubs and societies and in other public or semi-public buildings in which such facilities are included as a sort of side issue, the ancient law is observed. The average high school stage seems to be inspired by the faint recollection of a visit to the theatre, supplemented by the examination of old prints illustrating the stage of Inigo Jones.

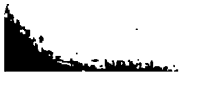
To-day, by a concerted movement throughout the country, hundreds of community houses are being planned as war memorials.

These buildings are designed to include facilities for all the social and recreational interests of the communities they will serve. Practically all of them will include stages and auditoriums. At the same time, hundreds of new school buildings are being planned, and these, too, will have stages intended to be useful for dramatic productions. But unless architects have at their disposal much more technical knowledge of the producers' requirements than in the past, it is certain that most of these auditoriums and stages will be bad—as are the auditoriums and stages in most existing schools. It is to forestall some of the common mistakes that this paper has been prepared—to describe them in detail, and to set up against them the ideal features toward which the designers of such structures should strive.

I believe that the memorial halls are destined to play so large a part in community life that they must have removed from them every obstacle to their fullest usefulness. I need not enumerate here the many indications that the theatre and the drama are taking a new place in the social and cultural life of the country. One of the finest services that the memorial community house can render is to provide a home for the dramatic impulse of the community—not a makeshift home, but one worthy of the fine art of the drama and the fine craft of the theatre. It does not matter whether or not the building is to be large and pretentious or small and inexpensive; but it matters that it should be fitted to the least detail to fulfill its function efficiently and beautifully.

In the course of a rather varied experience in the theatre—amateur and professional, little and big, commercial and "art"—I have encountered practically all the mistakes that are made in stage construction. I have found them to be of two sorts—mistakes of imitation and mistakes of ingenuity.

The first type of mistake is easy enough to account for. Usually, the auditoriums and stages of schools have been intended primarily for use as "chapels" or assembly halls. There has been a feeling on the part of school authorities that the dramatic instinct is in some way unwholesome and that its expression should be discouraged. As often as not the design of the school stage has been a conspiracy to thwart its growth. The attitude of the authorities has recently changed somewhat, but with the change has come very little more intelligence in the matter. Where, before, they were careful to obstruct, they are now merely negligent, leaving the architect to his own devices. The proceeding is very much at random, and experts are rarely consulted.



In the largest high school in one of the greatest midwestern cities, I have seen a stage built no more than five years ago in which is exemplified almost every stage feature of the civil war period—a vast curved apron, grooves for wings, and a stage floor sloping from the back wall toward the footlights.

The other type of error one encounters is usually made by a clever man who has observed the more modern practices in building large theatres, and attempts to adapt them to a space utterly inadequate or wrongly shaped for the purpose. Usually, he cramps his space hopelessly and renders it even less useful for its purpose than it might have been had no such ingenuity been displayed. The finely equipped stage of the Artists' Guild Theatre in St. Louis is an admirable replica in little of a fully equipped stage of the commercial theatre. But the stagehouse is so small that the fly gallery at the left and the paint bridge at the back are a constant embarrassment. The stage would have been more workable if these devices had not been employed.

These errors of construction, after all, indicate but one thing—that the stage has been regarded as a characteristic type of structure, to be built according to established rules, rather than as a place designed to fulfill a peculiar function. A stage is a space on which a dramatic action is to be revealed before an audience. Whatever the space at the builder's disposal—its size or shape—or whatever the building he must remodel, that is the only thing to be considered. A play is to be given. The players must be seen and heard. There must be means for them to enter the presence of the audience, and exit. The space on which they appear must be illuminated. Somehow the space set aside for the player shall be able to suggest, either by means of scenery as it is commonly understood, or by some conventional arrangement, permanent or variable, a world in which the character he portrays might move.

Beginning with this much specification and no more, I propose to work out with some definiteness the principles underlying the construction of an ideal stage and the relation of the auditorium to it, bearing in mind all the while the fact that many of the stages in the War Memorial Buildings are to be small, that large sums cannot always be spent on them, and that they must in most cases serve a variety of purposes.

The first consideration is that of visibility. A sight line drawn from any seat in the auditorium should give a clear view of the entire stage. As a general rule, therefore, the seating space

should be very little wider than the stage opening. A sight line drawn from a seat to the right or the left of the proscenium arch past the corresponding side of the arch will cut off that corner of the stage. The closer the seat is to the stage the greater is the part of the stage concealed. (See Fig. 1.) Accordingly, it is the custom in most modern theatres to narrow the auditorium as it approaches the stage, so that the front of the seating is no greater in width than the width of the proscenium. The rear of the auditorium is slightly wider. (See Fig. 2.)

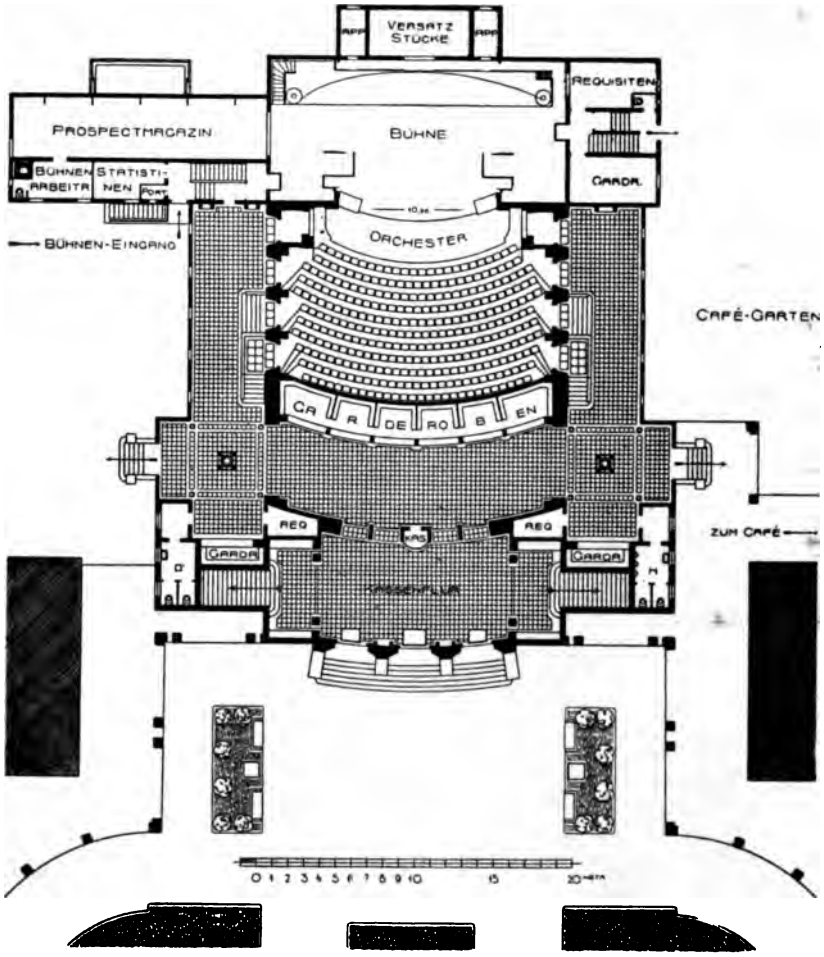
The general plan of the best modern American theatres is rectangular with the side walls converging toward the stage, beginning at a point about two-thirds of the way from the back. The seats are in concentric rows following a curve drawn from a center approximately at the middle of the back-wall of the stage. The back wall of the auditorium follows the curve of the seats. The Little Theatre in New York is built on this plan. Where balconies are included, they have only a slight curve, approximately the same as that of the orchestra seats.

It is a common fault of school auditoriums that the seating is extended to the right and the left of the stage, so that a considerable number of seats are valueless for seeing. They preserve, also, for no known reason, other than that it has been the theatre practice, the apron, projecting far beyond the line of the proscenium arch.

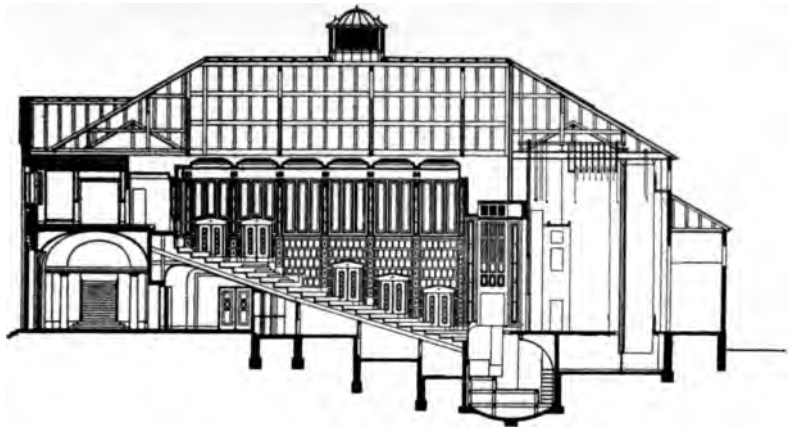
A second requirement for assuring direct sight lines from every seat to the stage is an inclined floor. In many cases, this appears an insuperable difficulty. Auditoriums which must be used as a gymnasium or dance halls require level floors. Often, then, the stage is elevated at a greater height from the floor than usual, in the belief that this device will overcome the lack of an inclined floor. On the contrary, it merely makes the spectator tilt his head at an uncomfortable angle, makes the players appear preternaturally tall, and, as they move toward the back of the stage, conceals the lower part of their bodies. The best height for a stage, whether with inclined or flat auditorium, is three feet, nine inches.

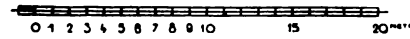
A number of means may be used to provide an inclined floor when performances are to be given in a hall which must be used for many purposes. In Copley Hall, Boston, movable risers were installed, each row of seats being lifted about six inches above the row in front. This scheme has the advantage of being the least costly at the beginning, but this consideration is outweighed by

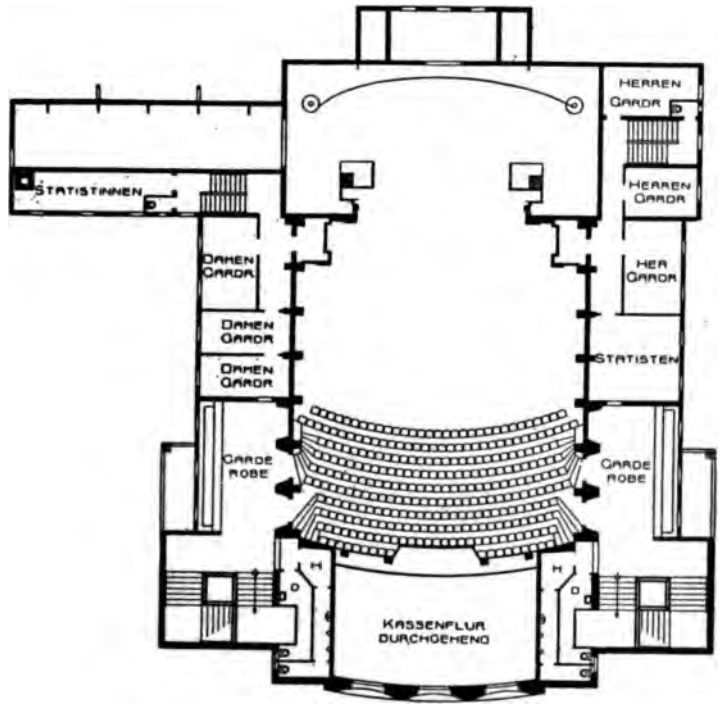
Auditorium of the Arts and Crafts Theatre, Detroit. The theatre here is used for many purposes, and the picture indicates how a playhouse may be fitted informally and beautifully into a building not designed primarily for dramatic productions.



First-floor plan of the Munich Art Theatre (see page 57). Note that the seats shown here form only a part of the main floor section, as indicated in the plans on the page opposite.







Above is a section showing the arrangement and structural features of the Munich Art Theatre. Below is the second-floor plan. It should be noted that the seats here are not a balcony but a continuation, on the same floor slope, of the seats shown in the main-floor plan on the page opposite.

Auditorium of the theatre at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh. This is an admirable example of dignified decoration, uniform floor slope, and generously spaced seats; but the auditorium is too wide to secure adequate sight lines from all seats.

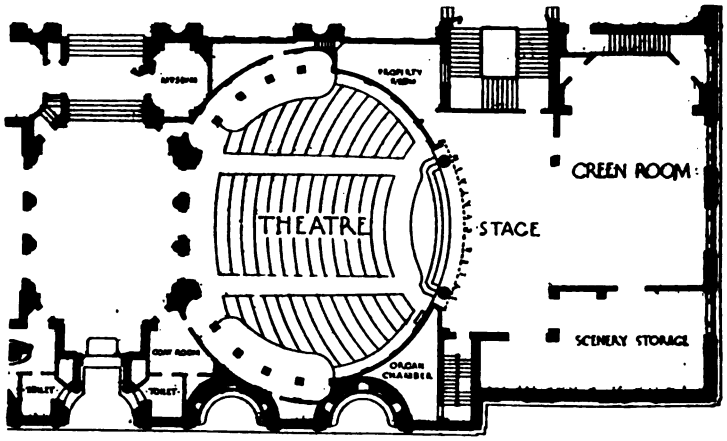


Figure 1.—Plan of the theatre at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, Pittsburgh. The sight lines from the sides of the auditorium are badly distorted, evidently to preserve the novel architectural effect of an elliptical room. By drawing lines from the outmost seats in the first five rows, it can be seen that spectators there will be shut off from any view of more than half the stage space. The one outstanding feature here is the large amount of space given to scenery storage room and green room.

a host of disadvantages. The trestles and platforms occupy a large storage space when not in use, they are not a hundred per-cent safe, and they emit a squeak with every footstep. Moreover, they increase, to some degree, the fire hazard.

Far more ingenious and needing no storage space is the device employed by Lawrence Ewald in building the Little Theatre of the Artists' Guild, St. Louis. The theatre occupies a wing of the building used ordinarily as an art gallery, and has a level floor. When performances are to be given, the theatre seats are bolted to the floor, and the back half of the floor, which is built in one piece, hinged at the middle of the auditorium, is lifted at the rear by a four-ton hydraulic jack until a pitch of about one inch per foot is obtained.

Another device, proposed for a great municipal auditorium in a western city, will not so readily commend itself for general use, because of the great initial cost and because of the depth of cellarage required under the auditorium. Here the entire floor was to make a semi-revolution. On one side of the revolving plane was a smooth flooring; on the other, seats were bolted.

When the floor can be built with a permanent slope, either a simple incline or an incline in the form of a parabolic curve is used. The latter form is preferable.

In many places the fire laws regulate the pitch of the floor to one inch per foot. With rows of seats spaced at the legal minimum of thirty-two inches this does not give enough clearance for the people in each row to see over the heads of those in the row in front. For a decent degree of comfort, a little seating capacity should be sacrificed, and the rows spaced thirty-six inches apart.

If possible, there should be a gradient of two inches to the foot, giving a difference of elevation between rows of six inches. If the law prevents the two-inch grade, the same effect can be produced by "staggering" the seats. That is, the seats of alternate rows are set in direct alignment, while the intermediate rows are set half a seat-width to the right or left. Thus spectators will look between the shoulders of those immediately in front of them, and will be able to see over the heads of those in the second row in front, who, by such an arrangement, will be sitting in a direct line with them. There will thus be a six-inch difference between each two rows of seats.

With an auditorium from every part of which the stage can be seen, from every seat of which all the words of the actors can be heard,* there will be little fault to be found. Its comfort, its ventilation, its isolation from street noises, its protection against fire—these are matters which need not be treated here, and which have been written of elsewhere more adequately than I could write of them. As for its decoration, there are no rules to govern that. If the designer has bad taste, there is no help for it, except to avoid him. If he is an artist, let him exercise his art on the interior of the auditorium and forget the sort of thing that has traditionally adorned theatres and wedding cakes.

We are accustomed to regard as the stage of a theatre that part on which the actors appear, immediately behind the footlights, bounded, right and left, by the proscenium arch. As a matter of fact, this is a very small part of the stage. From the construction of many school stages and many of the stages of the Little and

---

*Space is too limited here for a discussion of theatre acoustics. The reader is referred to the researches of the late Wallace C. Sabine, described by him in the *American Architect*, Dec. 31, 1913.

experimental theatres, I am convinced that this misconception really exists. It is true that many little theatre groups have been obliged to choose between a cramped stage and no stage at all. On the whole, the work they have done, in the light of their limited equipment, is nothing short of amazing.

No director could be hindered, however, by having excellent facilities at his command. His imagination, instead of visioning means of overcoming too low a roof to his stage or the lack of off-stage space, would be free to interpret the matter of the play itself.

The stage, properly speaking, is about five times as large as the part of it that is visible to the audience when the curtain is raised. The spaces to right and left of the proscenium arch should equal the center space within the proscenium. Then there is the space above the stage, the space under the stage and the space required adjacent to the stage for dressing rooms, shops, etc.

Dimensions for practically all of these spaces can best be derived from the dimensions of the proscenium arch. The width of the opening generally is equal to half the width of the auditorium at its widest part. It may be somewhat less or somewhat greater, but it is well to establish a minimum of twenty-four feet for the width of the opening. Less than this will not give adequate space without serious crowding for the presentation of scenes with more than a very few people.

In height the proscenium should be fittingly proportioned to the width, with a minimum of about twelve feet in mind. A stage too low and too narrow will throw the human figure out of proportion to his surroundings on the stage. Let us assume that we have a stage with a proscenium opening twenty-four feet wide and not less than twelve feet high. The aggregate off-stage space right and left should then equal about twenty-four feet, making the total width of the stage-house forty-eight feet. The depth of the stage should be not less than twenty-four feet. The height of the stage, from floor to "rigging loft" should be not less than thirty-six feet. The cellar under the stage should be not less than ten or twelve feet deep. This is merely a rough guide, using the measurements of the proscenium as index.

Claude B. Hagen, construction engineer for the Century Theatre in New York, suggests a "rule of seven" for the derivation of these dimensions, making all of them multiples of seven. The following table gives his measurements for stages of various sizes:

Proscenium width.....	28 ft.	35 ft.	42 ft.	
Proscenium height.....	Seven feet less than width			
Height of loft.....	56 ft.	63 ft.	70 ft. to 84 ft.	
Height of fly gallery floor.....	28 ft.	35 ft. (7 ft. back of proscenium)		
Width of Stage.....	42 ft.	56 ft.	70 ft.	
Depth of Stage.....	21 ft.	28 ft.	35 ft. to 42 ft.	
Cellar.....	14 ft.	21 ft.		
Distance between border lights	Seven feet from center to center			

These measurements, while customary, are hardly ideal, and are generalizations from the more or less arbitrary dimensions imposed by high land values. It goes without saying that however small a theatre is, its stage should be as large as the plot on which the building stands will allow.

The off-stage space at the sides is particularly important. Without it, entrances to the scene are cramped, there is no place to pack furniture and scenery for other acts than the one in progress on the stage, and there is no place for the actors to await their entrances. Such space is needed, often, for the suggestion of other rooms than the one before the audience, and an important part of the lighting of the scene is done from the sides.

Next in importance is the space above the stage, the "flies," in the technical vocabulary of the theatre. In this space, above the line of vision of the spectator, much scenery is hung until needed, lighting units are suspended, and with good overhead space, effects of height can be produced and ampler places revealed than that in which the audience sits.

The cellar under the stage is of especial importance where the off-stage spaces at the sides are cramped. It is used for the storage of scenery and furniture, for stage machinery and for entrances from a lower floor (with the aid of traps), and it often provides passage from one side of the stage to the other during the progress of a scene that occupies the entire depth of the stage. In some theatres, a part of the stage floor may be lowered by an elevator, and properties or furniture disposed of during the changes of scene, thus preventing crowding of the stage-house itself.

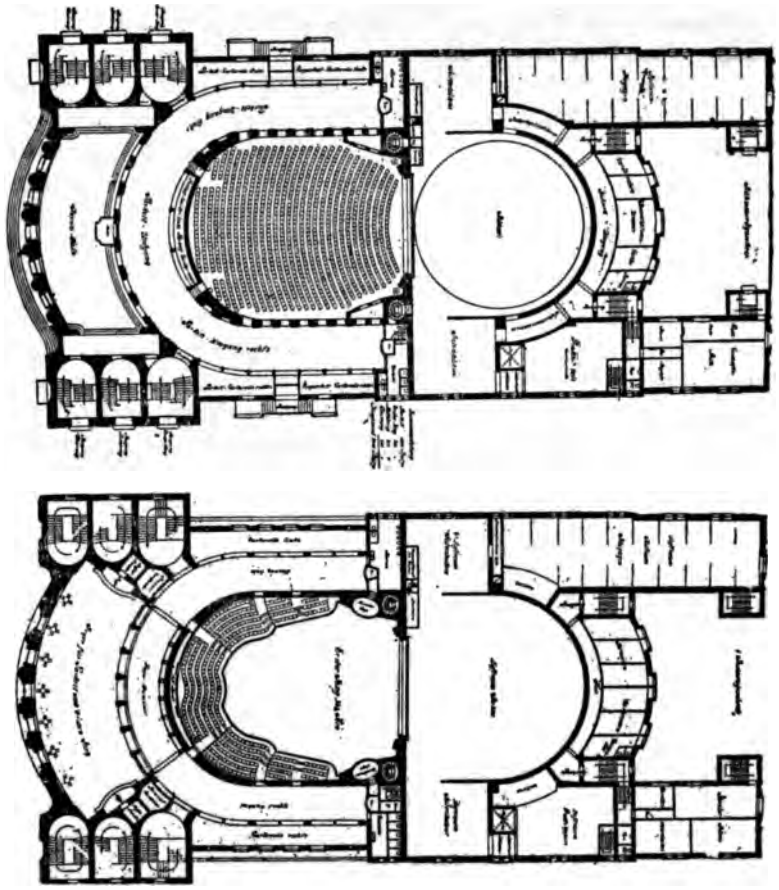


Figure 2.— Plans of the theatre just completed in Berlin for the Berliner Volksbühne. The form of the auditorium is typical of the latest practice in continental and American theatre design (see page 28). The large amount of stage space, in proportion to the auditorium, however, is unfortunately not typical of American theatres. The second-floor plan is included to illustrate the general arrangement rather than to show the balcony form, which is neither typical nor particularly good.

Hardwood should never be used for the stage floor. The architect of the excellent Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit, in his desire to use only the best of building materials, specified a stage floor of maple. As a consequence, it is almost impossible to support scenery by the use of stage braces, screwed to the floor

with a stage screw or "peg." Soft wood into which the pegs bite easily, is the only sort to use.

It is particularly important in small theatres that the stage walls be as unbroken by entrances as possible. At least two there must be: a large high door, opening to an alley or street, by which scenery may be brought in and taken out, and a small one, a stage entrance for the people of the theatre. It is well so to contrive the building that this one door gives access to the stage from the dressing room corridors, shops, cellar, stairs, street and front of the house. With many doors opening on the stage, it is difficult to find space for the stacking of scenery without blocking them. It is often desirable to have one dressing room very near the stage or opening immediately upon it, not for the use of the star, but for the player who may happen to have the quickest change of costume.

Stages intended for the housing of large productions and traveling companies should include also a fly gallery, built out from one of the side walls of the stage at a height of not less than twenty feet from the floor. The ropes by which drop curtains, ceilings, and "frame-pieces" of scenery are raised and lowered are operated from this floor and are tied off to pins fastened in the gallery railing, technically known as the pin rail. In smaller stages, of no great height, it will save space, construction costs and operating expense to have the pin rail at the floor level.

Dressing rooms must be provided sufficient in number to accommodate the cast of the average play without crowding more than two people to a room. Under ideal conditions, each player will have a separate room so that he can prepare for his performance, mentally as well as physically, without disturbance. The rooms should be not less than eight by ten feet, should each have a window, and should be heated in the winter. Against one wall there must be a long shelf or table, about eighteen inches wide. Above it, a good mirror, with lights so placed that the face of the actor seated at the shelf and looking into the mirror will be well illuminated. Under the shelf, there should be a drawer in which make-up material may be kept. Each dressing room should be provided with a washstand and running hot and cold water. There should be a high clothes closet or wardrobe in which costumes may be hung. Where this is impractical, there should be sufficient hooks to accommodate a number of costumes, and means of covering them with a cloth to protect them from dust.

Above the clothes hooks, or at the top of the closet, a shelf for hats, shoes, etc.

It is well to provide from eight to twelve dressing rooms, each large enough to accommodate two persons. In addition, there should be two large rooms, each with space for about a dozen persons, these to be used for chorus, supernumeraries, or players of small parts.

On each dressing room floor there should be proper toilet accommodations for each sex. Also, the ideally equipped building will have shower baths.

One more thing should be provided for the actor, not indispensable, but making for fellowship and comfort—the feature known in German theatres as the Konverzations-Zimmer and in older English and American theatres as the Green Room. This should be a comfortable lounge, furnished more as a room in a home or club, than in a theatre, and stocked with books and periodicals relating to the theatre.

With the actor carefully considered in the matter of cleanliness and cheerfulness backstage, a new pleasure will come into his work. Likewise, with the other workers of the theatre. Closest to the actor, perhaps, the wardrobe people. In the ideal theatre two rooms should be set aside for the wardrobe, one for the making of clothes and another for their storage. The sewing room, needless to say, should be well lighted, should have a space partitioned off as a fitting room, should be provided with proper closets in which to hang dresses in the process of making, and should be large enough to allow for a number of seamstresses and a large cutting table. There should be a built-in closet equipped with shelves and drawers in which to store cloths, trimmings, findings, etc., for the making of costumes. For the costume storage room, a loft space that might otherwise go to waste can often be utilized. This room should have long closets, fitted with bars on which dresses can be hung, and should have drawers in which other items of dress can be packed—hats, shoes, wigs, stockings, tights, etc. These drawers should be numerous enough to allow for the sorting out of costumes by colors or periods, and should be properly labelled.

The matter of storage space for scenery is to be determined wholly by the amount of space at the builder's disposal and the use to which the theatre is to be put. If many productions are to be made, a space should be provided for a scene-dock, adjacent to the stage but separate from it, unless the building is small, in

which case a storehouse elsewhere may be used. Scenery should not be allowed to accumulate on the stage.

The property department needs a shop for the making of fur-furniture and other stage furnishings can be stored. Often one large room can be made to do for both.

The electrical department likewise must not be overlooked. There must be closets for the keeping of incandescent bulbs, lamp dyes, plugs, connectors, cable, wire, and other electrical hardware, niture, papier mâché work, etc., and a storage room in which gelatines, color frames, etc. There must be provision in the shop for the dyeing of lamps, testing, repairing, etc.

It may be objected at this point that these various demands presuppose a large-sized plant with elaborate equipment. As a matter of fact, they apply quite as much to the tiniest of little theatres—even more so, for in such, proper ordering of space and isolation of separate activities is equivalent, in getting efficiency, to more ample space less carefully sub-divided. For, inevitably, these various kinds of work must be done in the theatre, and the people who do them must find space here or there for their work, and the things they make must be kept somewhere. Unless each job and each product is assigned its proper corner, the building is soon a clutter of stuff, accumulating dust, getting jostled about and broken. Then we are back at the old, dark, dirty theatre we are trying so hard to improve upon. The provisions discussed above, though they are not on the stage, are very much a part of it, and go far toward making it an instrument of precision.

In community buildings and schools, the various workshops, rehearsal room, etc., can often be combined with rooms serving other purposes. In any case some provision for them is quite as important as the open stage itself.

EDITOR'S NOTE: For our next issue Mr. Pichel has prepared a second article, which will describe the more technical matters of lighting equipment, stage machinery, appliances for handling scenery and curtains, stock scenery and adaptable settings, cycloramas and plaster horizons, etc.

The Dreamy Kid

A Play in One Act

By Eugene G. O'Neill

—

Characters:

Mammy Saunders.
Abe, her grandson, "The Dreamy Kid."
Ceely Ann.
Irene.

Scene: *Mammy Saunders' bedroom in a house just off of Carmine Street, New York City. The left of the room, forward, is taken up by a heavy, old-fashioned wooden bedstead with a feather mattress. A gaudy red-and-yellow quilt covers the other bedclothes. In back of the bed, a chest of drawers placed against the left wall. On top of the chest, a small lamp. A rocking-chair stands beside the head of the bed on the right. In the rear wall, toward the right, a low window with ragged white curtains. In the right corner, a washstand with bowl and pitcher. Bottles of medicine, a spoon, a glass, etc., are also on the stand. Farther forward, a door opening on the hall and stairway.*

It is soon after nightfall of a day in early winter. The room is in shadowy half darkness, the only light being a pale glow that seeps through the window from the arc lamp on the nearby corner, and by which the objects in the room can be dimly discerned. The vague outlines of Mammy Saunders' figure lying in the bed can be seen, and her black face stands out in sharp contrast from the pillows that support her head.

Mammy Saunders. [*Weakly.*] Ceely Ann! [*With faint querulousness*] Light de lamp, will you? Hits mighty dark in yere. [*After a slight pause.*] Ain't you dar, Ceely Ann? [*Receiving no reply she sighs deeply and her limbs move uneasily under the bedclothes. The door is opened and shut and the stooping form of another colored woman appears in the semi-darkness. She goes to the foot of the bed sobbing softly, and stands there evidently making an effort to control her emotion.*]

Mammy Saunders. Dat you, Ceely Ann?

Ceely. [*Huskily.*] Hit ain't no yuther, Mammy.

Mammy. Light de lamp, den. I can't see no whars.

CEELY. Des one second till I finds a match. [*She wipes her eyes with her handkerchief—then goes to the chest of drawers and feels around on the top of it—pretending to grumble.*] Hit beat all how dem pesky little sticks done hide umse'fs. Shoo! Yere dey is. [*She fumbles with the lamp.*]

MAMMY. [*Suspiciously.*] You ain't been cryin', is you?

CEELY. [*With feigned astonishment.*] Cryin'? I clar' ter goodness you does git the mos' fool notions lyin' dar.

MAMMY. [*In a tone of relief.*] I mos' thought I yeard you.

CEELY. [*Lighting the lamp.*] 'Deed you ain't. [*The two women are revealed by the light. Mammy Saunders is an old, white-haired negress about ninety with a weazened face furrowed by wrinkles and withered by old age and sickness. Ceely is a stout woman of fifty or so with grey hair and a round fat face. She wears a loose-fitting gingham dress and a shawl thrown over her head.*

CEELY. [*With attempted cheeriness.*] Bless yo' soul, I ain't got nothin' to cry 'bout. Yere. Lemme fix you so you'll rest mo' easy. [*She lifts the old woman gently and fixes the pillows.*] Dere. Now ain't you feelin' better?

MAMMY. [*Dully.*] My strenk don' all went. I can't lift a hand.

CEELY. [*Hurriedly.*] Dat'll all come back ter you de doctor tole me des now when I goes down to de door with him. [*Glibly.*] He say you is de mos' strongest 'oman fo' yo' years ever he sees in de worl'; and he tell me you gwine ter be up and walkin' agin fo' de week's out. [*As she finds the old woman's eyes fixed on her she turns away confusedly and abruptly changes the subject.*] Hit ain't too wo'm in dis room, dat's a fac'.

MAMMY. [*Shaking her head—in a half whisper.*] No, Ceely Ann. Hit ain't no use'n you tellin' me nothin' but de trufe. I feels mighty poo'ly. En I knows hit's on'y wid de blessin' er God I kin las' de night out.

CEELY. [*Distractedly.*] Ain't no sich a thing! Hush yo' noise Mammy!

MAMMY. [*As if she hadn't heard—in a crooning sing-song.*] I'se gwine soon fum dis wicked yearth—and may de Lawd have mercy on dis po' ole sinner. [*After a pause—anxiously.*] All I'se prayin' fer is dat God don' take me befo' I sees Dreamy agin. Whar's Dreamy, Ceely Ann? Why ain't he come yere? Ain't you done sent him word I'se sick like I tole you?

CEELY. I tole dem boys ter tell him speshul, and dey swar dey would soon's dey find him. I s'pose dey aint kotch him

yit. Don' you pester yo'se'f worryin'. Dreamy 'ull come fo' ve'y long.

MAMMY. [*After a pause—weakly.*] Dere's a feelin' in my haid like I was a-floatin' yander whar I can't see nothin', or 'member nothin', or know de sight er any pusson I knows; en I wants ter see Dreamy agin befo'—

CEELY. [*Quickly.*] Don' waste yo strenk talkin'. You git a wink er sleep en I wake you when he comes, you heah me?

MAMMY. [*Faintly.*] I does feel mighty drowsy. [*She closes her eyes. Ceely goes over to the window and pulling the curtains aside stands looking down into the street as if she were watching for someone coming. A moment later there is a noise of footfalls from the stairs in the hall, followed by a sharp rap on the door.*]

CEELY. [*Turning quickly from the window.*] Ssshh! Ssshh! [*She hurries to the door, glancing anxiously toward Mammy. The old woman appears to have fallen asleep. Ceely cautiously opens the door a bare inch or so and peeks out. When she sees who it is she immediately tries to slam it shut again but a vigorous shove from the outside forces her back and Irene pushes her way defiantly into the room. She is a young, good-looking negress, highly rouged and powdered, dressed in gaudy, cheap finery.*]

IRENE. [*In a harsh voice—evidently worked up to a great state of nervous excitement.*] No you don't, Ceely Ann! I said I was comin' here and it'll take mo'n you to stop me!

CEELY. [*Almost speechless with horrified indignation—breathing heavily.*] Yo' bad 'oman! Git back ter yo' bad-house whar yo' b'longs!

IRENE. [*Raising her clenched hand—furiously.*] Stop dat talkin' to me, nigger, or I'll split yo' fool head! [*As Ceely shrinks away Irene lowers her hand and glances quickly around the room.*] Whar's Dreamy?

CEELY. [*Scornfully.*] Yo' axe me dat! Whar's Dreamy? Axe yo'se'f. Yo's de one ought ter know whar he is.

IRENE. Den he ain't come here?

CEELY. I ain't tellin' de likes er you wedder he is or not.

IRENE. [*Pleadingly.*] Tell me, Ceely Ann, ain't he been here? He'd be sure to come here 'count of Mammy dyin', dey said.

CEELY. [*Pointing to Mammy—apprehensively.*] Ssshh! [*Then lowering her voice to a whisper—supiciously.*] Dey said? Who said.

IRENE. [*Equally suspicious.*] None o' your business who said. [*Then pleading again.*] Ceely Ann, I jest got ter see him dis minute, dis secon'! He's in bad, Dreamy is, and I knows somep'n I gotter tell him, somep'n I jest heard—

CEELY. [*Uucomprehendingly.*] In bad? What you jest heah?

IRENE. I ain't tellin' no one but him. [*Desperately.*] For Gawd's sake, tell me whar he is, Ceely!

CEELY. I don' know no mo'n you.

IRENE. [*Fiercely*] You's lyin', Ceely! You's lyin' ter me jest 'cause I'se bad.

CEELY. De good Lawd bar witness I'se tellin' you de trufe!

IRENE. [*Hopelessly.*] Den I gotter go find him, high and low, somewheres. [*Proudly.*] You ain't got de right not ter trust me, Ceely, where de Dreamy's mixed in it. I'd go ter hell for Dreamy!

CEELY. [*Indignantly.*] Hush yo' wicked cussin'! [*Then anxiously.*] Is Dreamy in trouble?

IRENE. [*With a scornful laugh.*] Trouble? Good Lawd, it's worser'n dat! [*Then in surprise.*] Ain't you heerd what de Dreamy done last night, Ceely?

CEELY. [*Apprehensively.*] What de Dreamy do? Tell me, gal. Somep'n bad?

IRENE. [*With the same scornful laugh.*] Bad? Worser'n bad, what he done!

CEELY. [*Lamenting querulously.*] Oh good Lawd, I knowed it! I knowed with all his carryin's-on wid dat passel er tough young niggers—him so uppity 'cause he's de boss er de gang—sleepin' all de day 'stead er workin' an' Lawd knows what he does in de nights—fightin' wid white folks, an' totin' a pistol in his pocket—[*With a glance of angry resentment at Irene.*] —an' as fo' de udder company he's been keepin'—

IRENE. [*Fiercely.*] Shut your mouth, Ceely! Dat ain't your business.

CEELY. Oh, I knowed Dreamy'd be gittin' in trouble fo' long! De lowflung young trash! An' here's his ole Mammy don' know no dif'frunt but he's de mos' innercent young lamb in de worl'. [*In a strained whisper.*] What he do? Is he been stealin' somep'n?

IRENE. [*Angrily.*] You go ter hell, Ceely Ann! You ain't no fren' of de Dreamy's, you talk dat way, and I ain't got no time ter waste argyin' wid your fool notions. [*She goes to the door.*] Dreamy'll go ter his death sho's yo' born, if I don't find him an' tell him quick!

CEELY. [*Terrified.*] Oh Lawd!

IRENE. [*Anxiously.*] He'll sho'ly try ter come here and see his ole Mammy befo' she dies, don't you think, Ceely?

CEELY. Fo' Gawd I hopes so! She's been a-prayin' all de day—

IRENE. [*Opening the door.*] You hopes so, you fool nigger! I tells you it's good-bye to de Dreamy, he come here! I knows! I gotter find an' stop him. If he come here, Ceely, you tell him git out quick and hide, he don't wanter git pinched. You hear? You tell him dat, Ceely, for Gawd's sake! I'se got ter go—find him—high an' low—[*She goes out leaving Ceely staring at her in speechless indignation.*]

CEELY. [*Drawing a deep breath.*] Yo' street gal! I don' b'lieve one word you says—stuffin' me wid yo' bad lies so's you kin keep de Dreamy frum leavin' you! [*Mammy Saunders awakes and groans faintly. Ceely hurries over to her bedside.*] Is de pain hurtin' agin, Mammy?

MAMMY. [*Vaguely.*] Dat you, Dreamy?

CEELY. No, Mammy, dis is Ceely. Dreamy's comin' soon. Is you restin' easy?

MAMMY. [*As if she hadn't heard.*] Dat you, Dreamy?

CEELY. [*Sitting down in the rocker by the bed and taking one of the old woman's hands in her's.*] No. Dreamy's comin'.

MAMMY. [*After a pause—suddenly.*] Does you 'member yo' dead Mammy, chile?

CEELY. [*Mystified.*] My dead Mammy?

MAMMY. Didn' I heah yo' talkin' jest now, Dreamy?

CEELY. [*Very worried.*] I clar ter goodness, she don' know me ary bit. Dis is Ceely Ann talkin' ter yo', Mammy.

MAMMY. Who was yo' talkin' wid, Dreamy?

CEELY. [*Shaking her head—in a trembling voice.*] Hit can't be long befo' de en'. [*In a louder tone.*] Hit was me talkin' wid a pusson fum ovah de way. She say tell you Dreamy comin' heah ter see yo' right away. You heah dat, Mammy? [*The old woman sighs but does not answer. There is a pause.*]

MAMMY. [*Suddenly.*] Does yo' 'member yo' dead Mammy, chile? [*Then with a burst of religious exaltation.*] De Lawd have mercy!

CEELY. [*Like an echo.*] Bless de Lawd! [*Then in a frightened half-whisper to herself.*] Po' thing! Her min's done leavin' her jest like de doctor said. [*She looks down at the old woman helplessly. The door on the right is opened stealthily and the Dreamy Kid slinks in on tiptoe.*]

CEELY. [*Hearing a board creak, turns quickly toward the door and gives a frightened start.*] Dreamy!

DREAMY. [*Puts his fingers to his lips—commandingly.*] Ssshh! [*He bends down to a crouching position and holding the door about an inch open, peers out into the hallway in an attitude of tense waiting, one hand evidently clutching some weapon in the side pocket of his coat. After a moment he is satisfied of not being followed, and, after closing the door carefully and locking it, he stands up and walks to the center of the room casting a look of awed curiosity at the figure in the bed. He is a well-built, good looking young negro, light in color. His eyes are shifty and hard, their expression one of tough, scornful defiance. His mouth is cruel and perpetually drawn back at the corner into a snarl. He is dressed in well-fitting clothes of a flashy pattern. A light cap is pulled down on the side of his head.*]

CEELY. [*Coming from the bed to meet him.*] Bless de Lawd, here you is at las'!

DREAMY. [*With a warning gesture.*] Nix on de loud talk! Talk low, can't yuh! [*He glances back at the door furtively—then continues with a sneer.*] Yuh're a fine nut, Ceely Ann! What for you sendin' out all ober de town for me like you was crazy! D'yuh want ter git me in de cooler? Don' you know dey're after me for what I done last night?

CEELY. [*Fearfully*] I heerd somep'n—but—what you done, Dreamy?

DREAMY. [*With an attempt at a careless bravado.*] I croaked a guy, dat's what! A white man.

CEELY. [*In a frightened whisper.*] What you mean—croaked?

DREAMY. [*Boastfully.*] I shot him dead, dat's what! [*As Ceely shrinks away from him in horror—resentfully.*] Aw say, don' gimme none o'dem looks o'yourn. 'T'warn't my doin' nohow. He was de one lookin' for trouble. I wasn't seekin' for no mess wid him dat I would help. But he tole folks he was gwine ter git me for a fac', and dat fo'ced my hand. I had ter git him ter pertect my own life. [*With cruel satisfaction.*] And I got him right, you b'lieve me!

CEELY. [*Putting her hands over her face with a low moan of terror.*] May de good Lawd pardon yo' wickedness! Oh Lawd! What yo' po' ole Mammy gwine say if she hear tell—an' she never knowin' how bad you's got.

DREAMY. [*Fiercely.*] Hell! You ain't tole her, is you?

CEELY. Think I want ter kill her on the instant? An' I didn' know myse'f—what you done—till you tells me. [*Fright-*

enedly.] Oh, Dreamy, what you gwine do now? How you gwine git away? [*Almost wailing.*] Good Lawd, de perlice don' kotch you suah!

DREAMY. [*Savagely.*] Shut yo' loud mouth, damn yo'! [*He stands tensely listening for some sound from the hall. After a moment he points to the bed.*] Is Mammy sleepin'?

CEELY. [*Tiptoes to the bed.*] Seems like she is. [*She comes back to him.*] Dat's de way wid her sleep fo' a few minutes, den she wake, den sleep agin.

DREAMY. [*Scornfully.*] Aw, dere ain't nothin' wrong wid her 'ceptin' she's ole. What yuh wanter send de word tellin' me she's croakin', and git me comin' here at de risk o' my life, and den find her sleepin'. [*Clenching his fist threateningly.*] I gotter mind ter smash yo' face for playin' de damn fool and makin' me de goat. [*He turns toward the door.*] Ain't no us'en me stayin' here when dey'll likely come lookin' for me. I'm gwine out where I gotta chance ter make my git-away. De boys is all fixin' it up for me. [*His hand on the doorknob.*] When Mammy wakes, you tell her I couldn't wait, you hear?

CEELY. [*Hurrying to him and grabbing his arm—pleadingly.*] Don' yo' go now, Dreamy—not jest yit. Fo' de good Lawd's sake, doin' yo' go befo' you speaks wid her! If yo' knew how she's been a-callin' an' a-prayin' for yo' all de day—

DREAMY. [*Scornfully but a bit uncertainly.*] Aw, she don' need none o' me. What good kin I do watchin' her do a kip? It'd be dif'frunt if she was croakin' on de level.

CEELY. [*In an anguished whisper.*] She's gwine wake up in a secon' an' den she call: "Dreamy. Whar's Dreamy?"—an' what I gwine tell her den? An' yo' Mammy is dyin', Dreamy, sho's fate! Her min' been wanderin' an' she don' even recernize me no mo', an' de doctor say when dat come it ain't but a sho't time befo' de en'. Yo' gotter stay wid yo' Mammy long 'nuff ter speak wid her, Dreamy. Yo' jest gotter stay wid her in her las' secon's on dis yearth when she's callin' ter yo'. [*With conviction as he hesitates.*] Listen heah, yo' Dreamy! Yo' don' never git no bit er luck in dis worril ary agin, yo' leaves her now. De perlice gon' kotch yo' suah.

DREAMY. [*With superstitious fear.*] Ssshh! Can dat bull, Ceely! [*Then boastfully.*] I wasn't pinin' to beat it up here, git me? De boys was all persuadin' me not ter take de chance. It's takin' my life in my hands, dat's what. But when I heerd it was ole Mammy croakin' and axin' ter see me, I says ter myse'f: "Dreamy, you gotter make good wid ole Mammy no

matter what come—or you don' never git a bit of luck in yo' life no more." And I was game and come, wasn't I? Nary body in dis worril kin say de Dreamy ain't game ter de core, n'matter what. [*With sudden decision walks to the foot of the bed and stands looking down at Mammy. A note of fear creeps into his voice.*] Gawd, she's quiet 'nuff. Maybe she done passed away in her sleep like de ole ones does. You go see, Ceely; an' if she's on'y sleepin', you wake her up. I wanter speak wid her quick—an' den I'll make a break outa here. You make it fast, Ceely Ann, I tells yo'.

CEELY. [*Bends down beside the bed.*] Mammy! Mammy! Here's de Dreamy.

MAMMY. [*Opens her eyes—drowsily and vaguely, in a weak voice.*] Dreamy?

DREAMY. [*Shuffling his feet and moving around the bed.*] Here I is, Mammy.

MAMMY. [*Fastening her eyes on him with fascinated joy.*] Dreamy! Hits yo'! [*Then uncertainly.*] I ain't dreamin' nor seein' ha'nts, is I?

DREAMY. [*Coming forward and taking her hand.*] 'Deed I ain't no ghost. Here I is, sho' 'nuff.

MAMMY. [*Clutching his hand tight and pulling it down on her breast—in an ecstacy of happiness.*] Didn' I know you'd come! Didn' I say: "Dreamy ain't gwine let his ole Mammy die all lone by he'se'f an' him not dere wid her." I knows yo'd come. [*She starts to laugh joyously, but coughs and sinks back weakly.*]

DREAMY. [*Shudders in spite of himself as he realizes for the first time how far gone the old woman is—forcing a tone of joking reassurance.*] What's dat foolishness I hears you talkin', Mammy? Wha' d'yuh mean pullin' dat bull 'bout croakin' on me? Shoo! Tryin' ter kid me, ain't yo'? Shoo! You live ter plant de flowers on my grave, see if you don'.

MAMMY. [*Sadly and very weakly.*] I knows! I knows! Hit ain't long now. [*Bursting into a sudden weak hysteria.*] Yo' stay heah, Dreamy! Yo' stay heah by me, yo' stay heah—till de good Lawd take me home. Yo' promise me dat! Yo' do dat fo' po' ole Mammy, won't yo'?

DREAMY. [*Uneasily.*] 'Deed I will, Mammy, 'deed I will.

MAMMY. [*Closing her eyes with a sigh of relief—calmy.*] Bless de Lawd for dat. Den I ain't skeered no mo'. [*She settles herself comfortably in the bed as if preparing for sleep.*]

CEELY. [*In a low voice.*] I gotter go home fo' a minute, Dreamy. I ain't been dere all de day and Lawd knows what happen. I'll be back yere befo' ve'y long.

DREAMY. [*His eyes fixed on Mammy.*] Aw right, beat it if yuh wanter. [*Turning to her—in a fierce whisper.*] On'y don' be long. I can't stay here an' take dis risk, you hear?

CEELY. [*Frightenedly.*] I knows, chile. I come back, I swar! [*She goes out quietly. Dreamy goes quickly to the window and cautiously searches the street below with his eyes.*]

MAMMY. [*Uneasily.*] Dreamy. [*He hurries back and takes her hand agin.*] I got de mos' 'culiar feelin' in my head. Seems like de years done all roll away an' I'm back down home in de ole place whar you' was bo'n. [*After a short pause.*] Does yo' 'member yo' own mammy, chile?

DREAMY. No.

MAMMY. Yo' was too young, I s'pec'. Yo' was on'y a baby w'en she tuck 'n' die. My Sal was a mighty fine 'oman, if I does say hit my se'f.

DREAMY. [*Fidgeting nervously.*] Don' you talk, Mammy. Better you'd close yo' eyes an' rest.

MAMMY. [*With a trembling smile—weakly.*] Shoo! W'at is I done come ter wid my own gran' chile bossin' me 'bout. I wants ter talk. You knows you ain't give me much chance ter talk wid yo' dese las' years.

DREAMY. [*Sullenly.*] I ain't had de time, Mammy; but you knows I was always game ter give you anything I got. [*A note of appeal in his voice.*] You knows dat, don' you, Mammy?

MAMMY. Sho'ly I does. Yo' been a good boy, Dreamy; an' if dere's one thing more'n nother makes me feel like I mighter done good in de sight er de Lawd, hits dat I raised yo' fum a baby.

DREAMY. [*Clearing his throat gruffly.*] Don' you talk so much, Mammy.

MAMMY. [*Querulously.*] I gotter talk, chile. Come times—w'en I git thinkin' yere in de bed—w'at's gwine ter come ter me a'mos' b'fore I knows hit—like de thief in de night—en den I gits skeered. But w'en I talks wid yo' I ain't skeered a bit.

DREAMY. [*Defiantly.*] You ain't got nothin' to be skeered of—not when de Dreamy's here.

MAMMY. [*After a slight pause, faintly.*] Dere's a singin' in my ears all de time. [*Seized by a sudden religious ecstasy.*]

Maybe hits de singin' hymns o' de blessed angels I done heah fum above. [*Wildly.*] Bless Gawd! Bless Gawd! Pity dis po' ole sinner!

DREAMY. [*With an uneasy glance at the door.*] Ssshh, Mammy! Don' shout so loud.

MAMMY. De pictures keep a whizzin' fo' my eyes like de thread in a sewing machine. Seems s'if all my life done fly back ter me all ter once. [*With a flickering smile—weakly.*] Does you know how yo' come by dat nickname dey alls call yo'—de Dreamy? Is I ever tole yo' dat?

DREAMY. [*Evidently lying.*] No, Mammy.

MAMMY. Hit was one mawnin' b'fo' we come No'th. Me an' yo' mammy—yo' was des a baby in arms den—

DREAMY. [*Hears a noise from the hall.*] Ssshh, Mammy! For God's sake, don't speak for a minute. I hears somep'n. [*He stares at the door, his face hardening savagely, and listens intently.*]

MAMMY. [*In a frightened tone.*] W'at's de matter, chile?

DREAMY. Ssshh! Somebody comin'. [*A noise of footsteps comes from the hall stairway. Dreamy springs to his feet.*] Leggo my hand, Mammy—jest for a secon'. I come right back to you. [*He pulls his hand from the old woman's grip. She falls back on the pillows moaning. Dreamy pulls a large automatic revolver from his coat pocket and tiptoes quickly to the door. As he does so there is a sharp rap. He stands listening at the crack for a moment, then noiselessly turns the key, unlocking the door. Then he crouches low down by the wall so that the door, when opened, will hide him from the sight of anyone entering. There is another and louder rap on the door.*]

MAMMY. [*Groaning.*] W'at's dat, Dreamy? Whar is yo'?

DREAMY. Ssshh! [*Then muffling his voice he calls:*] Come in. [*He raises the revolver in his hand. The door is pushed open and Irene enters, her eyes peering wildly about the room. Her bosom is heaving as if she had been running and she is trembling all over with terrified excitement.*

IRENE. [*Not seeing him calls out questioningly.*] Dreamy?

DREAMY. [*Lowering his revolver and rising to his feet roughly.*] Close dat door!

IRENE. [*Whirling about with a startled cry.*] Dreamy!

DREAMY. [*Shutting the door and locking it—aggressively.*] Shut yo' big mouth, gal, or I'll bang it shut for you! You wanter let de whole block know where I is?

IRENE. [*Hysterical with joy—trying to put her arms around him.*] Bless God, I foun' you at last!

DREAMY. [*Pushing her away roughly.*] Leggo o' me! Why you come here follerin' me? Ain't yo' got 'nuff sense in yo' fool head ter know de bulls is liable ter shadow you when dey knows you's my gal? Is you pinin' ter git me kotched an' sent to de chair?

IRENE. [*Terrified.*] No, no!

DREAMY. [*Savagely.*] I gotter mind ter hand you one you won't ferget! [*He draws back his fist.*]

IRENE. [*Shrinking away.*] Don' you hit me, Dreamy! Don' you beat me up now! Jest lemme 'xplain, dat's all.

MAMMY. [*In a frightened whimper.*] Dreamy! Come yere to me. Whar is yo'? I'se skeered!

DREAMY. [*In a fierce whisper to Irene.*] Can dat bull or I'll fix you. [*He hurries to the old woman and pats her hand.*] Here I is, Mammy.

MAMMY. Who dat yo's a-talkin' wid?

DREAMY. On'y a fren' o' Ceely Ann's, Mammy, askin' where she is. I gotter talk wid her some mo' yit. You sleep, Mammy? [*He goes to Irene.*]

MAMMY. [*Feebly.*] Don' yo' leave me, Dreamy.

DREAMY. I'se right here wid you. [*Fiercely to Irene.*] You git the hell outa here, you Reeny, you heah—quick! Dis ain't no place for de likes o' you wid ole Mammy dyin'.

IRENE. [*With a horrified glance at the bed.*] Is she dyin'—honest?

DREAMY. Ssshh! She's croakin', I tells yo'—an' I gotter stay wid her fo' a while—an' I ain't got no time ter be pesterin' wid you. Beat it, now! Beat it outa here befo' I knocks yo' cold, git me?

IRENE. Jest wait a secon' for de love o' Gawd. I got somep'n ter tell you—

DREAMY. I don' wanter hear yo' fool talk. [*He gives her a push toward the door.*] Git outa dis, you hear me?

IRENE. I'll go. I'm going soon—soon's ever I've had my say. Lissen Dreamy! It's about de coppers I come ter tell you.

DREAMY. [*Quickly.*] Why don' you say dat befo'? What you know, gal?

IRENE. Just befo' I come here to find you de first time, de Madam sends me out to Murphy's ter git her a bottle o' gin. I goes in de side door but I ain't rung de bell yet. I hear yo' name spoken an' I stops ter lissen. Dey was three or four men in de back room. Dey don't hear me open de outside door, an' dey can't see me, course. It was Big Sullivan from de Central

Office talkin'. He was talkin' 'bout de killin' you done last night and he tells dem odders he's heerd 'bout de ole woman gittin' so sick, and dat if dey don't fin' you none of de udder places dey's lookin', dey's goin' wait for you here. Dey s'pecs you come here say good-bye to Mammy befo' you make yo' get-away.

DREAMY. It's aw right den. Dey ain't come yit. Twister Smith done tole me de coast was clear befo' I come here.

IRENE. Dat was den. It ain't now.

DREAMY. [*Excitedly.*] What you mean, gal?

IRENE. I was comin' in by de front way when I sees some pusson hidin' in de doorway 'cross de street. I gits a good peek at him and when I does—it's a copper, Dreamy, suah's yo' born, in his plain clo'se, and he's a watchin' de door o' dis house like a cat.

DREAMY. [*Goes to the window and stealthily crouching by the dark side peeks out. One glance is enough. He comes quickly back to Irene.* You got de right dope, gal. It's dat Mickey. I knows him even in de dark. Dey're waitin'—so dey ain't wise I'm here yit, dat's suah.

IRENE. But dey'll git wise befo' long.

DREAMY. He don't pipe you comin' in here?

IRENE. I skulked roun' and sneaked in by de back way froo de yard. Dey ain't none o' dem dar yit. [*Raising her voice—excitedly.*] But dere will be soon. Dey're boun' to git wise to dat back door. You ain't got no time to lose, Dreamy. Come on wid me now. Git back where yo' safe. It's de cooler for you certain if you stays here. Dey'll git you like a rat in de trap. [*As Dreamy hesitates.*] For de love of Gawd, Dreamy, wake up to youse'f!

DREAMY. [*Uncertainly.*] I can't beat it—wid Mammy here alone. My luck done turn bad all my life, if I does.

IRENE. [*Fiercely.*] What good's you gittin' pinched and sent to de chair gwine do her? Is you crazy mad? Come away wid me, I tells you!

DREAMY. [*Half-persuaded—hesitatingly.*] I gotter speak wid her. You wait a secon'.

IRENE. [*Wringing her hands.*] Dis ain't no time now for fussin' wid her.

DREAMY. [*Gruffly.*] Shut up! [*He makes a motion for her to remain where she is and goes over to the bed—in a low voice.*] Mammy.

MAMMY. [*Hazily.*] Dat you, Dreamy? [*She tries to reach out her hand and touch him.*]

DREAMY. I'm gwine leave you—jest for a moment, Mammy. I'll send de word for Ceely Ann—

MAMMY. [*Wide awake in an instant—with intense alarm.*] Don' yo' do dat! Don' yo' move one step out er yere or yo'll be sorry, Dreamy.

DREAMY. [*Apprehensively.*] I gotter go, I tells you. I'll come back.

MAMMY. [*With wild grief.*] O good Lawd! W'en I's drawin' de las' bre'fs in dis po' ole body—[*Frienziedly*] De Lawd have mercy! Good Lawd have mercy!

DREAMY. [*Fearfully.*] Stop dat racket, Mammy! You bring all o' dem down on my head! [*He rushes over and crouches by the window again to peer out—in relieved tones.*] He ain't heerd nothin'. He's dar yit.

IRENE. [*Imploringly.*] Come on, Dreamy! [*Mammy groans with pain.*]

DREAMY. [*Hurrying to the bed.*] What's de matter, Mammy?

IRENE. [*Stamping her foot.*] Dreamy! Fo' Gawd's sake!

MAMMY. Lawd have mercy! [*She groans.*] Gimme yo' han', chile. Yo' ain't gwine leave me now, Dreamy? Yo' ain't, is yo'? Yo' ole Mammy won't bodder yo' long. Yo' know w'at yo' promise me, Dreamy! Yo' promise yo' sacred word yo' stay wid me till de en'. [*With an air of somber prophecy—slowly.*] If yo' leave me now, yo' ain't gwine git no bit er luck s'long's yo' live, I tells yo' dat!

DREAMY. [*Frightened—pleadingly.*] Don' you say dat, Mammy!

IRENE. Come on, Dreamy!

DREAMY. [*Slowly.*] I can't. [*In awed tones.*] Don' you hear de curse she puts on me if I does?

MAMMY. [*Her voice trembling with weak tears.*] Don' go, chile!

DREAMY. [*Hastily.*] I won't leave dis room, I swar ter you! [*Relieved by the finality in his tones, the old woman sighs and closes her eyes. Dreamy frees his hand from her's and goes to Irene. He speaks with a strange calm.* De game's up, gal. You better beat it while de goin's good.

IRENE. [*Aghast.*] You gwine stay?

DREAMY. I gotter, gal. I ain't gwine agin her dyin' curse. No, suh!

IRENE. [*Pitifully.*] But dey'll git you suah!

DREAMY. [*Slapping the gun in his pocket significantly.* Dey'll have some gittin'. I git some o' dem fust. [*With gloomy determi-*

nation.] Dey don' git dis chicken alive! Lawd Jesus, no suh. Not de Dreamy!

IRENE. [*Helplessly.*] Oh Lawdy, Lawdy! [*She goes to the window—with a short cry.*] He's talkin' wid someone. Dere's two o' dem. [*Dreamy hurries to her side.*]

DREAMY. I knows him—de udder. It's Big Sullivan. [*Pulling her away roughly.* [Come out o' dat! Dey'll see you. [*He pushes her toward the door.*] Dey won't wait down dere much longer. Dey'll be comin' up here soon. [*Prayerfully, with a glance at the bed.*] I hopes she's croaked by den', fo' Christ I does!

IRENE. [*As if she couldn't believe it.*] Den you ain't gwine save youse'f while dere's time? [*Pleadingly.*] Oh Dreamy, you can make it yet!

DREAMY. De game's up, I tole you. [*With gloomy fatalism.*] I s'pect it hatter be. Yes, suh. Dey'd git me in de long run anyway—and wid her curse de luck'd be agin me. [*With sudden anger.*] Git outa here, you Reeny! You ain't aimin' ter get shot up too, is you? Ain't no sense in dat.

IRENE. [*Fiercely.*] I'se stayin' too, here wid you!

DREAMY. No you isn't! None o' dat bull! You ain't got no mix in dis jamb.

IRENE. Yes, I is! Ain't you my man?

DREAMY. Don' make no dif. I don' wanter git you in Dutch more'n you is. It's bad 'nuff fo' me. [*He pushes her toward the door.*] Blow while you kin, I tells you!

IRENE. [*Resisting him.*] No, Dreamy! What I care if dey kills me? I'se gwine stick wid you.

DREAMY. [*Gives her another push.*] No, you isn't, gal. [*Unlocking the door—relentlessly.*] Out wid you!

IRENE. [*Hysterically.*] You can't gimme no bum's rush. I'm gwine stay.

DREAMY. [*Gloomily.*] On'y one thing fo' me ter do den. [*He hits her on the side of the face with all his might knocking her back against the wall where she sways as if about to fall. Then he opens the door and grabs her two arms from behind.*] Out wid you, gal!

IRENE. [*Moaning.*] Dreamy! Dreamy! Lemme stay wid you! [*He pushes her into the hallway and holds her there at arm's length.*] Fo' Gawd's sake, Dreamy!

MAMMY. [*Whimperingly.*] Dreamy! I'se skeered!

IRENE. [*From the hall.*] I'se gwine stay right here at de door. You might s'well lemme in.

DREAMY. [*Frowning.*] Don' do dat, Reeny. [*Then with a sudden idea.*] You run roun' and tell de gang what's up. Maybe dey git me outa dis, you hear?

IRENE. [*With eager hope.*] You think dey kin?

DREAMY. Never kin tell. You hurry—through de back yard, 'member—an' don' git pinched, now.

IRENE. [*Eagerly.*] I'm gwine! I'll bring dem back!

DREAMY. [*Stands listening to her retreating footsteps—then shuts and locks the door—gloomily to himself.*] Ain't no good. Dey dassent do nothin'—but I hatter git her outa dis somehow.

MAMMY. [*Groaning.*] Dreamy!

DREAMY. Here I is. Jest a secon'. [*He goes to the window.*]

MAMMY. [*Weakly.*] I feels—like—de en's comin'. Oh Lawd, Lawd!

DREAMY. [*Absent-mindedly.*] Yes, Mammy. [*Aloud to himself.*] Dey're sneakin' cross de street. Dere's anudder of 'em. Dat's tree. [*He glances around the room quickly—then hurries over and takes hold of the chest of drawers. As he does so the old woman commences to croon shrilly to herself.*]

DREAMY. Stop dat noise, Mammy! Stop dat noise!

MAMMY. [*Wanderingly.*] Dat's how come yo' got dat—dat nickname—Dreamy.

DREAMY. Yes, Mammy. [*He puts the lamp on the floor to the rear of the door, turning it down low. Then he carries the chest of drawers over and places it against the door as a barricade.*]

MAMMY. [*Rambling as he does this—very feebly.*] Does yo' know—I gives you dat name—w'en yo's des a baby—lyin' in my arms—

DREAMY. Yes, Mammy.

MAMMY. Down by de crik—under de ole willow—whar I uster take yo'—wid yo' big eyes a-chasin'—de sun flitterin' froo de grass—an' out on de water—

DREAMY. [*Takes the revolver from his pocket and puts it on top of the chest of drawers.*] Dey don' git de Dreamy alive—not for de chair! Lawd Jesus, no suh!

MAMMY. An' yo' was always—a-lookin'—an' a-thinkin' ter yo'se'f—an' yo' big eyes jest a-dreamin' an' a-dreamin'—an' dat's w'en I gives yo' dat nickname—Dreamy—Dreamy—

DREAMY. Yes, Mammy. [*He listens at the crack of the door—in a tense whisper.*] I don' hear dem—but dey're comin' sneakin' up de stairs, I knows it.

MAMMY. [*Faintly.*] Whar is yo', Dreamy? I can't—ha'dly—breathe—no mo'. Oh Lawd have mercy!

DREAMY. [*Goes over to the bed.*] Here I is, Mammy.

MAMMY. [*Speaking with difficulty.*] Yo'—kneel down—chile—say a pray'r—Oh Lawd!

DREAMY. Jest a secon', Mammy. [*He goes over and gets his revolver and comes back.*]

MAMMY. Gimme—yo' hand—chile. [*Dreamy gives her his left hand. The revolver is in his right. He stares nervously at the door.*] An' yo' kneel down—pray fo' me. [*Dreamy gets on one knee beside the bed. There is a sound from the hallway as if someone had made a misstep on the stairs—then silence. Dreamy starts and half aims his gun in the direction of the door. Mammy groans weakly.*] I'm dyin', chile. Hit's de en'. You pray for me—out loud—so's I can heah. Oh Lawd! [*She gasps to catch her breath.*

DREAMY. [*Abstractedly, not having heard a word she has said.*] Yes, Mammy. [*Aloud to himself with an air of grim determination as if he were making a pledge.*] Dey don't git de Dreamy! Not while he's 'live! Lawd Jesus, no suh!

MAMMY. [*Falteringly.*] Dat's right—yo' pray—Lawd Jesus—Lawd Jesus——[*There is another slight sound of movement from the hallway.*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Architecture of the Munich Art Theatre. The plates on this and the following three pages, and the plans on pages 30 and 31, illustrate the interior and exterior appearance, as well as the structural features, of a modern European theatre which comes close to being a model for architects everywhere.

Above is a view of the auditorium as seen from a point near the boxes at the back. The decoration in paneled wood (for acoustic reasons), the absence of proscenium boxes, the uniform slope of the auditorium, and the simple decorative curtain, are characteristic of the best contemporary European practice.

The photographs are reproduced by courtesy of the architect, Prof. Max Littmann, who holds rank as the world's leading theatre designer.

Exterior of the Munich Art Theatre. The façade is a simple and very pleasing, although not exceptional, example of modern German architecture. The avoidance of over decoration is a pointthat may be studied profitably by the average theatre architect.

A cross-section model of the Munich Art Theatre, showing clearly the arrangement of boxes, auditorium, exits, stage, hidden orchestra pit, double proscenium, etc.

A part of the auditorium of the Munich Art Theatre as seen from the stage. This is interesting chiefly as illustrating the arrangement of the boxes at the back, and the unbroken tiers of seats with side exits.

The Theatre of a Small Nation

By Donald L. Breed

A THEATRE of the people, which shall reach out and appeal to the tastes and pocket-books of all grades of society remains an unrealized ideal. But a genuine national theatre, reflecting the genius and culture of nine million folk, does exist to-day, although you must travel several thousand miles from Broadway to find it. The home of this institution is Prague, the capital of the Czechoslovak republic, and it is in no sense an experiment, nor has it ever been. A national drama came into being in Bohemia before the middle of the last century, as part of tne Czech cultural and political renaissance, and it has ever since maintained a position of dignity and importance in that vigorous movement. On October 28, 1918, the Czechs and Slovaks declared their independence of Austria-Hungary, thereby achieving a hope of many generations, and for this consummation due credit must be given to the theatres which, during dark days, encouraged and stimulated patriotic sentiment, in spite of the displeasure and continued hostility of the Austrian officials.

The Narodni Divadlo, or People's Theatre, in Prague, is the largest and most elaborate of the playhouses devoted to the presentation of Bohemian drama and opera. Its first building on the Rieger Quay overlooking the Vltava river was erected more than thirty years ago by popular subscription, but it was scarcely finished when fire completely destroyed it. The news of the calamity spread through Prague within an hour and was immediately telegraphed to every part of Czechish Bohemia. The following day money and pledges for the rebuilding began to come in. In a space of time so short that the directors of the project were astonished and overwhelmed, they were able to announce that they had sufficient funds to start over again. A new structure, in Renaissance style, rose almost literally from the ashes of its predecessor, and has continued to be the home and nucleus of the Czechoslovak theatre movement. The Narodni Divadlo is subsidized by the new republican government, although the almost invariable custom of sold-out houses makes a state guarantee unnecessary. There are, besides, several other large Bohemian theatres in Prague, and two German theatres.

Every Bohemian playhouse is a repertory house, and the weekly bills usually show a remarkable variety. There are abrupt

alterations of tragedy and comedy, blank verse and prose, farce and grand opera. A fortnight's schedule at the Narodni Divadlo will look something like this:

Monday: Ibsen's *Ghosts.*
Tuesday: Charpentier's *Louise.*
Wednesday Matinée: Smetana's *Bartered Bride.*
Wednesday: Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac.*
Thursday: *Karlstejn* (a Bohemian historical piece).
Friday: *Prazsky flamendr* (a Czech war-time tragedy).
Saturday Matinée: Dvorak's *Jakobin.*
Saturday: *Cyrano de Bergerac* again.
Sunday: Thomas' *Mignon.*
Monday: Smetana's *Dalibor.*
Tuesday: Somerset Maugham's *Mrs. Dot.*
Wednesday Matinée: *The Merchant of Venice.*
Wednesday: *The Bartered Bride* again.
Thursday: Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra.*
Friday: Verdi's *Aida.*
Saturday Matinée: *Cæsar and Cleopatra* again.
Saturday: *Šarka* (a Bohemian historical play).

While foreign works are produced in increasing number, the backbone of the repertory in Bohemian theatres will continne to be the native Bohemian works. During the war, Bohemian drama and Bohemian opera were constantly given, in so far as the jealousy of the Austrian censorship would permit. The censors apparently did not dare, or perhaps they did not think it necessary, to close the Czech theatres entirely and forbid altogether the performance of Bohemian works. To effect their purpose, they should have banished the Czechish language from the stage. As it was, they forbade such performances as Smetana's *Libussa* and *Dalibor*, on the perfectly good ground that they tended to incite national feeling among the Czechs, and they debarred the same composer's symphonic cycle, *My Country*, from all concert halls and public gatherings as "treasonable music." But the Bohemians, who seem to have had extraordinary powers of endurance, merely smiled and went on attending and applauding those pieces which they were still allowed to present.

In some of the cabarets of Prague the Austrian censorship was openly ridiculed and jeered at. These miniature vaudeville houses, which bear very small resemblance to American cabarets, became real political institutions. Dancing made way for double-entendre skits and ironic songs about the trend of the times.

Either the censors did not know much about what was going on or else they felt that it was beneath their dignity to interfere. Cabarets like Karel Hasler's "Lucerna" ("The Lantern") were hotbeds of revolutionary agitation. All sorts of people came night after night and sat about the tables drinking the miserably bad substitute beer (made from grass, as some grumblers declared) and listening with the utmost delight to the shafts of wit launched from the little stage. The soldier songs of Hasler, who is a brother-in-law of Rudolf Friml, had a great vogue and were sung in every Bohemian village. It is no wonder that Baron von Ehrenthal, upon learning how irrepressible the Bohemians were becoming, exclaimed to Count Czernin: "They are incorrigible! But only wait until we have won the world war. Then we shall exterminate these Czechs, root and branch!"

At the same time that the cabarets and music halls were frankly sowing the seed of revolution, the legitimate theatres were also, in their own way, spreading propaganda. The German officers were not so far wrong when they refused to allow performances of certain Bohemian classics. It was only necessary for a Czech audience to see or hear a play or opera dealing with some phase of Bohemian national life or history to be aroused to the hottest enthusiasm. Opera was most effective in this respect. A grand opera audience in Prague bears only a very remote resemblance to a gathering in the Metropolitan Opera House. It contains people of all classes and professions, and they are usually already well acquainted with the music of the piece to be produced. Music is an indispensible part of the life of every Bohemian. During the recent controversy over the Teschen coal regions, an angry Warsaw journalist wrote: "They suggest arbitration. But we Poles are too proud to arbitrate with the Czechs: a race of wretched musicians who, while they are yet in their cradles, begin to learn the art of playing the fiddle!" Whether or not the devotion of the Bohemians to their favorite art begins so early in life as that, it is certainly true that they know thoroughly the works of Smetana, Dvorak, Fibich, and others, and are thrilled with delight and patriotic excitement when they hear them played. I have seen the auditors in the Narodni Divadlo display almost as much emotion over Smetana's *Libussa* as one might expect from a grandstand full of Americans at a big league baseball game. They did not shout as much, of course, but they wept. which, I presume, counts for something as an index of emotion.

The Bohemian plays have less arousing effect upon the people than their music has, but the drama has nevertheless exerted a

profound influence, both during and since the war. The Bohemian playwrights are few in number and none of them has ever really hit a great stride. Whether for better or for worse, most of them have also been active in some other field of literary endeavor.

Perhaps the most distinguished Czech dramatist was Jaroslav Vrchlicky; but Vrchlicky was first of all a poet, although he did write prose plays. Vrchlicky was a prolific and popular versifier, and has been called "a Bohemian Longfellow." Jaroslav Kvapil is another important name in Bohemian stage history, and Frantisek Adolf Subert, who has written much verse and an inspiring Czechish hymn sung last winter by Emmy Destinn on a concert tour of the Bohemian cities, has contributed several stirring pieces to the theatre. The works of the Jugoslavs are always received with keen interest in Prague, and last season saw an elaborate production of the *Dubrovnik Trilogy* by Count Ivo Vojnovich, Jugoslavia's greatest playwright. Vojnovich, who regarded the city of Prague as his second home, was imprisoned early in the war on the ground that he had written treasonable dramas. His *Trilogy* consists of three one-act plays, and presents three episodes in the history of Dubrovnik, or Ragusa, on the Dalmatian seacost.

The principal theatres in Bohemia, both Czech and German, are exceedingly handsome, without and within, although they are by no means so advanced in the matter of stage equipment as the opera houses of Germany. The Narodni Divadlo at Prague has, for example, an elaborate and beautiful building, and the foyer on the balcony floor is one of the architectural boasts of the city. But mechanically speaking, it is scarcely abreast of the times, and the directors do not seem to have any idea of making experiments in stagecraft. I do not suppose there have been any radical changes in the lighting devices in the last twenty-five years. The scenery is rather sumptuous, but if it is sometimes a little fulsome, at least it is always planned and set with a praiseworthy care and attention to detail. I recall particularly a setting for the third act of *Cyrano de Bergerac* which, though it contained no innovations, was one of the loveliest and most suggestive stage pictures I have ever seen. Roxane's house, with three sides visible, stood near the center of the stage, with clumps of dark trees and shrubs on either side, the whole backed by a dark blue night sky, faintly lighted from above. There were no borders above the house, but in some way, possibly by a skilful use of gauzes, the illusion of infinite sky space was splendidly created. I have never seen a setting at the Narodni Divadlo which was tawdry or carelessly executed.

The acting is usually very good. It shows, naturally, both the merits and deficiencies of the repertory system. As a rule, the actors show inspiration and drive, but their work is lacking in finish. The repertory plan also requires the assistance of that abominable functionary, the prompter, who occupies his ancient and hereditary place in front of the stage, under a shell. From this secure place he thunders out the lines and flaps the pages of his text in a way which makes one who is not hardened to the custom long to lay violent hands on him. There is, properly speaking, no star system, but there are certain distinguished actors and actresses at the Narodni Divadlo, who arrogate to themselves almost as much importance as the avowed stars of Broadway or Piccadily Circus. Eduard Vojan, now a rather old man, has long been considered Bohemia's finest actor. As Cyrano he did admirable work. The Prague effort, by the way, was in every respect superior to Robert Loraine's overrated performance of last season in London. Vojan's *Shylock*, which is said to be his finest character, I did not see, but I did on one occasion see him do some very curious things with Doctor Rank in *A Doll's House*. Doctor Rank, for some reason, is considered a "fat" part in both the Bohemian and Austrian theatres, and whenever a new Rank appears, the critics devote a great deal of attention to him. Following the lead of the German impersonators, Vojan made a very emotional creature out of the Doctor and one which I can hardly believe the great Norwegian ever thought of.

Though Prague is of course the theatre center of the nation, every Bohemian city has its playhouse; not only the larger centers like Pilsen, Budejovice (Budweis) and Brno (Brünn), but the smaller towns as well. Some towns have resident companies and a large number have local dramatic societies which give very creditable performances and frequently attempt difficult pieces. I recently heard of a players' club in a town of 7,000 inhabitants which essayed *The Flying Dutchman*. Often the city theatre is in one of the municipal buildings. The dramatic club at Horsice, in northern Bohemia, has a splendid little theatre in the city hall. At Nachod the mayor proudly escorted me to the new 'Narodni Dum,' or People's House, which had just been finished, and which in America we should probably regard as a sort of civic center. This glorified club house contained offices for officials, two restaurants: one on the street floor for ordinary suppers, and another, in the cellar, called the 'lidove restaurace', for more protracted and convivial occasions, and the theatre. The latter was on the

first floor, a spacious hall with one balcony and a medium-sized stage. The main-floor seats were removable and, when desired, the place could be used for dancing and carnivals. Every year traveling companies from the Narodni Divadlo and other theatres in the large cities take to the road and go about giving Bohemian and foreign classics in the provinces.

The Slovaks, who form the eastern and smaller wing of the Czechoslovaks, and were until recently the bright and particular object of Hungary's oppressive policy toward the small nations, have no theatre of their own, and do not seem to possess the dramatic instincts of their brothers, the Czechs. The Slovaks are a peaceful village people, whose principal settlements are along the valley of the Vag and in the mountain valleys of the Carpathians. The theatres in their two large cities, Bratislav (Pressburg) and Kosice (Kassa), are Hungarian, and indeed the population of these cities is mainly Magyar. In the splendid opera house at Kosice I found them giving Smetana's *Bartered Bride* in Hungarian; the first time, as one of the Slovak officers informed me, that the Magyar directors had produced a Slavic work. It may be that the presentations of Bohemian works in the Hungarian theatres will be a sort of entering wedge for native Slovak and Czech attempts. In Ruzomberok, on the Vag, I saw *Beauty and the Beast* played by some of the older children of the town by way of a festival reception for Dr. Vavro Srobar, minister of the Czechoslovak republic, who was spending several days there. The ability of the young performers and, still more, the intense interest, not to say excitement, of their elders in the audience made me think that perhaps there was more dramatic feeling in the stolid Slovaks than is generally suspected.

In Bohemia where conditions have vastly improved, there is no likelihood that anything will interrupt the prosperous career of the Narodni Divadlo and its satellites. One of the Prague journalists expresses the opinion that, now that Austrian misrule has vanished, the Bohemian drama will come into its own, and Czech playwrights will increase in number and in excellence. It will be interesting to see whether his prediction is to be verified or whether, as has sometimes been observed, art thrives best among an oppressed people.

The Faithful on the Stage

By Torao Takitomo

The story of forty-seven free-lances is not only an old household story in Japan, it is also one of the best known among the things Japanese. It was excellently told in Mitfords *Tales of Old Japan*; was translated by Mr. Dickens and others, and almost all articles written about Japanese theatre refer to the subject. In Japan, there are at least fifteen versions of the drama of this story since Chikamatsu wrote his *Goban Taiheiki*. The most famous among them is *Kana-dehon Chiushingura* by Takeda Izumo.

The Faithful is an English drama of the same story by Mr. John Masefield which was staged in this fall at the Garrick Theatre. Mr. Masefield gave the exact date of the story by which we understand his intention to reproduce the story as close to the original as it is possible. It is a remarkable achievement. To the eyes which are accustomed with *Mikado*, *Madame Butterfly*, and *Typhoon*, this play shows great advancement in its understanding of Japan and Japanese psychology. The sentiment of loyalty which was a dominant element of moral conduct in Old Japan, and which is still deep-rooted in Japanese mind (as it was shown, for instance, by the suicide of General Nogi who followed the death of the late Emperor), is expressed with strong emphasis. The characters of the oppressor and the oppressed in the feudal reign are all well drawn. There are certain humor and pathos which are quite Japanese. As a tragedy it has the tension, development and catastrophe very much like old Japanese drama. Some scenes are crude and bloody, but it is so in Japan, as it is in the drama of the Elizabethan Age.

It seems, however, that Mr. Masefield did not understand well the feudal system of Japan in the eighteenth century, and at the very point, his imagination of Orient becomes obscure, commingled so to speak, with the dreamy world of Lord Dunsany. It may have been better to attempt nothing but in that imaginative world, for there is a singular beauty in the voices of suffering crowd, a man with sorrows, and souls in astray. It could be anywhere, at anytime, in the plays of Maeterlinck or in those of Paul Claudel. Kiro and Asano are sometimes like the chieftains of tribes or communities in the time of King Alfred, and their retainers are like vagabonds and outlaws. The ronin in Japan were not outlaws as we understand in West. They are distinctly *samurai* or knight, but are free-lances because they have lost their masters.

Even in their utter misery, they will not lose their swords and proper costumes. Could you imagine *Sir Lancelot* grovelling on earth in his night gown, or rather appearing in his glorious revenge without the knight's attire? Not to speak of Lord Asano being a "free thinker" and a "philanthropist"—which I take as whimsical humors, peculiar to English writers,—the anachronism of the play is beyond expression. It does no harm because the writer is an English poet, and the play is performed before the American audience.

It is interesting to think about Japanese theatre at present in connection with this performance. Beside the old drama, Japanese theatres present many dramas of Europe from Shakespeare to Tolstoi, Shaw, Yeats, Hauptmann and Maeterlinck. Japanese Magda and Japanese Nora, in European costumes speak the words of Sudermann and Ibsen, in Japanese on Japanese stage. Their manners in dressing of foreign costumes are sometimes strange, and their understanding of foreign thought is sometimes mixed with their own. Yet they gave great impression upon the general audience, so much so, that we had a trouble of having too many imitators of Nora in the peaceful families of Japan.

Comparing with these actors and actresses of Japan, these of the Garrick Theatre acted excellently, especially as it was their first experience in Japanese play. We must not be too scrutinizing in small details. Certainly *The Faithful* on stage was far more Japanese than in the book. The actors who took the parts of Kira, Sagisaka, and Asano were easily presentable before Japanese in their old Kabuki theatre. Actresses made also pretty figures, although their dressing of hair and costume could be better. They were a bit too stiff. They ought to forget, or master the idea of taking especially the Japanese rôles and act more freely, not depending so much on the actions of thier partners. I am sorry to say that the character of Kurano was not very successfully presented. He ought to be more discreet and dignified, not so much like the chief of outlaws, but like the former Steward of Lord Asano.

As a whole, however, the performance was a success. We have to thank the stage-manager and producer for their careful avoidance of many absurd accessories which are liable to occur in such play. The music of oboe and drum with the Japanese melody of *Imayo*, gave a highly artistic touch. There is a great future for Japanese play.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS
KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

EDITORIAL

WHAT does it all mean? In Baltimore 'The Little Vagabonds'; in Pasadena 'The Children's Playhouse'; in Chicago 'The Story-Book Playroom', from which Mrs. Clement is stretching out her arms to East and West for other possible playrooms; in Denver 'The Child Players'; in Cincinnati 'The Children's Theatre' and in New York the 'Young People's Performances', beginning with *Abraham Lincoln* and in planning for which the New York Drama League, aided and abetted by everybody from the Parents' League to Eleanor Gates, talks boldly of *The Little Princess* and *Twelfth Night*, *Alcestis* and *Iphigenia*. What can it mean except that we have all begun to realize that if we want our American trees inclined toward the love and appreciation of the drama, we must begin to bend our American twigs that way!

"BETTER to have fifty Northamptons try and fail than not to try," says an editorial writer in the New York *Evening Post*, commenting at length upon Samuel Eliot's article in the October THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE. And with more understanding of the spirit of the 'new movement' than many of the workers in the movement themselves have of the larger issues of which their individual ventures are a part he continues: "Success may come in unexpected forms, or be achieved out of seeming failure. Those who scoff at the Little Theatres, the bodies like the Washington Square or Provincetown Players, the professors teaching playwriting, the semi-amateur stages, cannot deny that gradually but surely they have enlarged the bounds of the stage for both audience and professional manager. Many go down in bankruptcy, but not before they have made theatregoers a little less afraid of foreign names, or the producers a little less hesitant in trying native talent, or the public a little less incurious about drama in general. These yeasty movements have vitality."

RAILROADS—so they say—have annihilated space. Railroad rates are doing their best to annihilate the English and American touring systems. Elsewhere in this issue, Gilbert Cannan testifies to the crippling of long tours in 'the provinces' by the increase in the cost of carrying scenery and players. If

this has affected England, with its comparatively short distances, imagine the possibilities in the United States. But imagination is hardly necessary. Consult an old file of the *Dramatic Mirror* and compare its list of first-class touring companies with the number that go out to-day. A swarm of new productions have been buzzing through the one-night stands of the East, hovering above the fleshpots of Broadway; but, the country over, the Broadway successes of a year ago find fewer and fewer provincial theatres open to them. Motion pictures are more profitable.

In these circumstances, with profit departing from The Road and the talk of repertory growing louder in New York, the news that the Actors' Equity Association plans to build and manage theatres is considerably dampened by its determination to use these playhouses as a chain of booking theatres. Equity toys with the past. Arthur Hopkins, the Coburns and Frank McEntee are headed for repertory. That is the sound path, economically as well as artistically, for anything approaching artistic management.

MAJOR-GENERAL O'RYAN is authority for the statement that the leaders of the American army at the fighting front, when they reckoned the forces which were important in reviving the spirits of soldiers broken or benumbed physically, mentally and spiritually by long hours of battle, counted the 'show' next to sleep, 'eats' and 'the wash-up'. The amount of money which the American government invested in Liberty Theatres in the camps would seem to indicate that the importance of the play in maintaining camp morale had been realized as well. We cannot have believed that bad plays would make for good morale. And yet, somewhere along the line, there must have been a woeful lack of faith, either in our men or in our drama. We made our theatres ugly, and opened them with ugly plays, under the auspices of the same men who say they give the public what it wants in our theatres when they mean that they give the worst the traffic will bear. And when these men made a failure of the work, they left behind them the curse of a tradition of unpopularity for the drama that was never effaced. No place, either at home or abroad, can we approach an offering in any way comparable to this successful repertory program presented at the British bases in France and reported by a writer in the British *Drama*: *Cousin Kate*, *Candida*, *You Never Can Tell*, *The Importance of Being Earnest*, *Rutherford and Son*, Gilbert Murray's translation of *Electra*, and plays of the Lancashire and Irish schools.

A mistake of that kind can be forgiven, if not excused, along with the other mistakes of war time. But it should not be forgotten and, to-day, when, through our community councils, etc., we are organizing another citizen's army for the life of peace, we should be careful to put our recreation interests in the hands of men and women who have faith in the drama as a social force.

THE college workshops, with the 47 Workshop still in the lead, are increasing in number as well as in importance. Although Professor Baker, in his *Dramatic Technique*, with good reason, deprecates the steady writing of plays by immature 'undergraduate' minds, because such writing is apt to solidify thought before thought is clarified, there is still a definite value to dramatic art in these undergraduate dramatic classes. Most of them are organized to teach by practical experience not only playwriting, but the structure of the theatre as an organism which includes a number of correlated arts. If the colleges are sending out a group of younger dramatists and workers in the theatre equipped with this new understanding, they warrant every effort that is expended upon them. And that they are doing this the personnel of the Little Theatre groups shows very clearly. The chief danger of undergraduate workshops lies in the enthusiasm of their leaders who are apt to mistake work which is very good, for students, with work which is really very good. When they do this they limit their students' minds and lower the standard of their aims. Although there are exceptions to the rule it is safe to recommend that, except when the teacher is dealing with the work of adults, as Professor Baker does in the 47 Workshop, student work should not be listed for production or recommended for publication except as representative of classroom work and for purposes of comparison. Students' plays are very often 'just as good' as much that is published and played, but it does not help the cause of the drama to make it more difficult still to find a good play in a welter of good titles.

Theatre Arts Chronicle

The Everyman Theatre

PLANS are proceeding for the Everyman Theatre, which is to be erected near Golder's Green Station, London. Norman MacDermott, the director, is one of the best known and most forward-looking of English stage-designers, and the entire scheme is planned in the spirit of the new movement. The plays to be presented are to be chosen from the dramatic literature of the whole world, and the fact that the reading committee includes, among others, William Archer, John Masefield, John Galsworthy, Gilbert Cannan and St. John Ervine promises well for the selection. The theatre, which will be built without boxes and galleries, is designed to seat 700 persons.

The Country Theatre

FOLLOWING the lead of Alfred Arvold of the Agricultural College of North Dakota, several of the more enterprising agricultural communities of the country have developed the plan of taking the theatre to the farm. One of the most successful and promising experiments of the kind was the Country Theatre, organized by the Cornell Dramatic Club, under the direction of Professor A. M. Drummond, which produced a repertory of plays at the New York State Fair in Syracuse this fall. The purpose of the experiment was, first of all, to offer an interesting and entertaining dramatic program to the guests at the fair. The theatre was crowded at every performance, "the auditorium seated 300 and stood 500," which proves that purpose accomplished. But the deeper and underlying purpose was the development of the opportunity which drama offers to bring together individuals in scattered communities for helpful, because happy, service, to stimulate original playwriting on subjects of special interest to rural and agricultural communities, "to educate the young and keep the old young." The Country Theatre is sponsored by Charles S. Wilson, State Commissioner of Agriculture, and the New York State College of Agriculture shows its faith in the experiment as an aid to better farm conditions by announcing a bulletin which "will present the fundamental methods of drilling and acting plays, plans of scenery, a list of available plays, references to useful books and organizations," etc. That Mr. Drummond and his college players have more faith in their public than most professional groups is amply evidenced by the distinctly worth while character of the bill, which included *The Neighbors*, by Zona Gale, *The Pot O'Broth*, by W. B. Yeats, *The Workhouse Ward*, by Lady Gregory, and *The Bracelet*, by Alfred Sutro. Of these *The Neighbors* was most successful, and Miss Gale added to the service which she has done to the dramatic spirit in small communities by the following 'royalty contract,' which shows as well as anything could what she believes to be the opportunity as well as the responsibility of the country theatre: "The use of *The Neighbors* is offered free to any country theatre which will use a part of the funds so raised for the following purposes—or will prevail upon some member of the community to carry out the following: To plant at least one long-lived shade tree in the community; or To plant a fruit-tree by the roadside; or To plant a spruce or balsam to be used, when so desired, as a community Christmas tree." One tree for every performance of the play! And if the producers wish to give really good measure for the use of the play,

it is recommended that they conclude the evening with a community gathering, with community singing and dancing and a discussion of the things which the community needs. Futhermore, it is understood that the producers, the cast and the audience at such a performance shall all be neighbors to everyone, as long as they live."

Creating an Audience for Drama

In October the Drama Bookshop, organized and maintained by the New York Drama League, as a part of its propaganda to create an audience for the printed play, sold more plays than at any time in its history. And in November the Bookshop broke its own record, with its sales slips covering almost every state in the Union and representing women's clubs, little theatres, settlements, colleges and individuals, old and young. Although the Bookshop, with its field limited to plays and books about the theatre, could never be a commercial success, could probably never pay for the expert management required (it is now under the personal direction and guidance of Mrs. James Harvey Robinson) it is still considered one of the most successful experiments conducted by the New York Drama League, acting as a clearing-house of dramatic information. This year the League has added to its equipment a Dramatic Library and Reading Room, for its members, and has introduced a series of lectures on the Drama of the World, the Theatre of the World and The Drama as a Social Force, by ten international authorities. Plans are also well under way for a Little Theatre Exchange and Community Drama Bureau, and arrangements are being completed for a series of special matinées of the best things in the theatre for young people, beginning with a performance of John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*.

Schools of the Drama

"We have been compelled to close registration for the year," writes Thomas Wood Stevens, director of the School of the Drama of the Carnegie Institute of Technology in Pittsburgh. Since, under the circumstances, even the sturdiest seeker-out of advertising in the postal service will not charge this recommendation against our mailing rates, we heartily recommend that everybody who is thinking of starting a school of the drama (and the announcements make it seem that everybody is, who is not writing plays or founding Little Theatres) send for the school's announcement bulletin and see just what it is, in plan, purpose and equipment, which has made this school so successful that it has had to close its doors to more pupils. Very few organizations, it is true, have available the funds which the Carnegie Institute has, and to most schools not only the workshop, the costume room, the studio for scene painting, illustrated in the bulletin, but also the services of visiting directors of note, will remain impossible. But the most important thing is not that all of these should be in every school, but that the need for them should be conceived in any plan for a school of the drama; that the functions of every one of the arts and crafts of the theatre should be recognized in the scheme and realized as far as possible.

To *Drama*—edited by Geoffrey Whitworth, with the coöperation of the British Drama League—welcome from Theatre Arts! *Drama*, which is published in London every other month, is a new magazine of the theatre and allied arts and starts its career with the following as a consulting committee: Bridges Adams, Clifford Bax, Roger Fry, Sir Israel Gollancz, Ran-

dolph Schwabe, Herbert Trench, W. J. Turner and Frank Swinnerton. Articles in the first number are by Frank Benson, Granville Barker, William Archer and other writers of distinction.

The Little Theatre Society of Indianapolis, under the direction of George Carleton Somnes, has started on an ambitious and promising season with a production of Susan Glaspell's *Bernice* (published in the October THEATRE ARTS) of which the professional dramatic critics speak with the greatest cordiality. "Last night's performance," says one of them, "was in a class by itself so far as any but finished professional performances go." The play seems to have been approved and disapproved with equal eagerness and to have aroused serious discussion even from those who most doubted its philosophy, those who, as one skeptic put it, did not believe "that lady-killers were reformed by killing ladies." Mr. Somnes' second bill was: *Three Pills in a Bottle*, by Rachel Lyman Field; *The Angel Intrudes*, by Floyd Dell; *Trespass*, by James W. D. Seymour; and *The Shepherd in the Distance*, by Holland Hudson. Other bills announced by the Little Theatre Society are *Deirdre of the Sorrows*, by J. M. Synge; *The Jackdaw*, by Lady Gregory, for early December, and a bill, to be repeated as a community Christmas, *The Little Star of Bethlehem*, an arrangement of some Towneley, Chester and Coventry Miracle Plays, by Professor Charles M. Gayley.

The Provincetown Players, 133 MacDougal Street, New York City, began their season on October 31 with a two-weeks' performance of *The Dreamy Kid*, by Eugene O'Neill, well-played by a company of negro players; *Three From the Earth*, by Djuna Barnes; *The Philosophy of Butterbiggins*, by Harold Chapin, and *Getting Unmarried*, by Winthrop Parkhurst. The second bill includes *Aria da capo*, by Edna St. Vincent Millay; *Brothers*, a sardonic comedy by Lewis Beach, and a dramatization by Edna Ferber. James Light and Ida Rauh are the new co-directors of the organization.

Four original one-act plays for November and a full-length original play for January are scheduled by the 47 Workshop. Some of the plays recently produced are *Their Flesh and Blood*, a three-act play by Eleanor Holmes Hinckley; *Mamma's Affair*, a comedy in three acts by Rachel Barton Butler; *The Hearth*, by Roy George; *The Princess and the Pedler*, a fantasy in three acts by Thomas P. Robinson, and two one-act plays which are to be in the second volume of 47 Workshop Plays; *The Playroom*, by Dorris Halman, and *A Flitch of Bacon*, by Eleanor Holmes Hinckley.

The Neighborhood Playhouse of New York has followed a series of Ibsen performances by Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Lovel, and a visit from Tony Sarg's Marionettes, with performances of *The Queen's Enemies*, by Dunsany, *A Sunny Morning*, by the Quinteros, and some Russian Folk Dances. They have also inaugurated a second series of lectures, this season's being talks devoted "To the Ritual Festival, Oriental, Greek, Early Christian and American Indian."

The Arts and Crafts Society of Detroit, in honor of the Conference of Michigan State Teachers, and in coöperation with some of the teachers of the city schools, arranged a special performance designed to show what

might be accomplished with the simple equipment usually allotted to public schools. The plays were *Catherine Parr*, by Maurice Baring; "*X-O*," *A Night of the Trojan War*, by John Drinkwater; *Why the Chimes Rang*, by Elizabeth McFadden, and *The Dear Departed*, by Stanley Houghton. A Christmas Play for Children, by Alexandrine McEwen, is scheduled for daily performance during the holidays.

The Fireside Players of White Plains, Harry Overstreet, director, have to the credit of their opening production this season the first performance of *The White Window*, a one-act drama by Jane Dransfield, the author of *The Lost Pleiad*. Other plays on the same bill were *The Slave with Two Faces*, by Mary Carolyn Davies, and *Joint Owners in Spain*, by Alice Brown.

Earth's Riches, a spectacle in four episodes, was the offering of the Drama Department of the Agricultural College of North Dakota, Alfred Arvold, director, for the Fourth Annual Harvest Festival.

The Stuyvesant Players, Bennett Nathan, director, are newcomers among New York organizations. Their first program included *Modesty*, by Paul Hervieu, *A Marriage Proposal*, by Tchekoff, and the first performance of *The Black Death*, a tragedy of the Orient, by M. E. Lee.

The Waterloo Community Drama League, Carl Glick, director, are producing two well-known full-length plays, *Mrs. Bumpstead Leigh*, by Harry James Smith and *Lady Frederick* by W. S. Maugham. These are to be followed by the prize-winners in the Original Play Contest, *The China Guinea Pig*, by Mrs. John Knox, and *Home Fires*, by John Gwynn.

The Denver Little Theatre Players, Sara Lacy, director, established their popularity by turning away a good-sized audience besides the 500 which Wolcott Auditorium held at their first performance this season. The plays, all of which were staged by Parke French, were *Everybody's Husband*, by Gilbert Cannan, *A Well-Remembered Voice*, by J. M. Barrie, and *The Heart Shop*, a lyrical comedy with words and music by Horace Nieman. Plays soon to be produced are *Food*, by De Mille, *A Little Supper*, by Moeller, *Nowhere but in America*, by Oscar Wolfe, and *The Locked Chest*, by Masefield.

The Vassar Workshop, one of the most enterprising and constructive of the college groups, presented for their November performance, three one-act plays, *The Gate of Montsalvat*, and *Not a Man*, both by Mary McKittrick, and *Jezebel*, by Dorothy Stockbridge. Not only were the plays the product of the Workshop, but all costumes, settings and music, with the exception of the Parsifal music adapted by Professor Gow, were the work of its members.

The East-West Players, Gustav Blum, director, are using some of the free nights at the Garden Theatre, now occupied by the Jewish Art Theatre (who are doing vitally interesting and artistic work under the direction of Emanuel Reicher), to present a series of plays, including *The Magnanimous Lover*, by St. John Ervine, *Ruby Red*, by Clarence Stratton, *The Little Stone House*, by George Calderon, and *The Love Lotion*, a fantasy.

A Note on *La Boutique Fantasque*

IN LONDON for five years we had been starved of dramatic fare and the pressure of the war had made us aware as never before of what the theatre meant when we had it. Those of us who remembered the Russian Ballet feasted on memory until in the autumn of 1918 the Ballet returned and could find no home except as a turn at the Coliseum. We deplored the absence of Nijinski until the production of *The Good-Humored Ladies* showed that choreography had advanced and had won a new charm for the art. The Ballet was so successful that it was given a whole music-hall, all to itself—the Alhambra, where, for three months there was held carnival, culminating in the *Boutique Fantasque*, in the production of which the Russians had joined hands with the post-impressionists of Paris. I saw the first and every subsequent performance, and felt with a sense of intense relief that a sense of humor had been restored to a tortured world. Men and women could be allowed once more to smile to themselves, and I remember thinking: "If only the Peace Conference could see the *Boutique* every night!". . . . The music is made up of morsels

composed by Rossini in his long retirement, witty, fantastic inspirations purely melodious. The design of the Ballet has faults. Massine's sense of fun is a trifle heavy and the combination of Rossini and Massine could not have been composed without Derain, the severe genius humanized by contact with the theatre. His designs are flawless and he has an exquisite sense of the theatre, every touch, every combination of form and color is intriguing The act-drop is a picture and yet it is more than a picture. The young man and the young woman shown on it must surely break into action, start dancing, set off on an elopement. The act-drop is removed and at once all the promised action is revealed: there is a thug, there are dancing dolls, an English family and a Russian family both seen with witty Parisian eyes, Conach dolls, adorable dancers, Can-can dancers, Sicilian dancers, a romance, many jokes, a wonderful old shop-keeper and in due course the promised elopement, and all the time it is Derain who orchestrates the charm of the whole thing. His color is more musical than the music, his manipulation of form is more full of dancing than the dancing. In fact, the theatre through the happy experiment of painting has gained more than through the work of any other artist in my recollection. The *Boutique Fantasque* is one of those happy accidents that in one stroke dissolve the difficulties of years. Its effect upon the public in London is profound, greater still will be that upon the artists of all kinds who found in it the soothing touch that could charm away the bleak memories of the years of darkness.

GILBERT CANNAN.

Reports from Denver also include some interesting and suggestive programs by The Child Players, an organization sponsored by The Denver Woman's Club, with such varied offerings as *The Tempest* and *The Silver Thread*, By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Goucher College, Baltimore, is one of the new candidates for membership among the workers for the drama, and from the other end of the country the University of Utah reports unique success with its playwriting classes, especially the course in one-act plays under Roland Lewis, author of *The Technique of the One-Act Play*.

The Vagabond Players of Baltimore, Helen A. Penniman, director, although not yet in the hoped-for new theatre which has been delayed by building complications, have entered on a new season with larger quarters, an increased membership and an additional group, "The Little Vagabonds," organized for a series of special matinée performances. The first Vagabond program this season was *Lover's Logic*, by H. A. F. Penniman; *The Brotherhood of Man*, by Robert Garland; *The Florist Shop*, by Winifred Hawkridge.

The Pasadena Community Playhouse Association, who build their programs on the theory that nothing is too good for the amateurs, announce this program for the year: *The Rivals; The Little Princess; The Message from Mars; The Tempest; Father and the Boys; Trelawney of the Wells; The Master of Shadows*, by Sybil E. Jones; *Bunty Pulls the Strings; Tartuffe*. Not counting that a fair year's product, the Association is developing the community open forum and adding a children's branch of the playhouse work. Gilmor Brown is the director and Sybil E. Jones will be in charge of the children's work.

The Players Club of San Francisco celebrated their eighth birthday by opening a new theatre with William Rainey in *Hamlet* and followed that production with three one-act plays of quality: *Behind a Watteau Picture*, by Robert Emmons Rogers; *Everybody's Husband*, by Gilbert Cannan, and *The Locked Chest*, by Masefield.

The Montclair Players began their season in November with *The Turtle Dove*, by Margaret Scott Oliver; *The Monkey's Paw*, by Louis N. Parker; *Rosalind*, by J. M. Barrie. Frank Stout did the decorations for all the plays, which were produced under the general direction of the management committee.

The Story Book Playroom, under the direction of Letitia V. Barnum and Josephine Clement, seems, if the performances are really as fascinating as the programs sound, to have started on a distinctly dangerous career, a career dangerous to any parent who does not take his Chicago children by the hand and go "down the broad street by the lakes and three doors past the signpost that reads 'Van Buren.'"

Theatre Arts Bookshelf

PLAYS BY JACINTO BENAVENTE. SECOND SERIES. Translated by John Garrett Underhill. The four plays in this volume do not raise one's estimate of Benavente as a dramatist. Perhaps it is too much to expect that any of them should compare with either *The Bonds of Interest* or *La Malquerida* in the first series translated by Dr. Underhill in 1917; but it is unfortunate that this second series should fall so far below the level of the first. The reading of these four plays leaves one rather puzzled and irritated. *No Smoking*, a satiric sketch the scene of which is laid on a railway train, may be passed without comment. *Princess Bebe* shows individuality in revolt against the tyranny of tradition. The princess deserts her royal husband and marries his secretary; and her cousin Prince Stephen, in the same spirit, marries a music-hall singer. Both hope to find, away from the court, in associating with the people, the true democracy and appreciation for personal worth which they never found in the imperial court. They are disillusioned; Bebe finds that her husband married her on account of her rank, and that he is disgusted when she disregards it; and Stephen has the same experience with his wife. The royal cousins end by falling in love with each other. Several delightful comedy situations and much satire and sense save the play from dullness. *The Governor's Wife* moves among the cliques and jealousies of a provincial Spanish city. From the crowded canvas emerge two figures, the governor, uxorious and complacent to the point of folly, and his unfaithful wife who makes him do as she likes in all matters. They cannot, however, make a play any more than can that other couple—the fascinating but faithless husband and the almost incredible Griselda of a wife who are the principal figures in *Autumnal Roses*.

For various reasons these plays are hard to read. Benavente likes a play crowded with people—too many of them for peace. His lists of *dramatis personæ* do not say who and what these people are, and it takes a provokingly long time to find out. He likes to build up his scene carefully, with many strokes; his characters emerge slowly from the confusing crowd; his story unfolds itself by slow degrees. His first acts are merely preliminary. There is a great deal of talk, all of which doubtless helps to create the *milieu*, but much of which, for want of a clue, seems meaningless. Benavente likes to make several characters talk at once, or in snatches, in the ensemble scenes which he especially affects. Even when the action finally shapes itself it is always subordinate to the talk. The plot, such as it is, is composed of many minor stories, and yet very little ever happens. Benavente seems to wish to produce, with his crowded *mise-en-scene*, his confusion and complexity, his variety of interests, something of the impression of real life; but the qualities of vitality and vigor are gained at too great expense. For all this, the plays are worth reading, if only for their abundance of wit and wisdom, their sane and shrewd criticism of life—enough to furnish forth abundantly a multitude of lesser dramatists. Such gold, even though alloyed, certainly justifies the translation of the plays, and repays the care and intelligence with which the translator has done his work. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

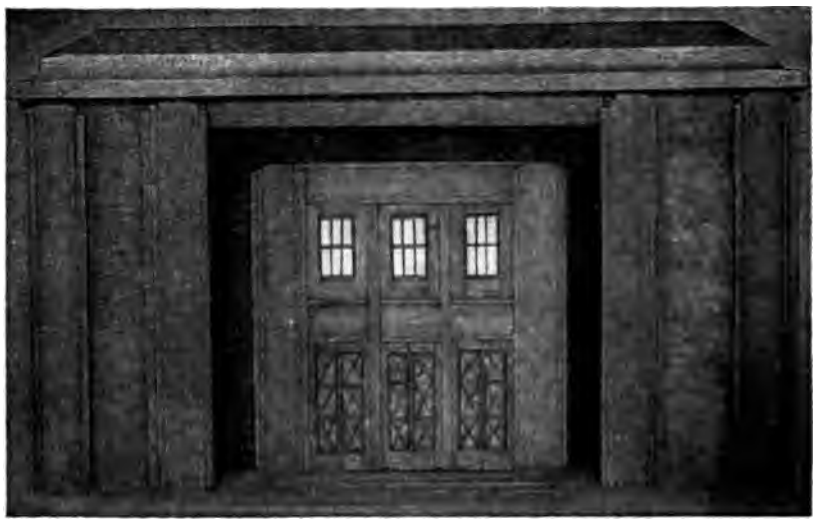
THE MOON OF THE CARIBBEES, by Eugene O'Neill. Of all the American writers of one-act plays none has succeeded better than Eugene O'Neill in telling a complete and convincing story, developed through character and

action, suited to the size of his canvas and the time allotted to him for performance. No one, in other words, has more completely mastered the technique of the one-act play. Yet a good technique is the least of the virtues of these straight-driving plays of the sea, which read as well as they act. ***Bound East for Cardiff***, ***The Long Way Home***, ***Ile***, ***In the Zone***, bring the smell of salt to the library as they do to the stage. They are a welcome addition to American dramatic literature. They are bread and wine to the Little Theatres in search of material. (New York: Boni and Livright.)

THE PATH OF THE MODERN RUSSIAN STAGE AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Alexander Bakshy. At the beginning of this book the author confesses himself an "outsider" who looks into the theatre and judges its activities theoretically; and his theories, or the terms in which he expresses them, are not always clean cut and understandable. But after discounting these difficulties of reading, one finds the volume a mine of interest and information for those who are not afraid to use their intelligence in connection with things dramatic. There are seven chapters which discuss the historical background and recent achievements of such playhouses as the Moscow Art Theatre and Kommissarzhevsky's Theatre at Petrograd, and the methods of such artists as Meyerhold, Stanislavsky, and Evreinov. For the general reader these will prove by far the most valuable portion of the book. The three deeply conceived chapters grouped under the title "Living Space and the Theatre" offer much thought-provoking comment on such subjects as presentation vs. representation, continuity and discontinuity, theatrical reality, objective and subjective unity, and monodrama; but even a second reading leaves us with only a hazy conception of "objective illusionism" and "the illusory world realistically discontinuous." By contrast with other chapters, the "Note on Mr. Gordon Craig's Theories" seems superficial and hopelessly inadequate. The final chapter, "Kinematograph as Art," is likewise elementary and unsatisfying. Yet no one who pretends to be a thorough student of the modern theatre can afford to overlook the book as a whole, and we shall await the more mature work of Alexander Bakshy with anticipation. A word should be added in praise of the well-chosen illustrations which bring out pictorially several of the author's points about new and old methods of staging. (Boston: John W. Luce and Company.)

HEARTBREAK HOUSE, GREAT CATHERINE, AND PLAYLETS OF THE WAR, by George Bernard Shaw. There was a time when Shaw's plays meant something without his prefaces, however illuminating may have been his prefaces as comments on his plays. *Heartbreak House* is a play that suggests nothing without the preface, and very little with it. It is without form and void. What does it all mean? Why these unnatural, neurasthenic men and women, falling in love constantly and indiscriminately, uttering piffle about nothing in particular, the men getting their feelings hurt and crying like babies, the women babbling inconsequently? In an English country house are gathered, for no particular season, several women of various types, a man about town, a futile reformer, a professional liar and lady-killer, a business man, and a burglar, the whole presided over by a superannuated sea captain of unspeakable past and of amazing aptitudes. To say the play lacks action is besides the point; *Getting Married* lacks action, but is delightful; but to say that the very talk is pointless, that it gets nowhere, that the characters are mere extravagances, that the reader wanders in a maze compounded of perplexity and exasperation, is to bring a serious charge.

Design by Robert Edmond Jones for *The Birthday of the Infanta*, as produced by the Chicago Opera Association.



Designs for the new Everyman Theatre to be built in London (see page 72). Above is a section model of the auditorium interior. Below is a model of the main façade.

The restrained decoration and the auditorium slope should be studied in connection with Mr. Pichel's article elsewhere in this issue. Designed by Norman Macdermott.

Here and there are gleams of wit, satire, and sense, that but serve to make the darkness visible. If this be a picture of "cultured, leisure Europe before the war"!—Though most of the preface has nothing to do with the play, it contains some very well-spoken truths, particularly about the theatre.

The best thing in the book is *The Great Catherine*, "of the stage, stagey," as Shaw terms it, but as good of its kind as anything on the modern stage. *O'Flaherty, V. C.*, is delicious if unconvincing. *The Inca of Perusalem* is rather dreary; *Augustus Does His Bit* and *Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress*, should never have been printed. Altogether the volume is distressingly poor work—for Shaw. It contains little of the wit and wisdom, satire and epigram, shrewd criticism of life, and sheer fun that have make him famous. (New York: Brentano's.)

REPRESENTATIVE ONE-ACT PLAYS BY AMERICAN AUTHORS. Selected and edited by Margaret Gardner Mayorga. Twenty-four one-act plays by American authors, all of which have been produced in the Little Theatres of the country and which represent the various types of drama that make up the successful programs in the experimental playhouses should, when bound together, find a ready welcome if the audience for the 'new movement' is as large and as eager as it is generally supposed to be. And the fact that Miss Mayorga's collection has gone into its second printing almost before the ink on the first edition was dry is proof that the audience is at hand, and readily responsive. It goes without saying that the plays included in the volume are of uneven merit, that most of them are second-rate, and some of them hardly that. And yet the volume is an inspiration to those who are working in the new theatre, for, from beginning to end, there is a striking evidence that an American drama is growing up with a tradition that is not born of Broadway, and is not aware of its trickery, its conventions, and its unreal reality. Whatever these plays lack in accomplishment they supply in hope; there is hardly one of the twenty-four that does not promise something better for its author. With few exceptions, moreover, the plays are actable and adapted to representation before an audience. (Boston: Little, Brown and Co.)

THE SOCIAL PLAYS OF ARTHUR WING PINERO, VOLUME III. Edited by Clayton Hamilton. In this third volume of the "Library Edition" of Pinero two of his weakest serious plays are curiously placed side by side, as if the editor intended to illustrate the playwright's faults rather than his virtues. The artificiality and theatricality of *Letty* tend, by cumulative strain, to emphasize the unreality and forced light-and-shade of *His House in Order*. In subject-matter both plays are typically of Pinero, and therefore novelistically interesting. But the dramatic crafstmanship is far below his usual high level; and other qualities that might redeem the composition—imagination, literary value, stimulus to thought—are largely lacking. Practical acting value they have, and an intriguing manner of telling a common-place story; but for the rest—well, that's why Pinero is never mentioned among the modern English dramatists. Clayton Hamilton's introduction and critical prefaces are model analytical commentaries, and one wishes that other contemporary playwrights might be as intelligently edited for the reading public. For a standard edition, however, the proofreading appears to have been done remarkably badly. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.)

THE KINGDOM OF THE CHILD, by Alice Minnie Herts Heniger. In this book Mrs. Heniger throws new side-lights on the subject of the dramatic in-

"Belongs in the hip pocket of every embryo Gordon Craig."—N. Y. Tribune.

The Plays and Books of the Little Theatres

A compilation of the available one-act plays suitable for production by amateur and little theatre groups, $1.00 net

SOME NOTABLE PLAYS

Suppressed Desires, by George Cram Cook & Susan Glaspell .50
Black 'Ell, by Miles Malleson 35
Cocaine, by Pendleton King 35
The People and Close the Book, by Susan Glaspell . . .50
Another Way Out, by Lawrence Langner 35
The Last Straw, by Bosworth Crocker 35
Before Breakfast, by Eugene O'Neill 35

Postage additional

"Personally we prefer our one-act plays in the little paper covers, such as Frank Shay from time to time publishes. Some of the piquancy of the one-act play and the Little Theatre is thus carried over to the printed form."—N. P. D. in The Globe, N.Y.

FRANK SHAY PUBLISHER AND PLAYSELLER

26-28 HORATIO STREET NEW YORK CITY

The DRAMA BOOK SHOP

7 East 42 St., New York City

For PLAYS and BOOKS ABOUT the THEATRE

Plays for Reading, Acting, Studying, Patriotic Plays, Pageants, Etc.

Books About Scenery, Costumes, Stage Decoration, Acting, Etc.

The Drama Book Shop announces that it has secured the American agency for the British DRAMA This illustrated bi-monthly publication of the British Drama League treats the same interests in Europe as does the THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE in America. Among the contributors to the first two issues are:

Sir Frank Benson *Granville Barker* *William Archer*
Martin Harvey *Frank Swinnerton* *Montrose J. Moses*

Single issues 70 cents
July and October available

Subscriptions in the United States, $3.25

School of the Arts of the Theatre

DIRECTORS:

HOWARD LAWRENCE TAYLOR

formerly with
DAVID BELASCO
and
Mr. & Mrs. COBURN

and

HANS UNTERKIRCHER

formerly with
Prof. MAX REINHARDT
and
RUDOLF CHRISTIANS

FACULTY:

DICTION
MRS. ELFORD GOULD

RHYTHMIC MOVEMENT and EXERCISE
PROF. R. SWENSON

SCENIC DECORATION
LOOMIS H. TAYLOR

REHEARSING and PRODUCTION OF PLAYS
HOWARD TAYLOR

VOICE CULTURE
REINHOLD WARLICH

Further particulars can be obtained at the offices of the

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE
7 East 42nd Street, Room 409

Telephone Murray Hill 2720 NEW YORK CITY

The Only Complete History of the American Stage from Its Beginnings to the Present Time

A HISTORY OF THE THEATRE IN AMERICA

A more fascinating story has never been told

By ARTHUR HORNBLOW

For Nineteen Years Editor of
"The Theatre Magazine,"
Author of "Training for the Stage," etc.

190
Illustrations

Photogravure frontispieces and 188 doubletone illustrations from rare engravings, playbills, and photographs, many lent specially from private collections for reproduction in this work.

Two Octavo Volumes

Over 700 pages. Printed in Caslon type on handsome paper and bound in library style, gilt back, gilt top, uncut edges.

Boxed, $10.00 Net
Postage extra

UNTIL NOW no attempt has been made to produce a work embracing the entire field of American activity. Previous histories have treated of certain localities or of limited periods.

This important work of over 700 pages presents a continuous narrative, following as closely as possible the chronological order, showing how the drama first took root in North America, how the players, though regarded as little better than social outcasts, slowly overcame puritanical intolerance, and a chain of theatres was gradually built first along the Atlantic seaboard and then through the great though sparsely settled West, the courageous enterprising thespians pressed their way through the still virgin desert and finally reached the Pacific Ocean. A brilliant company of great actors and actresses pass in stately procession across the stage.

A vast amount of data and new information regarding the growth of the theatre in America is given. The drama in this country has been traced further back than in any other work. There are also interesting descriptions of the manners and customs of early American audiences, accounts of the plays that delighted our forefathers, and sketches, anecdotes, and critical comments on the more notable players.

Descriptive Circular on Request

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

J. B. LIPPINCOTT COMPANY
PUBLISHERS PHILADELPHIA

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

VOLUME IV ✿ NUMBER 2
APRIL 1920

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

An illustrated quarterly, published in the months of January, April, July and October, by THEATRE ARTS, Inc. Editorial and business office at 7 East 42nd Street, New York, New York.

EDITORS:

SHELDON CHENEY — KENNETH MACGOWAN
EDITH J. R. ISAACS — MARION TUCKER

Entered as second-class matter January 24, 1918, at the postoffice at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1920, by THEATRE ARTS, Inc. Yearly subscription, $2.00. Single copies, 50 cts. Back numbers, 75 cts.

Volume IV — *April 1920* — Number 2

CONTENTS

America's Best Season in the Theatre, by Kenneth Macgowan . . 91
Folk Playmaking 105
A New Nativity Play, by Eunice Tietjens 107
D'Annunzio and Dr. MacClintock, by Ralph Roeder 115
The Theatre in France, by Huntly Carter 122
Stage Machinery and Lighting Equipment for Small Theatres and Community Buildings, by Irving Pichel 13
Constantin Korovin, by Oliver M. Sayler 154
Notes on the Spanish Theatre, by Stark Young 157
Gloves, by Gilbert Cannan 160
Editorial 166
Theatre Arts Chronicle 169
Theatre Arts Bookshelf 173

ILLUSTRATIONS:

Cover Design by Norman-Bel Geddes
Portrait of Robert Edmond Jones 90
Two scenes from *The Power of Darkness*, settings by Lee Simonson 97
Four designs by Hermann Rosse 108
Four designs for *Richard III* by Robert Edmond Jones . . . 129
Design and four costumes for *The Birthday of the Infanta* by Robert Edmond Jones 133
Design for *The Seven Princesses* by Robert Edmond Jones . . 136
Scene from a production of the Carolina Playmakers 153
Two designs by Constantin Korovin and portrait 154
Four Spanish Caricatures 156
Auditorium of Reinhardt's New Theatre in Berlin 167
Scene from *Hamlet* in Reinhardt's New Theatre 168
Two scenes from productions of the Hollywood Community Theatre 175

Benavente on the Theatre

THE theatre must be loved for itself, perhaps with greater devotion than any other form of art. The true playwright must have passed his life in the theatre, he must have seen all the plays and all the actors within his reach, and he must have acted himself. Remember that no small part of Shakespeare and Lope de Rueda and Molière was the actor. To the playwright the world must be a vast stage, men and women must be tragic heroes and heroines, or comedians in one immense farce. The most beautiful sights of nature must appeal to his eye as stage scenery. And then, too, he must have the knack of finding his plays.

The spirit of the truly great artist differs from that of the mediocre talent, who is always thoroughly at home in his works, which seem to belong to him, where he is comfortable and satisfied. To the true artist, rather, work is the prison of genius, and something forever hovers over it with the melancholy yearning of an infinite longing, seeking an outlet that it may be free. The best of his genius is not what is expressed in his works, but what escapes from them.—*Translated by John Garrett Underhill, in his Introduction to the second volume of Benavente plays.*

Robert Edmond Jones. (Photograph by Edward R. Dickson.)

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

Volume IV | April, 1920 | Number 2

America's Best Season in the Theatre

In both quantity and quality, American and foreign, New York sees an unusual array of fine dramas and productions from "Lincoln" through "Jane Clegg" to "Richard III"

By Kenneth Macgowan

It is singularly hard to write with any temperance of the developments of the New York theatre during the past three months. December, January and February have brought a dozen of the most satisfying, forward-looking and distinguished productions that have ever crowded a like period. Produced with a skill in setting, atmosphere and lighting such as we did not know in the past, they have culminated in a distinctly revolutionary step in stage production of the first significance both here and abroad. Such a record is likely to lead any critic into healthy enthusiasms and unwise prophecies.

There is a cheery corollary to the record of worthy plays worthily produced. The commercial failures, too, are distinctly encouraging. Consider melodrama and the bed-room farce. Three murder-mysteries, reckoned as good as any of the past, *The Crimson Alibi*, *The Voice in the Dark* and *At 9:45*, came, were acclaimed, and—passed. Any other season they would have been good for a year on Broadway. This season three to six months saw the end of their audiences. Another, *The Sign on the Door*, drew for a few weeks the sort of record business that Broadway has taken to mean a season or two of great prosperity; then, when these first audiences were exhausted, the weekly gross dropped down to only a passable figure. At the other pole of popular amusement, this is the experience of the bed-room farce. Quite as skilful as their profitable predecessors, *No More Blondes*, *The Girl in the Limousine*, *Nightie Night*, and *Breakfast in Bed* similarly failed to meet Broadway's standards of success. The good sign in this cooling toward obvious melodrama and obvious farce extends, too, into the field of pallid politeness and social dry-rot which have passed for high comedy. Such pieces as *She Would and She Did* and *The Ruined Lady*, fortified though they were by the skill of Grace George, went speedily to the storehouse. The deduction is obvious, but it must be qualified by an acknowledg-

ment of the success of such trivial matter as *Adam and Eva*, *The Gold Diggers* and *The Son-Daughter*, and the comparative failure of the cynical but brilliant comedy by Somerset Maugham, *Too Many Husbands*.

The deduction is clearly that the mental and emotional tone of the Broadway public is changing. To a certain extent it seems definitely improving. For the rest, it is seeking something new. And that is a quest upon which hope always lies.

Part of that big, thoughtless, shifting Broadway public have unquestionably drifted into many of the better plays which the season has brought, and they have thus augmented the growing audience of intelligent and sensitive folk who have begun to find the theatre a place worth their attention. Though most of the good things of the past three months have had their roots far back in disinterested and experimental playhouses or in managers and artists feeling the same urge to accomplishment, enough even of the purely commercial managers have contributed worthwhile productions to make it plain that there is a distinct shift in public taste. It registers at the box office.

The record of worthy and interesting plays produced in New York since *Déclassée*, *Clarence*, *The Faithful* and *The Lost Leader*, is truly remarkable. John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, Benavente's *Passion Flower*, Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness*, Gorky's *Night Lodging*, Masefield's *Tragedy of Nan*, Brieux's *Letter of the Law* (*La Robe rouge*), St. John Ervine's *Jane Clegg*, Andreyeff's *Sabine Women*, Allan Monkhouse's *Mary Broome*, Percy MacKaye's *George Washington*, Eugene O'Neill's *Beyond the Horizon*, and *Richard III*, produced by Arthur Hopkins, with decorations by Robert E. Jones and the acting of John Barrymore.

A significant development chargeable to the great demand for theatres this season has been the special matinée. This halting substitute for the repertory theatre has been responsible for *Night Lodging*, *Beyond the Horizon* and *Nan*. The sohrtage of theatres which gave it birth, prevented the first two from securing evening performance when their success began to justify this. It is a dilemma by which the special matinée points both the wisdom and necessity of repertory.

II.

There are very few types of modern drama that the past three months have not brought us, and brought us at a pretty high level of excellence. They have even managed to present the thesis-drama at something near its highest estate. This rather deadly form of dra-

matic activity has never put a better foot forward than in Eugène Brieux's *La Robe rouge*, which Lionel Barrymore has brought to America under the title of *The Letter of the Law*. It is twenty years since the author of *Damaged Goods* turned his guns on the French judicial system, but those twenty years have done singularly little to outmode the play. After the customary two decades which must pass before any really worthwhile Continental drama reaches our timorous shores, this play seems still a drama of real significance both to society and to the individual. With equal power it exposes the iniquities that hedge justice, and arrays human souls in the toils of dramatic action and tragic emotion.

As thesis-drama *The Letter of the Law* has two virtues. It makes its case, and yet in very few instances does it seem too obviously to be doing so. The story of a murder and its consequences develops clearly and naturally, and as we watch the attempts of French justice to find a culprit, we catch easily and surely the score of rogueries great and small to which man gives himself in his attempt to link the establishment of law with the material prosperity of its administrators. It is not the special case against French justice. This picture of the temptations and cruelties of men and institutions, when success depends on a record for convictions and upon political favor, is a picture of legalized justice in every civilized nation. Students who have admired the drama in *La Robe rouge* and regretted that its absorption with the alien judiciary of France would prevent its successful performance in another country, were among the first to acknowledge the theme's clear application to America, and the success of its characters in winning understanding.

This success is due to the skill with which Brieux has intertwined the threads of thesis and story, and made his case speak for itself rather than through the mouths of *raisoneurs*, or, worse still, normally inarticulate victims. Only once or twice does some touch of this old failing of the thesis-play flash out; only occasionally does some figure of human drama speak with the tongue of angels. In the main we follow the spiritual dilemmas of the judge too just for his own good, the iniquitous progress of the judge too grasping for the good of justice, and the ruin of innocent folk saved by one judge at the price of advancement and ruined by the other at the price of his life. It is a story that has a finer scene of inquisition than has graced any of our murder-mystery plays, and a marvelous flash, for its principal woman-figure, of spiritual rebellion and violence.

In most of the acting and of the setting and lights, the fine drama of *The Letter of the Law* is strengthened and enhanced. Lionel Barrymore—who has taken the part of the iniquitous magistrate for his own, and enriched it, not unjustly, with a few speeches that belong to other characters in the original—gives it a great deal of force, color and variety. Occasionally his impersonation leans a little too much toward the obviously debased and sodden; but in its main outlines and the greater part of its detail it is an exceptionally skilful piece of playing. Unfortunately, Mr. Barrymore's fine artistic sense has not been sharp or strong enough to prevent one grievous blunder. His wife, Doris Rankin, has been badly miscast. Whatever her virtues, she has not the superb passion which the two climaxes of the play call for. They are climaxes, however, quite capable of disregarding the inadequacies of a player and sweeping on to their own triumph.

III.

A step still further away from the older type of thesis-play, we find *Jane Clegg*. Here is a *Doll's House* of England written by St. John G. Ervine and produced by the same organization, the Theatre Guild, which gave New York his *John Ferguson*. But it is a *Doll's House* for the times. Its material is another of those mean and debased middle-class marriages—the only true "marriage of convenience," biologically successful, spiritually a horror. Its outcome is a separation gradually forced into the woman's will. Before the familiar slam of the door is heard, the two sit down to vivisect their life together, as Noras and Thorvalds have done without number. Like Ibsen's people, they find that they are actually strangers, married and bearing children.

Yet with all these resemblances, there is a difference. It is interestingly, though not completely suggested by the fact that in *Jane Clegg* the man is the one to leave the house. The deeper difference resides in the many years that have passed since Ibsen broke ground. The playwright's business is no longer to establish and compel the acceptance of avoided facts. Mr. Ervine can take marital injustice for granted. He can even take for granted the remedying of it. And so he has time and attention to give to the intricacies of character and the ironies of life. All through *Jane Clegg* there plays a rich sense of the absurdities of the mind of man and of his institutions. They are bitter, these humors, and yet such is the vitality of life that we who look upon it, even as we are part of it, carry away from *Jane Clegg* a curious and healthy satisfaction in these ironies. From the end of the play,

when the liar, gambler, thief and rake tries to understand his feelings for the two women with whom he is entangled, we gather a sense of truth to character and an absorption with the curious patterns of life which no pure thesis-play ever furnishes. *Jane Clegg* lacks the rich dramatic action of *John Ferguson*, its spiritual and even physical violence. It lacks also certain high qualities of poetized imagination that resided chiefly in Clutie John. But within its limits of character and action, it a better built and a completer play.

The Theatre Guild, under the direction of Emanuel Reicher and the lights of Lee Simonson, has mounted *Jane Clegg* almost flawlessly. Dudley Digges, the coward in *John Ferguson* plays the husband superbly. It is a work of three dimensions: it has technical fineness that draws loathing, laughter and pity out of what might be made a part of just one note. Margaret Wycherley, as the slow and groping wife, Helen Westley, as the futile old mother, and Henry Travers as the pungent little "bookie," fill out the picture accurately and persuasively.

A step further on in naturalism, but not so successful in the task attempted, is *Mary Broome*, a product of one of the Manchester school of playwrights, Allan Monkhouse. Produced without much illusion by the Neighborhood Playhouse, this very ironical study of a misalliance between a maid-servant and a half-baked young artist seems in the very futility of its composition a sharper comment on the decadence of modern society than in any special passage or episode.

IV.

America itself has supplied during the past quarter three varied examples of the older domestic drama, ranging from the horrors of pure unadulterated thesis-play to some very skilful comedy and appealing emotion. *He and She*, a drama by Rachel Crothers, written some ten years ago, is a hard-and-fast preachment on the disaster that follows when a wife and mother indulges in a career outside her home. Miss Crothers supplies the disaster by means of a daughter who gets into a love affair with a chauffeur while at boarding school and by having the wife arouse her husband's jealousy through entering into competition in his own art. If Miss Crothers were content with her skill in dialog and the emotional situations which she has created, instead of filling her play with arguments and appeals on the woman question, the result would be a perfectly justifiable and probably interesting play.

That is just what James Forbes, author of *The Show-Shop* and *The Chorus Lady*, has made in *The Famous Mrs. Fair.* A feminist himself, he feels the neglect that many children of the rich suffer through the absorption of their mothers in things they call careers. After two acts of rather stupid preparation, he gets frankly and honestly to a situation in which a woman finds her daughter going to the dogs (jazz fashion) and her husband philandering — all because she has been too busy lecturing to pay any attention to her family. Since Mr. Forbes never thought of arguing that this had any large and general application to all womankind, he has not overloaded his characters with oratorical propensities. Consequently we have a simple, clear and moving situation that evokes interest and emotion. Henry Miller, as the husband, contributes very little to this emotion, but Blanche Bates, as the mother, and particularly a "wunderkind" named Margalo Gilmore who plays the daughter, do a great deal to reinforce Mr. Forbes.

The other American comedy of intellectual pretentions, *Mamma's Affair*, is a product of Professor Baker's class at Harvard. At its worst, it shows the occasional striving for points, which inevitably creeps into work so directly aimed at being theatre-wise. Throughout, it has the workmanlike quality usually associated with the products of Professor Baker's course. Above these humdrum virtues there is much observation and wit of an excellent quality. That and its picture of the emotional tangle of a hypochondriac mother and a too-devoted daughter, make the play worth comment. Fortunately, nobody in the play takes the trouble to deliver a counter-blaster to Miss Crothers on the evil of allowing mothers and daughters to live in the domestic proximity which permits such situations as in *Mamma's Affair.* The play is well acted by Effie Shannon, Ida St. Leon and Robert Edeson, and abominably miscast, misdirected and misacted so far as George LeGuerre, Katherine Kaelred and a midget called Little Billy are concerned.

V.

In somewhat the same class as to mixed virtues and failings are two pieces by Arnold Bennett and Rupert Hughes. Mr. Bennett's *Sacred and Profane Love* starts very well with a long and adroitly written duolog in which Elsie Ferguson — returned to the stage from the movies — does the best acting of her career in the portrayal of a girl who, in a curious mixture of idealisms, gives herself to a famous pianist. The remainder of the play

The first act of Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness* as produced by the Theatre Guild under the direction of Emanuel Reicher. Setting designed by Lee Simonson. (Photograph by Francis Bruguière.)

The scene of the confessional in the last act of Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness*. Setting designed by Lee Simonson. (Photograph by Francis Bruguière.)

wanders off into a rather wild tale of the pianist broken by morphine, the girl elevated to success as an "advanced" novelist, and her rescue of him. The old knack of Mr. Bennett for clever dialog and entertaining characterization gives the play more interest than it deserves.

In somewhat the same way, Rupert Hughes's *Cat-Bird* is worst when it is trying hardest to be drama and best when it is merely dialog, humor and idea. The parallel with the sort of theatrical plots and very human talk which Booth Tarkington always mingled so grossly before *Clarence* is clear. In his old scientist, however, a man full of the oddest and sharpest of reflections on the resemblances of lovers to the insects and snakes that he studies, Mr. Hughes has supplied some wise and happy moments and a capital part for John Drew in *persona propria*,—gray hair and all.

VI.

Two of the notable plays of the past three months cry volubly for the sort of acting, production and atmosphere which the Theatre Guild could give them — Benavente's *Passion Flower* and Masefield's *Tragedy of Nan*. They both need a close, naturalistic type of acting that flares up at one point or another in high passion and excitement. They need an envelope of color and light in which a rich reality and high emotion can meet and mingle, while the old theatre of blank glaring footlights and "let's pretend" stays outside. With such a performance both these plays would be fully twice as moving as they seemed when Nance O'Neil played the mother in *The Passion Flower* and Alexandra Carlisle brought forth *Nan* at special matinées.

Benavente's play is a peasant tragedy of the sort that Guimera wrote, colored and reinforced and curiously incarnadined by a psychological handling that practically invades the fields of Freud. It is rich in strange turns of character, vibrates with a love as tragic as it is unnatural, and it has action strong, direct and potent. Most unfortunately, very few of the parts are played with much imagination, few of them are keyed together, and Miss O'Neil plays the central figure in a manner that summons visions of the "good old days," as too many older critics describe them. Miss O'Neil does little or nothing with her character until emotion reaches a fever pitch. Then she lets out that remarkable voice of hers in crashing, pealing accents that almost literally "bring down the house." It is not impersonation.

The Tragedy of Nan is another peasant tragedy. The peasantry is England's in 1800. The cruelty and lustiness of animal ex-

istence run through it to bring doom upon a girl whose only offense is to be the daughter of an innocent man unjustly hanged for stealing a sheep. Some of the characterization and the consequent action seem hard, unhuman, even for the period and the place; seem, in fact, a little better calculated for effect in the theatre than for truth to life. But that may be only the interpretation of an age that has given up blacks and whites of character for smudged grays. At any rate, the story drives simply and steadily onward, borne on prose dialog of a singular vividness and beauty. At the end—through the visionings of an old gaffer, who corresponds roughly to the half-wit, Clutie John, in *John Ferguson*—the tragedy is swept up into a lyric beauty rare in the theatre.

Miss Carlisle's production supplied a very bleak background for this—nicely painted cottage walls all too clearly lit by neat rows of footlights and borders. This atmosphere put the actors to a severer test than most of them could stand, though Philip Merivale and one or two others managed a varying illusion. Miss Carlisle, in a very fine but very exacting part, drove herself too hard in the beginning to win to anything like the emotional climax of the end.

VII.

The single notable American play of the quarter suffers a little—but only a little—from acting less expert than we have learned to expect from even so modest an art theatre as the Guild's. The cast of *Beyond the Horizon*, gathered for special matinées and including such well-known players as Richard Bennett and Louise Closser Hale, gives a performance as good as any in the popular plays along Broadway. It is not as good a performance, however, as the play deserves. Even Richard Bennett drives occasionally at "effects" when he should be content to move steadily, simply and honestly with the play along a road of utter naturalism.

With that reservation, an afternoon at *Beyond the Horizon* is a rare satisfaction. Eugene O'Neill has moved on from his sturdy and truthful and powerful one-act plays, such as *Bound East for Cardiff* and *The Rope*, to a first long play which is just as sturdy, just as true and only less powerful in its lack of the condensation which the one-act form gives. Indeed, there are moments when you feel that the story of *Beyond the Horizon* might better be told in that compromise between the long and the short which the Irish Players evolved in *Mixed Marriage*, *Birthright* and so many of their plays. Mr. O'Neill has added no padding. He is

never redundant. But there is something in the nature of his dour and simple material which seems to call for briefer handling. This story of an imaginative young farmer's boy who is tied to the land when he should roam, and brings only misery to his wife and death to himself, might better be told in half its six scenes, merely to get the inevitable and simple doom of it over the sooner. All of which is a difficult thing to write of one of America's few fine, uncompromising tragedies of reality.

VIII.

The three Russian plays which have been contributed by the Theatre Guild, by Arthur Hopkins at a special matinée, and by the Neighborhood Playhouse down in the East Side, give us, with the *Redemption* of last season, examples of the four most interesting and significant types of Russian plays. In *Redemption* we have had the episodic type, using a dozen scenes to place necessary bits of character and action before us without the cumbersome mechanism of the three- and four-act form. The commoner continental form we have this year in Tolstoy's *The Power of Darkness*. Gorky's *Night Lodging* brings us the ultra-naturalism in which plot almost disappears and even tragedy is amorphous. Finally, there is Andreyeff's *Beautiful Sabine Women*, a brilliant social satire in two acts, wherein the attempts of the righteous anæmic Sabine men to recover their wives by logical argument make good fun such as the bulk of theatregoers never suspect of the Russian theatre. Here again—as the crowded houses at the Neighborhood Playhouse proved—a play of immediate application to the politics of a particular country may be sublimated by genius into universality.

The Power of Darkness and *Night Lodging*—like so many of the noteworthy plays of the past three months—have long been familiar to the reader of printed plays. You know the terrible story of cumulative horror and sin in Tolstoy's drama and the awful picture of the lower depths of human society which Gorky gathered into the cellar of his lodging house; and you know the shaft of spiritual light that shoots through both—the simple Christianity of the cesspool cleaner in *The Power of Darkness*, and the subtler and more inspiring message that comes from the old wanderer in the depths. A comparison of the two plays on the stage demonstrates the simpler problem that the playwright and the actor face in such a deliberately "plotted" play as Tolstoy's and the higher task and the higher reward in such work as Gorky's.

The Theatre Guild's production of *The Power of Darkness* is easily—in a very literal sense—the better of the two. Comparison between the directors, Emanuel Reicher and Arthur Hopkins, shows little advantage either way; but in setting and lights Lee Simonson gave the Tolstoi play an atmosphere that at least a third of *Night Lodging* lacked. The acting problem in *The Power of Darkness* is simpler, and the playing better. In particular, Frank Reicher's old Christian, stuttering his convictions through almost a staring mask, far outdistances W. H. Thompson's oh-so-sweet old gentleman in *Night Lodging*. By and large, the problem of the actor in Tolstoy's play is merely creating effectively a certain clear-cut factor in the development of the plot, while the player in *Night Lodging*—and *every* player—must somehow live one corner of a worn old tapestry of life.

IX.

The outstanding features of the quarter—judged by popular interest, artistic accomplishment or the attempt to break new paths or reopen old ones—have certainly been the importation of John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, the production of *Richard III* by Arthur Hopkins with the assistance of John Barrymore and Robert E. Jones, and, in lesser degree, the appearance of Percy MacKaye's "ballad play," *George Washington*.

Abraham Lincoln—with its half-dozen episodes in the career of the great statesman—is unquestionably a notable application of the chronicle-play to a modern theme. It is as unquestionably a finely, earnestly and beautifully written drama. The details of its picture may be as English as London Bridge—or Patagonian, for that matter; the important point is that the design is large and sure and true. There is genuine inspiration in this Lincoln, because the poet-dramatist has felt a great spirit in the original and has had the ability and the control to translate his emotion to us.

A comparison between *Lincoln* and *George Washington* is inevitable, and it is on this point that Mr. MacKaye's play must suffer. Lacking simplicity, it lacks power. Possessing virtues of detail outside *Lincoln*, it cannot body forth its central figure so simply, clearly and dominatingly. To a large extent comparison is futile. While both plays are of the chronicle order, the difference in handling is astonishing. Mr. Drinkwater's is simple, Mr. MacKaye's complex. Mr. MacKaye plays constantly for undermeanings; Mr. Drinkwater goes no further than preaching our tories a lesson in liberalism. Mr. Drinkwater covers the waits between epi-

sodes with a chronicler who speaks simply and directly some very difficult but fine philosophic poetry, designed to relieve tension and to elevate the mood much in the manner of the old Greek choruses. Mr. MacKaye links his scenes with highly decorated little episodes of dialog, singing and pantomime between an old ballad singer and two children who later wander in and out of the action. Mr. Drinkwater goes back—to Shakespeare, to Æschylus. Mr. MacKaye, with the materials from old ballads at hand, feels vaguely and promisingly forward to some new dramatic form.

Lincoln is a naturalistic picture, so acted and so set. *Washington* is a vivid, heightened and elaborated pageant. Frank McGlinn and the rest of the players in *Lincoln*, so far as they can, give us simple and homely portraits. Walter Hampden, with his beautiful voice and fine presence, keeps Washington still a little in our dreams; and George Marion, as the old ballad singer, and the other players catch something of the same quasi-romantic spirit. With excellent costumes, lighting that is in most cases exceptionally good, and a permanent set that is ingeniously transformed by light as well as movable doors, windows and mantels, Livingston Platt has fused reality with a certain beauty in *Lincoln*. In *Washington* Robert E. Jones has gone clear away from any attempt at reconstructing Colonial America and given us a heightened, stylized, very picturesque vision of the warring red, white and blue. There are moments of warm beauty in lights and draperies and costumes, but in the main the note that dominates *Washington* is the note that dominates the English and American flags. Those bright, sharp colors, brightened and sharpened still further, rule the stage of *Washington* and set it even more apart from the great and simple drama that Mr. Drinkwater has conceived. Finally, bad direction and considerable ill-judged cutting hamper Mr. MacKaye's design, and place *Washington* far below *Lincoln* in all but intent.

X.

From the simple and sharp stylization of *Washington* on the first Monday night of March, Robert Edmond Jones passed on the following Saturday to a far more advanced and even more successful experiment with an absolutely revolutionary method of production in *Richard III.* It is the creation of settings from mere scraps of background dropped in the midst of a permanent setting, and emphasized, individualized and sublimated by light.

Throughout the play, there stands at the back of the stage a simplified and conventionalized version of the Tower of London,

with central archway and side towers. At some moments this is used frankly and beautifully as an exterior. At others, with the aid of a platform and arras, it becomes a throne-room or council chamber. The cell of Henry is a wrought cage in the center of the setting with the portcullised walls of the Tower turned into a brooding prison-room. Another cell springs from a trellis of iron across the whole proscenium opening. Various battle-fields are created by blotting out the tower in darkness and throwing the shadows of the people of the play against druidical rocks. The result of these devices is, first, unity; second, simplicity of impression; third, ease of scene-changing; fourth, because of Mr. Jones's genius, beauty and power.

Such an analysis of the backgrounds gives no notion of their fitting and extraordinary beauty. Even the black and white illustrations in this issue of *Theatre Arts* are little enough indication of the rich warm color that pulses through settings and costumes. And only an actual glimpse of the play can convey the unique distinction which Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Barrymore have added to Mr. Jones's conception. Mr. Barrymore himself brings to Richard a control and a range of voice which he has never shown before, and an imagination rich, bizarre and striking. Mr. Hopkins, working in closest coöperation with his artist and his player, has fused the whole into a display of color, light, design, impersonation and movement quite unknown in America. He has brought not only to Shakespeare but to our whole theatre, a new and fresh perfection of mood. It presages the full maturity in America of that rare theatre of imaginative vigor for which we have hitherto looked only to Germany and Russia.

. . . . . .

With such a close to such a quarter, a reviewer's intemperate enthusiasm turns inevitably to Shelley—to the return of the Golden Years, the renewal of the World's Great Age:

> Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
> Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

Folk Playmaking

THE traditions of a country may have been made long ago, or may be in the making to-day. Whether they are one or the other may change the cast and character of life but they do not alter the fact that the country itself—whatever and wherever it is—is fit subject for folk playmaking, provided only that there be the communal spirit among the people and a leader to organize and direct it. It might even be safe to say provided only that there be a leader, for the communal spirit is always ready to be kindled by any fine leader where there is a soil, and institutions, and a people. Frederick H. Koch, who is the founder both of the Dakota Playmakers and of the Carolina Playmakers, speaks with equal enthusiasm of the results in the new West and the old South. "No one of the United States," he says, "would seem less designed by nature as a producing center for fine arts than the prairie state of North Dakota. Yet from her treeless plain has come a vigorous outflowering of communal drama, and the pioneer theatre of the Dakota Playmakers. The idea grew out of simple beginnings, from slow years of striving—nearly a score now. But it has demonstrated that the first generation of Americans from the soil can transform the windswept levels—

'Of a wilderness brown and bare,
'Of these unbroken fields of God
'To a glory of sunlit sod.'

The Dakota Playmakers came into being at the State University of North Dakota nearly twenty years ago. From this as a radial center their influence has gone out over the Northwest country, and beyond. The work from the first has not been individual, but communal—an institution of comradeship."

The Historical Pageant of the Northwest, *Shakespeare the Playmaker*, *The Patriotic Pageant of Dickey County*, *The New Day*, and a long series of one-act "Prairie Plays"—these names themselves indicate the form of the work done by the Dakota Playmakers. But notes like the following are needed to indicate the spirit. *The Historical Pageant of the Northwest* "was written by a group of eighteen Dakota Playmakers in collaboration. They came from the various sections of the state, the sons and daughters of the various nationalities that have gone into the making of the great Northwest—Scandinavian, English, Scotch, Russian, German, Irish, and others." *The Patriotic Pageant of Dickey County* was "written in truly democratic fashion by plain people from

various parts of the county—the pioneer grandmother, the country school-teacher, the preacher, the farmer, the store-keeper, and even the jolly Clerk of the County Court." For *The New Day* "an open theatre was built by the people themselves, farmer, lawyer and business man working side by side." *Barley Beards*, one of the typical prairie plays, "was written by Howard DeLong, born of French homesteaders in a sod shack forty miles from a railroad. It represents an I. W. W. riot in a North Dakota threshing crew and is based on young DeLong's actual experience. The author in this case painted the scenery and acted a leading part in his play, besides himself superintending the costumes and make-up and taking charge of all the rehearsals." "It was a happy gang! I like that," said Chief Nine Pipe, a fullblooded Flathead Indian in the Montana pageant-masque, *The Selish*, written and staged last summer under the direction of one of the original Dakota Playmakers. And Professor Koch echoes his words: "It was a happy gang: there is the heart of the matter."

In Carolina it is another matter, and yet the same. The home of the Carolina Playmakers is at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, the seat of the State University, the center of the state's intellectual life. The purpose of the Playmakers, who not only write their own plays, but build their own theatre, design their own settings, costumes and lighting, is to build up a native literature of North Carolina by drawing upon "the abundant store of tradition and of legend, from the tales and the ballads, as well as from the life of the present day." No section of the United States affords a richer soil for the making of original folk-dramas, Professor Koch believes. "In the backlands of the North Carolina Mountains and among the dunes of the lonely coast may be found communities where the customs of the early English settlers still prevail, where folk-tales still survive in words and expressions long since obsolete to us, handed down by word of mouth from one generation to another through all the years of their isolation. And in North Carolina, too, we have the romance of an outlived past side by side with the throbbing new life of the present day. Here are still the fine old families of the first Cavaliers and the children of the plantation days of the old South. In contrast with these is the dreary one-horse farm of the poor white tenant and the shiftless negro. In greater contrast still is the toil of the thousands of workers of the roaring mills. To all these the Playmakers of Carolina must give a voice if they are to interpret the many-sided life of Carolina." Already, under the leadership of Professor Koch and the class in Dramatic Composition at the university, a body

of such folk-plays has been created—plays of the mountain people, plays of farm and village life, of folk-superstition, negro plays, and and plays of the industrial life of the past and the present.

Professor Koch, speaking from a long and varied experience, feels that a remedy, if not *the* remedy for industrial unrest, may be found in a democratic coöperative theatre. "The experience of revolutionary Russia," he says, "is significant at the present moment. There genuine village theatres have been formed by the People's Coöperative organizations to satisfy their natural desires for entertainment. Such theatres have been planted even in the remote corners of the new Russia, over six hundred of them already in existence. The powerful Union of the Moscow Consumers is exerting its influence in promoting the plan, and we learn that the peasants prefer plays 'with deep moral meaning, reproducing the sorrows and joys of real life, inspiring the hearers with higher ideals.' Here is an interesting illustration of the craving of the workers for a theatre which will adequately interpret their own life and their great desire. To enrich the lives of the people to-day by restoring to them their heroic heritage, to give to every man a means of interpreting his own vision and his own effort in creative play—such is the aim of the Carolina Playmakers in the making of a new folk-drama."

A New Nativity Play

A Chicago Experiment in Synthetic Production

By Eunice Tietjens

The production at the Chicago Art Institute in December of a Nativity Play by Cloyd Head, Hermann Rosse and Eric Delamarter may well prove to be one of the important landmarks in the progress of the art theatre in America. This is particularly so as the Art Institute intends to present this play every year at the Christmas season, so that it will gain in depth and beauty as well as in the accumulated value of tradition with the passing of time. That an official and endowed institution of the arts has been found in this country to stand thus sponsor for the new movement in the theatre is in itself a very significant fact.

One of the essentials of the art theatre is collaboration, and from the union of three such essentially modern artists a production of beauty and significance must inevitably have been born. Hermann Rosse, professor of design at the Art Institute, to whose

initiative the production was due, is widely known both in America and in Holland, his native country, as a protagonist of the art theatre. The quality of his design and his forecast for the future of this art are already known to readers of the *Theatre Arts Magazine*. So also is Cloyd Head's *Grotesques** which when it was produced at the Chicago Little Theatre four years ago proved a revelation to many and a source of violent dissention to the stand-patters. As a reading play *Grotesques* took the $200 yearly prize in *Poetry, A Magazine of Verse*, the following year. Eric Delamarter is assistant director of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, with many compositions to his credit. His music for Winthrop Ames's production of *The Betrothal* will be remembered.

The play, of which the full title is *A Drama of the Nativity and the Massacre of the Innocents*, derives from the early nativity plays and follows closely the biblical story, but with this essential difference, that the story is treated throughout as a legend, a beautiful legend and one to be reverenced, but none the less a legend. This speech of the young girl "who for tonight is Mary," as she sits on a throne of white marble in a stylized Renaissance Annunciation setting, will show the spirit of the whole:

"Within her room beneath a low thatched roof, in Nazareth among the hills of Galilee,—not such a room as this, which we have made in homage unto her whose name this night I bear—Mary, chosen of God! How can I seem like her? Yet she was young, and it is much the same, Christ or another child. I can believe the story, it is true. It must be true; for it is beautiful.—Mary, virgin mother of Christ, I speak your words. Speak through my lips."

This immediately precedes the biblical account of the Annunciation.

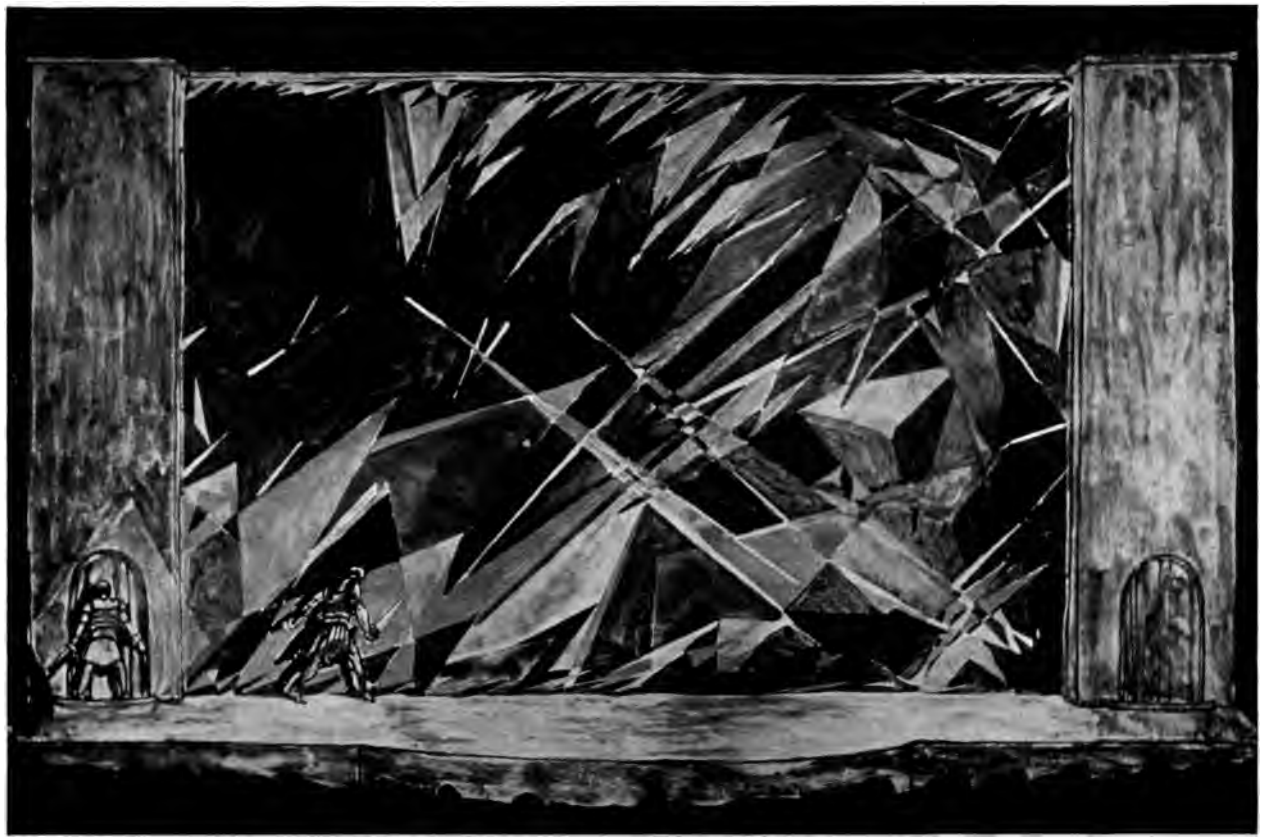
The development of the characters of the three kings is especially recondite and compelling. The central, legendary "black" king is almost a savage, but with a strong mystical bent. His prayer to his pot-bellied idols, before the vision of Michael comes to him, is a wonderful piece of subtle psychology. The second king, from Arabia, is a devout Buddhist who accepts Christ quite simply as "another Buddha." The third king, from Saba, although he follows the star hoping for release from his disbelief, yet remains, in agony, a sceptic even through the Adoration.

The entire play is, in accordance with both Mr. Head's and Mr. Rosse's belief in conventionalization, very highly stylized, the act-

---

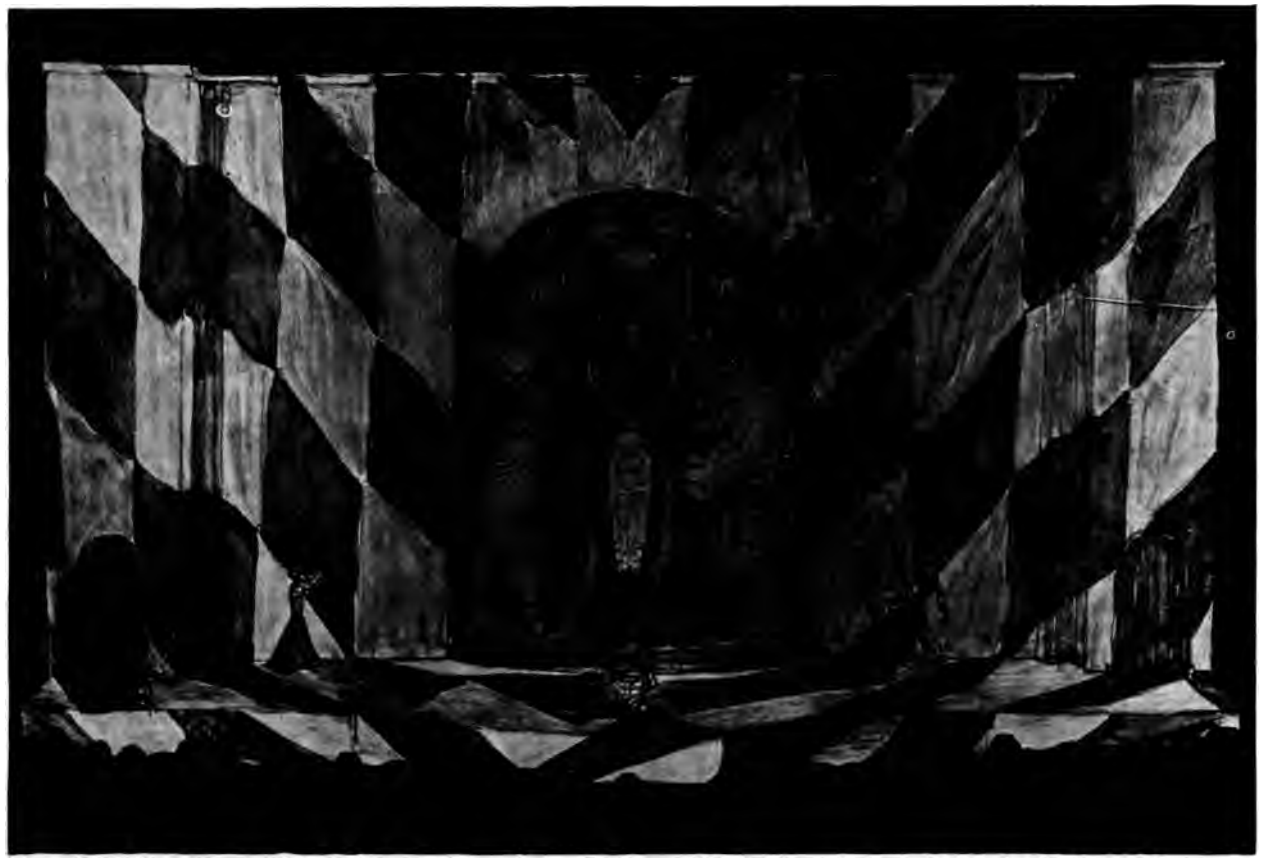
*Reviewed in the first issue of *Theatre Arts Magazine*, November 1916.

Four Designs by Hermann Rosse for a Drama of the Nativity, as produced by the Chicago Art Institute. A special stage was built under Mr. Rosse's direction, and the wall shown in the picture above was constructed as the permanent basis of all the many settings. The "front" scenes were played before curtains dropped in front of the main central panel, between the two jutting pilasters; and the other changes of scene were accomplished entirely by changes within the large central arch. Above is design for the City of Bethlehem scene.



The Herod Motif curtain.

The Virgin Motif curtain. The Angels listening toward the earth for the birth of the Christ-child.



The Idolatry scene. Structurally the scene is the same as that shown on page 109, except for the painted curtains dropped in the central archway. The all-over pattern is overlaid in colored lights by two powerful projection lanterns behind the audience.

ing being held always in simple symbolic gestures, and the central rhythm of the play passing in turn from one element to another, the words, the movement of the figures, the scenic decoration, the music and the lighting.

One of the most striking conceptions in the whole production is Mr. Rosse's use of curtains as leitmotifs. Across the entire proscenium, covering the arch itself, two gigantic curtains, sixty by thirty feet, are drawn at intervals, representing the two forces struggling in the drama, the Christ or Virgin motif, and the world or Herod motif. The Virgin curtain is cool blue, spangled with stars, having at its base a segment of the earth; and the Herod curtain is a great jagged splash of crimson and red in cubistic triangles and ragged, throbbing slashes. The use of curtains, thus reappearing at intervals to indicate action, makes of the decoration a dynamic factor in the production, and is so far as we know a distinct contribution to the new ideals of the theatre.

Mr. Rosse, following his belief that what is most needed is not purely scenic reforms but a new type of stage, remodeled the stage of Fullerton Hall for the occasion, building a gold proscenium of enormous size, with pylons at the two sides and a curved apron which had the effect of making the stage proper a recess or alcove, backed by a cyclorama sometimes gold and sometimes black with a gold dome. Three gold steps separate this recess from the apron. In the Annunciation scene, this inner stage represents the Virgin's room; in the Bethlehem scene, by a masterly conception of gray concentric arches, suggesting but not representing architecture, it is the city itself, while the apron indicates the desert.

This Bethlehem scene, in which the crowd enters from left and right of the apron to a heavy march—bowed peasant figures, moving with patterned dignity in a frieze-like movement—while Joseph and Mary enter down the central aisle of the house, is a remarkable piece of visualization and of ensemble acting. The Annunciation scene, in a gold and ivory setting, is a pure Renaissance lyric. In the scene of the three kings Mr. Rosse made an interesting innovation in the form of projected scenery—a large design of barbaric lozenges being thrown by means of lighting over the gold proscenium.

The extreme width of the apron, over sixty feet with a depth of six, gives an opportunity in the scene of the three kings for a very complex rhythm, by which the kings—the Black King in the center and the other two at the pylon entrances—are represented as each in his own country. The traversing of the distance from

one to the other and back to the center for the Herod scene is taken very slowly, with indicative dialogue, to represent the long journey of the kings. The resulting sense of disintegration of the stage affords a pleasant relief after the almost pageant-like ensemble of the Bethlehem scene.

The Massacre of the Innocents takes place behind the jagged Herod curtain, with a single Roman soldier who passes with bared sword across the apron as the only concretely represented factor. After this the voice of the mature Christ speaks from behind, indicating the passage of centuries and bringing the play down to the present-day Cathedral scene, thus ending on a note of Christmas festival sung by the Paulist choir.

The costumes were designed by Mr. Rosse and executed by his pupils of the Department of Design of the Art Institute. They are singularly beautiful and modern in conception. Some, notably the Virgin in her dull blue undergarment, gray pink veil and pale green Adoration cloak stenciled in gold, and the Annunciation angel in blue and gold, with an old-gold overgarment of velvet and chiffon, gilded wings and a wreath of olive, are in the stylized Renaissance color schemes of the old Madonnas. Others, like Herod in dark crimson and gold with a great black Assyrian beard, and the prologuist in a very striking diaper pattern of green, red, black, gold and blue, are boldly daring in conception. The costumes throughout are characterized by an extensive use of gesso, prepared according to an Italian fifteenth-century recipe of whiting, oil, glue and rosin, and they float, as Mr. Rosse himself expresses it, "on a sea of gold."

Mr. Delamarter's music ran as an undercurrent through the greater part of the play, reaching its climax perhaps in the Birth of Christ music, and assuming also dynamic importance for the central rhythm of the production in the Massacre, a dance of a Nautch girl in the Black King's temple of idols, and the Journey to Bethlehem.

The mechanical difficulties of such a production, on a stage with practically no space behind the scenes, were very great, and owing to the great rapidity with which the production had perforce to be made, left something to be desired. But by next year, with these mechanical hitches eliminated, the play seems certain to establish one of the most vital traditions of the art theatre in America to-day.

D'Annunzio and Dr. MacClintock

By Ralph Roeder

Of students of Italian art how many who go to Italy for that study realize that it is to be found not merely in the museum; that a living art, perpetuating the genius of the race, exists, for instance, in the theatre? To those devout lovers of Italian art, who dally safely with the domesticated raptures of its past, it is perhaps unkind to suggest anything so embarassing as a contemporary art claiming their appraisal and—enjoyment! To them the delectable lion is the dead one. But here is a little book by Dr. Landor MacClintock, *The Contemporary Drama of Italy*, which puts forward such claims.

In this little handbook to the art they have ignored, the devout, however, will take contact with the drama of Italy quite painlessly. They will welcome appraisal so official that they feel no need of enjoying the exhibit through which he deftly shunts them. Those who wish to know the drama of Italy that they may be fortified to ignore it will thank Dr. MacClintock for having written them an expert guidebook, cogent and extensive in information, tidy and sound critically, in which they are supplied not alone with names and dates of essential authors, plays, actors, and movements, but with a digest of the approved opinions on them: opinions which they may adopt without question, confident that they express on every subject the average estimate. That public will be satisfied. But for those who know or wish to know, who love, or wish to love, the Italian theatre, what excitement does the book offer?

The conscience with which Dr. MacClintock has collected his facts and concentrated vital information is admirable; as a map-maker he shines. But no less deplorable is the lack of conscience with which as a critic he has summed the popular estimates only. It is not complimentary to think that he subscribes to all his own judgments; but if he has waived his own impression to record, as a historian, the approved opinion on his subjects, he must be prepared for the disappointment of the reader who, balked of the exhilaration and adventure he might reasonably expect in a book devoted to this hitherto unexplored field of Italian art, will rise from it wondering whether Italian art does indeed include the theatre of Italy. And the chapter on D'Annunzio will be to blame for this. The Italian theatre exists as an art, thanks to its actors; the Italian drama exists as an art, thanks, more than any other

one man, to D'Annunzio. The test of a book on this subject is its appreciation of Italian acting and its understanding of D'Annunzio.

The truth seems to be that, adequate in information, this review of the field is something less than adequate in spirit. Dr. MacClintock has obviously striven to be open, sympathetic, and judicial, and to keep free of prejudice and preconception; but his approach to art is biased. He himself is interested in that school of drama which treats of the social problems of the modern world. Not himself an artist, it is in vain therefore that he strives to be unprejudiced; and when, with D'Annunzio, he is confronted with one who is artist only, artist wholly, he deplores what he should praise in him. His estimates of lesser men are entirely satisfactory; but here he betrays not only a temperamental aversion, but a fundamental critical limitation.

Dr. MacClintock is apparently under the delusion (so common among Northerners) that the content of idea in literature is a condition of it that determines its nature. The content of idea in literature exists not for its value as idea but for its value as æsthetic experience, as in painting the "subject" does. It serves to objectify and translate the æsthetic experience; and for a critic to deprecate in D'Annunzio his "æstheticism" is, to my mind, grossly to misapprehend the innocence of a great artist. Precisely here Dr. MacClintock, with his interest in aspects of art interesting no doubt but not essential—rational, sociological, "human"—turns aside and loses himself, loses, moreover, and this is worse, the opportunity to praise an artist who by his purity as such is almost an anachronism in the modern world. A Greek would have appreciated this Formulator of the Word; so would a man of the Renaissance; in the Renaissance and in antiquity D'Annunzio would have been at home; in the modern world he is patronized. And no small part of his glory should be that he might lead us back to a right conception of the art of literature. No other art so suffers at present from a misconstruction of its function; had Dr. MacClintock criticized a painter (let us say, Cezanne) in this vein, he would have been promptly right-about-faced to the Academy.

What in a perfect example of Persian pottery recommends it to us but its style, that pregnancy of the potter's hand in the manipulation of his material to a specified end which we recognize as beauty? What but style makes the greatness of a painter like Velasquez? For what but for the instinct of sculptural style do we praise a Donatello? And wherein is the art of literature

different? Is style any less the criterion here? What difference but the difference of material—language; and the supreme artist he who supremely wields the word? A truism, I cheerfully agree; but a truism so obstinately ignored nowadays that it is in constant need of reiteration; nay, that when a figure like D'Annunzio appears, who exemplifies style supremely, he is actually contested. . . . Does anyone object that literature is not one of the graphic arts? Someone perhaps who has not seen it practiced as such? To him D'Annunzio. In his vision of the world we find design, rhythm, color, plasticity, emotion, phrased moreover with all the seductions of verbal music, to interpret for us the irridescent pageantry of existence, the flow of appearances, the play of illusion, which life is for him, in his ultimate wisdom; and because he so commandingly embodies for us these graphic and musical instincts of his race, it is in him that we may admire the arch-type of Italian artist. And because he has brought into the theatre these qualities which so preëminently belong to it—the theatre which is the consummation of the graphic, the plastic, the musical, and the literary arts—his contribution to it has made the Italian drama an art which the lover of Italy may study, and recognize in it that characteristic genius of the race, which he has been accustomed heretofore to seek in the museum only. Nor is his significance confined to Italy; by this same token he belongs to that new movement in the theatre everywhere, which is re-discovering the elements of its art and seeking their employment in the final righteousness of style.

Convinced as I am of his unexampled gifts for the theatre it is faintly, and rather disagreeably, amusing to me to see his quality as a man of the theatre denied. To that flagrantly unthinking "snap judgement" of his detractors Dr. MacClintock has guilelessly subscribed; he has lent himself to the after all undignified spectacle of forsaking his academic norms to fortify himself with the practical yardstick of the stage, and for that has apprehended, as an outsider will when he rawly plays the insider, the cheapest and stalest platitudes of its hack spokesmen. Such, for example, is his amazing condemnation of off-stage climaxes (he has in mind off-stage violence rather than off-stage climax) as in *Fedra*, *Gioconda*, and the *Dream of an Autumn Sunset*, apparently unaware of the effectiveness of that immemorial device of suggestion. A practice which has been viable in the hands of Æschylus, Shakespeare and Ibsen is hardly to be rated an ineptitude in those of D'Annunzio. Nor, to particularize, is the death of Hippolytus in *Fedra* the climax, it is the resolution of the tragedy.

The climax, of course, is to be found in its orthodox place, at the end of the second act, in the curse of the outraged and hoodwinked Theseus, which closes the circle of fate about the youth and brings down on him the death which the third act sings. Of a piece with this type of criticism is his description as an "anti-climax" of that peerless last act of *Gioconda*, toward which the whole play works, so that its rhythm is only completed in the final, helpless gesture of the mutilated victim, broken-winged before her child, the fully modelled figure of sacrifice. Dr. MacClintock has been, I am afraid, in bad company, with the professors of dramaturgy, and has attempted to measure by their rules the living body of dramatic form; thence, no doubt, his misunderstanding grasp of "action"—the lack of which he criticises in D'Annunzio; in *Gioconda*, for instance, he conceives it to be the fall of the statue. It is, of course, always possible to find what one is looking for, and he has not been above citing those early plays, from the period of transition in which D'Annunzio was passing over from the novel to the theatre, in proof of the absence of perfect dramatic workmanship, which is so clearly in evidence in the later plays (when he had mastered his medium), such as *The Daughter of Jorio*, *The Ship*, and *Fedra*. Here the overweening strength, which in those earlier essays disables the composition as a whole in favor of some one element, usually the creation of atmosphere, is straddled and those other elements, lyricism, the evocation of mood, the decorative design, are absorbed and properly related in the play itself. Had he wished to cite the lack of organic structure in his work, he might have done so in the very early or the very late plays (*La Pisanelle*, for instance); but surely he was unfortunate in instancing *The Ship*. What here is that growth, inexorable as the courses of the stars, of the seed of dissension, destroying and at last itself destroyed by the moist soil that is fain of it? The three plays above mentioned are as organic, as permeated in all their parts with the root idea, as inevitably growing into their appointed shape, as—well, as a play of Ibsen or, better, a flower, a tree.

It would have been interesting if, in the chapter on D'Annunzio, Dr. MacClintock instead of deprecating with Borghese and the *antidannunziani* his "lyricism" had devoted a little space to his achievement in the creation of a verse form that is the most dramatic in the modern theatre. Flexible, intense (and "free"), modulated always on the inflections and pauses of the human voice (perhaps an actor alone will appreciate to what extent) he has achieved with the mellow blazonry of style what Benelli, at

the sacrifice of it, has claimed to do, and for which he has, in his prefaces, somewhat cooly taken unto himself the title of innovator. A reader curious as to this verse form will find it penetratingly analyzed by Arthur Symons in the introduction to *Francesca da Rimini*, and consummately reproduced in his masterly translation of that play.

A word before leaving this bristling ground of contention upon the psychology of D'Annunzio's characters. In one of his books he has written, "There is nothing that delights me so much as the free and strong expression of desire." And again, "All things about him tended to exalt the vitality of life in this man who wished to draw the world into himself that he might never die." Accordingly this unappeasable intoxication of sensible life has gone into all that he has written; and in so far as the creatures of his hand partake of it they are, as Dr. MacClintock rightly says, reflections of their creator. *Per non morire*, his motto, is not vainglorious in one who may, and has created immortally. As with Milton, the boast has been vindicated. The root principle of all his characters, then, is a tremendous vital energy which they have in common with each other and their creator. But because their flanks are branded so unmistakably with one fire of life, it is not true that they are not individualized. And if in their ranks the types recur it is because of the simplifying vision of the poet, whose function precisely it is to see through the density of mortal difference to the immortal clarity of type. This indeed is one of the noblest traditions of Latin art and one rarely attained by the more turgid imagination of the Northerner: a Milton here, an Ibsen there; they are not many. Art is not interpretation till the superficies of existence glow transparent with its structure. Dr. MacClintock apparently recognizes no difference between characters improperly individualized and characters drawn on broad lines, largely and essentially outlined. Such always are the people of these plays. In these word-operas, as in all poetic drama, the drama lies primarily in the lyrical movement and only secondarily in the psychology, which has the breadth, the passion and the abstract outline that musical treatment demands. Music demands broad outlines of character, oppositions of elemental passions, raptures, frenzies. And be it noted, this sensitive buoyancy of song, this intuitiveness of appeal through music is, as Swinburne long ago pointed out, the essence of great poetic drama. It was this that brought Swinburne to link Æschylus, Shakespeare, and Hugo, in defiance of the gap between their psychology. D'Annunzio's psychology is as simple as theirs; it

is of himself only in so far as it represents the aristocratic temper, with its rigor, its athleticism, and its physical luxuriousness. And there is something else which dictates the simplicity with which these characters are delineated. The spell of atmosphere, the haunting evocation of mood, is perhaps the first and strongest impression one gets from these plays. In *The Daughter of Jorio* the tragedy is so saturated with the soil, that the people seem less to walk on the face of the earth than to grow in it, like trees and flowers. In *The Ship* the sea sucks and seeps, integrates and disintegrates, the very foundation on which fluctuate and struggle the teeming fluencies of a nation come to birth; and the figures that detach themselves from the mass are, like the sands under the tides, a prey to conflicting urges, the uncertain sport of mighty forces about them and in themselves: ready victims for that crowning figure of Woman, corrupt and corrupting, sprung from that very sea! In *Fedra* the motive is flame, roaring, withering, implacable, eddying and yearning eternally unsatisfied on that "fever-stricken plain of Limnos" and in the wracked vitals of Fedra, seared by her terrible passion, the last and most pitiable of the progeny of the Beast. In these plays so unified and so intense in tone man is but a part of the world about him and within him; that world is in him as he is in it. Between him and the mountains and the plains and the sea and the trees and the sun by day and the stars by night there is always an elemental correspondence. It is not idly, not for decorative effect alone, that D'Annunzio has always stimulated and shaped so painstakingly the localities of his stories. Wisely, he sees man as one only of the works of creation and one with them, on a plane (if he be caught in his beauty) with plants, trees, streams. . . . Dr. MacClintock has looked askance at D'Annunzio's "hedonism"; it is, rightly seen, but the fine fruit of his pantheism. He weaves the visible world of illusion; and have poets any more fertile occupation? . . .

The tame, if not taming, paragraph which closes his account of Gabriel of the Annunciation with a punctiliously tidy tabulation of his faults and virtues, cannot better be commented by me than by the quotation of this paragraph from one of the poet's devastating books;—surely anticipatory!—

"Gifted with an extraordinary verbal facility, he succeeded in translating instantoneously into words even the most complex phenomena of his sensibility, with a precision and a relief so striking, that at times, no sooner expressed, made objective by the isolating property of style, they seemed no longer to be

his. . . . Consequently, those who heard him for the first time were conscious of an ambiguous sensation, half admiration, half aversion, because he revealed himself in shapes so strongly wrought that they seemed the result of a will to establish between himself and all strangers a profound and insuperable distinction. But as his sensibility was the equal of his intelligence, he was accessible to all those who sought him and delighted to receive through the crystal of his Word the heat of his passionate and vehement soul. They at least knew how unlimited was his power of feeling and of dream, and from what combustion sprang the beautiful images into which he was wont to convert the substance of his inner life."

There remains no space to speak of the rest of Dr. MacClintock's book, and indeed there is no need. His succinct and acute judgments on Bracco and Giacosa and Benelli are just. His chapter on actors and acting leaves him little scope to do more than enumerate leading names; but one must regret that no mention is made of Ferrucio Garavaglia, whose premature death robbed the Italian stage, of a tragedian whose early promise was often compared to that of Duse herself. The significance of Italian acting is also worth stressing: it is perhaps outside of Russia the best in Europe. Without the cultivation and the over-elaboration of technic for its own sake of the French school, without (naturally) the anæmia of the English stage, and without the puerile conventionality of our own, its excellent traditions of spontaneity and sobriety united with sound technic show just those qualities which the younger generation here in the new theatre is striving to recover.

The historical survey of the book amply covers the early days of the Italian stage and brings the perspective up to the very recent present. In the crowding close Pirandello does not emerge in quite his full significance, as the leader of the School of the Grotesque, in which some of the younger men have attempted to break new paths with a formula inevitably limited — the paradox. Whatever the extravagances of his spendthrift disciples, Pirandello has written comedies, caustic, bedevilled, and in a way novel. In his metaphysical mischief is a humor essentially Latin. And the most recent arrival among the poets, Luigi Ercole Morselli, who is hailed as the third in what, with D'Annunzio and Benelli, is now a triumvirate of poetic dramatists to give glory to the Italian stage, arrives too late for inclusion.

The Theatre in France

By Huntly Carter

Theatre Arts Magazine did not wait for the end of the war to begin the story of the war-time theatre in France. It told the first part in 1917, when it was possible to judge the effect of the war upon the French theatre and its many objects and agents of interpretation and representation. In order to complete the story it is necessary to consider some of those already mentioned. Only by so doing is it possible to make clear the origin and nature of the distinct phases that marked the war-time theatre which was not an isolated fact as some critics appear to think, but, like the Elizabethan theatre, largely the outcome and culmination of a series of antecedent events.

Indeed, if we consider all the influences that have been operating on the French theatre for generations past and carefully examine the results, we shall find that there is no break in the continuity of the main stream of this theatre. There is merely a separation of the stream into parallel streams or movements. These appear in what I may term the pre-war, popular, profiteer, patriotic, propaganda, public-house, prostitute, progressive and possible playhouses. From the popular to the possible is from the first to the latest phase of the war-time theatre.

When the war broke out in 1914 it offered the French theatre one of the finest opportunities it has ever had of taking its true place as a directing and uplifting influence on a nation at one of the greatest crises in the history of France. There were at least two streams capable, if properly navigated, of conducting the people to the free seas. In the first place, there was the stream moving towards a playhouse of intelligence resting on truth and enlightening ideas.

The source of this particular stream, which we may call the Progressive Playhouse, was to be found in the Free Theatre movement that began in 1887 in the usual revolutionary way. First came aspiration, confused desire, unrest, discontent with existing things. Then propaganda in the little exclusive sheets that no one read but everyone talked about. Then meetings, exchange of ideas and the rest of the preliminary business. Finally, one dark October day, there was an accouchment in a box of a place in Montmarte, and lo and behold, The Theatre!—The Free Theatre!—was born. Most of us know the rest. Those that do not are recommended to turn to Mr. Barrett Clark's

chapter on The Théâtre Libre in his able book, *Contemporary French Dramatists*, and they will learn all about the first and succeeding steps of the wild duckling. A certain Antoine was the physician who introduced this unexpected creature to a gaping and perspiring generation. Without money, without moral support, with a plank or two, some ideas on the reform of acting and the scene, plenty of determination and grit, he initiated a movement that very soon surrounded him with the most notable literary realists and freethinkers of the day—Lavedan, Paul Margueritte, Tolstoi, Zola, Porto-Riche, Les Goncourts and many others. The movement spread. It impelled Paul Fort to undertake the directorship of the Art Theatre, inspired Lugné-Poe to found l'Œuvre, and while Antoine was busy developing his science of acting Henri Rivière was equally busy with decorative reform and Paul Fort and Lugné-Poe were attracting a constellation of literary stars, such as the French Theatre had seldom seen before.

For some years this audacious movement swept everything before it like a tornado. Then came a strange lull. The variety that was the very life-blood and symbol of the Free Theatre deserted it and was replaced by a sterilizing standardization. The progressive playwrights ceased to search for living form and took to copying. They produced literary plays all made to a pattern. As standardization came in at the door reform flew out of the window. The wild duckling changed to the spring chicken, and the "Merry Widow" wooed and won Apollo. So the spirit of experiment flew from Paris, which became in consequence a theatrical back number. It went to other countries, Germany, Austria, Poland, Russia, Scandinavia, whence came to Paris at long intervals a golden ear of corn, so to speak, as a sample of the rich results they were reaping. In 1900 the French theatre was practically out of it. Foreign critics ignored its best writers, Lavedan, Capus, Donnay, Brieux and the rest, while its best writers ignored the best part of themselves. If the theatre asked for enlightening emotion they gave it intellectual hypertrophy. In a word, they exalted logic where alone immortal instinct should be.

But gloomy as things undoubtedly appeared, there was a ray of light. Antoine contined his excellent work and might have restored the current of the Free Theatre to its full depth and strength if only he had received adequate support. To the reform of acting which he had made his own he would doubtless have added certain other reforms which were reshaping the theatres of other countries, especially Germany, and which the French

theatre badly needed before it could render Antoine's reform effective. For one thing, it required physical reconstruction, but it remained as physically obsolete as a Hottentot of the Stone Age. Anyone may prove this by making a round of the Paris playhouses to-day. Thus it obstinately refused to follow the example of Germany, where theatre designing and building had reached such an advanced stage and were going ahead at such a rate that the country was practically dotted with comfortable up-to-date playhouses, so adaptable as to yield to any new shaping influence that came along.

The effect of this blind obstinacy was to exclude new influences and to make it impossible to test new ideas and theories, and finally to drive the Free Theatre movement underground. Antoine, however, kept bravely on doing his best to encourage an appreciation of the good things coming from abroad on the wings of the Russian Ballet and other migratory enterprises. But he could do very little with an impossible form of playhouse and a strong official regard for outrageous representation, and especially the disgraceful system of lighting that characterized the national theatres. So while Germany was applying a wonderful lighting system invented by the Frenchman Appia, and Reinhardt was running round the country with a traveling show, including all the latest improvements, France simply sat on its haunches, grinned at its own stupidity, and watched the underground trend of the Free Theatre continue.

In 1914, a month or two before the war, Antoine left the Odéon a ruined man. He had lost £36,000 in the Odéon venture, and his banking account now amounted to exactly £36. Even the admirable efforts of M. Rouché and M. Astruc were powerless to remove the incubus of out-of-date machinery, and when the war began a heavy ineffectiveness was dragging everything down. Still the Free Theatre movement was not dead. The main body of the Wee Frees was very reduced, indeed, but reinforcements of new troops were at hand to carry on the good work and thus enable the Free Theatre to play its part in exerting an influence for good during the succeeding four years. Were they encouraged to do so? I will answer this question in due course.

The popular playhouse was the second stream from which much might have been expected as an uplifting influence during the war. This stream, represented by the subsidized State Theatres, need not detain us long. Originally set flowing for the excellent educational purpose of restoring to the people that rich inheritance of classics which a commercial system would

deprive them of, and to endow them with the further riches of rare works by contemporary playwrights, it gradually became impeded and choked up by corruption of the very system whence it came. The result was that at the opening of the war the state or popular playhouse, instead of being an all-powerful institution fully armed and prepared to meet and destroy vicious war-time influences, was impotent and ruined by subsidy. The government system of subsidy enabled so many persons, including the deputies and their wealthy friends and supporters, to have a finger in the subsidized theatres that the latter entirely lost their public character and became a mixture of political intrigue and financial scandal, and therefore ineffective for the purpose of opposing the theatrical trusts.

Still they did, in a manner of speaking, endeavor to fulfil their function of keeping alive a taste for the classics. For instance, The Théâtre Français, The Odéon, The Opéra Comique, and the Comédie Française stuck to their guns and stormed the public with the old but pompier shells. Occasionally it was possible to have quite an orgy of classical plays, even at most uncomfortable moments. Imagine a banquet of Shakespeare, Molière, Corneille, Racine, with the Germans singing *Deutchland über Alles* not fifty miles off. Of course this was at moments of repertoire. There were moments when the long-run bogey was allowed out—the bogey that has put more than one nail in the coffin of the national theatres.

As for the opera, that came to life intermittently and saluted the world of fashion (or what was left of it) with heavy out-of-date stuff that no longer rouses the enthusiasm of intelligent opera-goers. It is noteworthy that whenever these theatres were open and playing a repertory of classics, they were always crowded. On several occasions I was unable to find even standing room. In spite of their air of bankruptcy and general neglect, in spite of the effect of the war in depriving them of actors and staff and of replacing the old outrageous means of representation, scenery, lighting, properties, stock wardrobe, and so on, by even more outrageous ones, the public were never really indifferent to the productions. They went in crowds and it is reasonable to assume that if the state theatres had been properly organized to cater for a war-time public, they would have done their bit in uplifting the public mind, and thus preventing the commercial stream from flooding the theatrical landscape and making a poisonous bog of it.

The story of the storming and capture of the French theatre by theatrical trusts does not make pretty reading, and when it

comes to be told in full it will make a very black page indeed in the history of this theatre. Theatrical trusts existed in France, as elsewhere, before the war, but it needed the war to give them their true octopus-like character and function. Owing to lack of organized opposition to commercial encroachments, nearly the whole of the Paris places of amusement fell under the control of hugh financial and business amalgamations represented by five or six Fat Men. Thus Messrs. Quinson, Franck, Trebord, Volterra, Hertz and Coquelin and Oscar Dufrenne practically represented a vast network of syndicates and intersyndicates that converted the theatres and music halls into factories and shop-windows for the manufacture and display of goods suited to the cheapest mood of the moment. Each director was a sort of departmental manager, with an eye on the best-seller in his own department,—plays, actors, costumes, scenery, furniture, drinks, or whatever it happened to be. Each considered the public taste in the commercial interest he represented.

For instance, costume played a great part in war-time theatrical industry. So there was a linking up of the monopoly houses with the great Paris dressmakers. The result of this commercialism was to be seen in parades and displays of fashionable costumes in stage settings that represented a window at the Bon Marché set with *la mode nouvelle*, or a reception room at Poiret's. The main object of this theatre monopoly was standardization. The trusts obtained control of a group of authors, Rip, Pierre Wolff, Louis Verneuil, Henry Kistemaeckers, and Willemitz, a group of stars, Brasseur, Signoret, Raimu, Victor Boucher, Huguenet, Palin, Dranem, Mayol and Boucot, Gaby Deslys, Regine Flory, Spinelly, Mistinguett and Parysis. The rest was easy. They took a fashionable sentiment, gave it to their controlled authors to work into an entertainment which they served out to all the syndicate houses. So patriotism, heroism, the sacrifice of self, and the rest of this sort of stuff were served up in turn. And as the war went on, different receipts were handed out, each capable of attracting from a hundred thousand to a million buyers.

In this way first came the patriotic and propaganda playhouses. The procedure of all concerned with them was to consider before opening the doors, so to speak, what odds and ends of patriotism (a good deal of it spurious) they could put into the theatre shop-window likely to attract the mob. Perhaps accidentally one or two good things were exhibited. There was the spectacle produced in 1914 containing these prophetic lines, by Rip: "On les aura, quand on voudra," etc. But for the most part the so-called

patriotic plays were too silly for words, mainly because there was no real patriotic impulse. The French people were far too deeply involved in the war to need reminding of their obligations, or to require war-plays.

With the arrival of the vast number of international troops in Paris the commercial houses sought to rake in the dollars by means of unblushing appeals to sexual insanity. The war had sharpened the impulse of hunger in young and lusty men by isolating them for long periods at the front, and the theatrical speculators, aware of this, flung a sexual bait to these hungry men that is too disgusting to talk about. For a time many of the places of amusement had the appearance of brothels. Perhaps it should be said that certain English and American organizations did their best to meet this evil with strong counter-attractions. But it was a difficult matter, especially in a city like Paris, where the primary impulses are recognized and catered for.

The answer to the question, whether the relief guard of the Free Theatre which was waiting, when the war began, to restore the stream, received any encouragement, is of course, no. A slender current of the literary and moral element was maintained by Messrs. Bernstein and Bataille in *l'Elevation* at the Français and *l'Amazone* at the Porte Saint-Martin. Each dealt with current events from his own point of view, but either the sound of the cannon was too loud or the smell of the lewd stuff at the revue houses too strong, for neither piece caught on.

Of the actor-managers who survived the commercial flood, two only deserve mention. M. Sacha Guitry opened a delightful little playhouse and sought to produce a "theatre" of his own by cultivating in his own garden, as it were, choice and charming fantasies, followed by comedies having a novel form. In this he manifested, as one critic puts it, "l'art français, né à Paris, conçu et développé à Paris." M. Gemier has concerned himself with developing his ideas as a producer. Like Reinhardt, he is interested in the old Greek circus method of bringing the actor into the open, as it were, or showing him in the round. Since the war he has been experimenting at the Cirque d'Hiver. Perhaps the most definite note of advance was struck by the Russian Ballet in 1917, when it produced *Parade*, with costumes and scenery by Picasso. The object of Massine, who produced it, was to unite the ideas of Fokine and of Nijinsky, movement and plastic form, and thus, if possible, to devise a new ballet form. Another advance was made by the production of the *sur-réaliste* play by the late Guillaume Apollinaire, which was undoubtedly influenced by

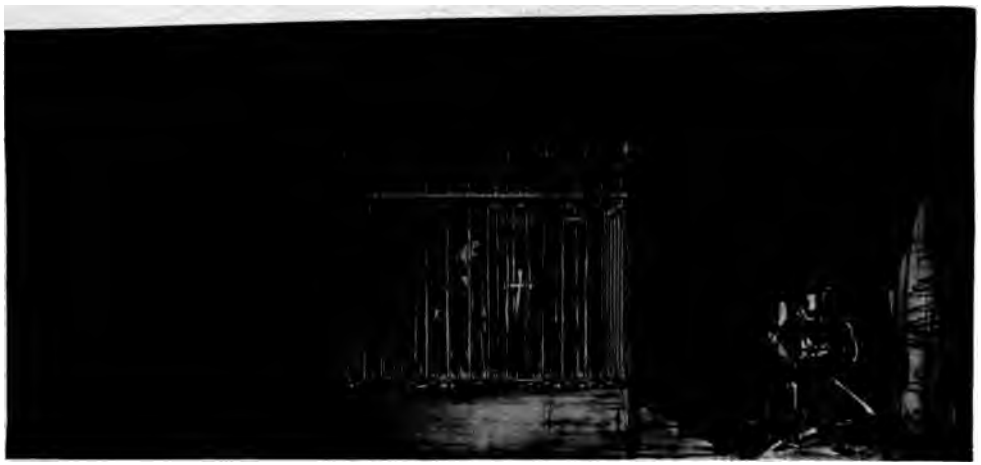
Parade. The text of *Les Mamelles de Tiresias*, together with some illustrations of costume and scenery, have been published by *Sic*, 37 rue de la Tombe Issoire, Paris. Besides this, there was the production of Racine's *Phœdre* at the Opéra with Madame Ida Rubinstein in Sarah Bernhardt's part, and decomposed scenery by Bakst. The whole thing was very novel and distinguished. But I daresay Racine had a bad quarter of an hour when he heard about the scenery and costumes.

Outside the theatre there were occasional signs that a new movement was in progress. Propaganda was busy in the little sheets published and written by the advance guard. In particular, *Sic* published some original marionette plays, including one by the editor, M. Albert-Birot, called *Matoumet Tévibar*, which has since been produced in Italy, with costumes and scenery by E. Prampolini. It has been published as one of the editions of *Sic*. Marionettes are in the air and Gordon Craig is on his way to Zurich to stir up things in this direction. One other thing remains to be mentioned, namely the formation of an Actors' Trade Union, which may have the useful result of giving the actor more freedom and thus restoring his initiative to him.

What of the future? Jacques Copeau is back in Paris, and a number of activities are springing up. But on the whole, we may say that the French theatre is stationary. The Trusts are still in possession of the field. Perhaps the new impulse will come on the present extraordinary and world-wide wave of psychic renewal. The old spiritual France will revive— the spiritual France that was once the inspiration of Europe. In any case let us watch this psychic renewal, and as it develops let us bring its activities into relation with those of the theatre. Out of this union I think will emerge a new idea of a creative form that will transform both the theatre and the drama in France and out of it.

Richard III, as set by Robert Edmond Jones for Arthur Hopkins's revival of the play, with John Barrymore as Gloucester. In every scene of this remarkable production, can be seen all or some part of this permanent setting. Standing alone, this freely conventionalized façade of the Tower of London serves for all street scenes and most exteriors. For other locales — throne-room, battlefield or prison — Mr. Jones places within it tapestries, a throne, an arras, an iron cage, or druidical rocks. With modifications in lighting, these simple additions produce a vivid illusion of place, while maintaining, by means of the permanent setting, a unity and a dominating quality throughout. This revolutionary scheme of production is further described in the review of the New York season in this issue.

York's Palace in *Richard III*. The lower portion of the permanent setting of the Tower is hidden by tapestries, while an arras above a platform forms a background for the players. For the Throne Room, the same tapestries remain, and a simple throne replaces the arras.



The prison of Henry VI, in *Richard III.* Mr. Jones merely places an iron cage in the center of the stage; behind it the permanent background of the Tower of London now seems the walls of a dungeon. The background is plainly visible, as the lighting is brighter than the sketch would indicate. Richard enters from a door in the wall, opens the cage and kills Henry within.

The scene of Richard's death as conceived by Robert Edmond Jones — instead of the conventional view of Bosworth Field, a grim gibbet set in black silhouette against the red-lit walls of the permanent set. This is the original sketch. For purposes of production it was necessary to simplify the gibbet.

Robert Edmond Jones's sketch for Act I of the ballet *The Birthday of the Infanta*. The designs for the second act appeared in the January issue of *Theatre Arts*. (By permission of the Chicago Opera Association.)

Costume sketches by Robert Edmond Jones for *The Birthday of the Infanta*. (By permission of the Chicago Opera Association.)

Costume sketches by Robert Edmond Jones for *The Birthday of the Infanta*. (By permission of the Chicago Opera Association.)

A "skeleton setting" for Maeterlinck's *The Seven Princesses* by Robert Edmond Jones. A model from this design and other examples of new and revolutionary methods of stage production will be included in Mr. Jones's "one-man show" at the Bourgeois Galleries in New York in May.

Stage Machinery and Lighting Equipment

For Small Theatres and Community Buildings

By Irving Pichel

Although the theatre of the future will, I hope and believe, be of a character entirely different from the theatre of the past—and will come through revolution rather than reform or improvement of the present-day stage—it would be foolhardy to advise ambitious groups interested in building adequate little playhouses to set aside the known and tried methods of play production for methods adapted to a type of drama that does not yet exist, for methods that must be evolved only by sensitive and versed artists of the theatre. It is better to remain the reporter than to assume the rôle of prophet, particularly when it is possible to recommend standards very much higher than those attained in most buildings of the type here under discussion—higher, too, than those customary in professional theatres. And so, leaving for a later article the matter of the revolutionary theatre and the stage of the future, I shall describe those details of structure and equipment which are characteristic of the *best* existing stages and of the most progressive methods of production.

The outstanding point about the stage, apart from the life the actors bring to it, is that it is a machine. It is a mechanical device used to aid in the setting forth of a play. I shall not consider it here as a machine for the production of those "effects" which have been its aim in the past, culminating in the buzz-saw, train-wreck, or horse-race type of melodrama, nor yet as a means to accomplish the aims of the "illusion stage"; but rather as a machine adapted to the demands of average progressive producing groups.

There are two primary demands—that the machine shall be able to do the work demanded of it efficiently and with a minimum danger of breakdown, and that the machine be subject to control. The work of the stage-machine is, of course, the handling of scenery, the illusion-stuff of the present-day stage. This scenery is of two types: pieces that are suspended from ropes (hanging pieces), and pieces that stand on the floor (set pieces). For exterior scenes, the first type includes drops, "borders" representing foliage, leg-drops representing trees, pillars, arches,

etc., or sections of wall, house-front, or other flat architectural units, large enough to warrant hanging overhead when out of use, so as to save floor space; and—for interior scenes—ceilings and back walls. The second type includes, for exterior scenes, any low-standing units, such as walls, hedges, fences, tree trunks, "wings" or set-houses; and for interior scenes, the side-walls of the room and very often part or the whole of the back wall.

For the manipulation of hanging scenery, the most important piece of stage machinery is the grid-iron. This is a slatted platform of steel or iron joists, built a few feet below the roof of the stage, just enough below to allow head-room for a man standing on it. Along the center of the grid-iron, on a line at a right angle to the foot-lights, is set a row of blocks and sheaves of a special type, manufactured for stage use. Equidistant right and left of this center row by half the width of the stage proper (the part of the stage within the proscenium) are other rows. Over these sheaves, ropes are passed. Thus, hanging over the stage parallel to the back wall, in sets of three, are lines to which scenery may be attached. The other ends of the lines in each set are brought together at one side or the other of the stage, so that the three ropes of each set may be operated as one. On the side to which the lines are led is located the pin-rail, either on a fly-gallery or at the floor level. Of each set of three, the line hanging nearest the side from which the lines are operated—the pin-rail side—is known as the short line, the line most remote from it is known as the long line, and the other as the center line. On very large stages, with an opening of forty feet or more, four lines to each set are advisable, not only to bear the greater weight of the larger pieces of scenery required, but also to secure a better trim, or level hang of the scenery.

These lines, needless to say, should be of the best hemp rope, of a weight adjusted to the size of the stage. Half-inch line is the lightest it is wise to use. This rope should be subjected to periodical inspection, to forestall breaking and the falling of scenery, with consequent damage to the scenery, the play, or the actors.

On some grid-irons, the blocks are screwed to the under side of the grid. This is unsafe, as they have been known to tear loose. They should ride the joists, the lines dropping between each two. At least twenty-five sets of lines should be provided.

When a set of lines is not weighted with scenery, sandbags are tied to the loose ends, so that they may be lowered to the floor

when needed. Frequently a piece of scenery will be found too heavy for one or two men to raise from the floor. In such cases, counterweights in the form of large sand-bags are hung on the part of the lines between the grid-iron and the pin-rail.

The primary purpose of hanging scenery in this fashion is to be able to haul it out of sight in the upper part of the stage when it is not in use. Hence large overhead space is necessary. This system also makes possible the use of unstiffened scenic units, such as drop curtains and borders, which, literally, have no legs to stand on.

In large stages the lines are controlled from a pin-rail on a gallery, built out from one of the side walls of the stage. In smaller stages the pin-rail may be built against one of the side walls on the floor level. This has various advantages—ease of access the foremost, and the saving of a stage-hand, who would otherwise have to remain on the fly-gallery, besides. The advantages to be claimed for the fly-gallery are that its use leaves the stage floor clear of ropes, leaves the side wall clear for the stacking of scenery, and is a valuable vantage point from which to cast light upon the stage. There are systems for controlling the lines by motors; but on the stage of average size, man-power is safest and most dependable.

Scenery that stands on the floor requires little by way of machinery. Some of it is self-supporting, as are the "wings,"—folding, screen-like pieces used to mask the sides of the stage. All set scenery is "framed," so that it stands rigid enough when braced from the back. Part of the equipment of every stage is a supply of stage-braces for the support of such scenery. These are made of hardwood, can be extended to any desired length, have a prong at the top which hooks into a screw-eye fastened to the scenery, and a foot-iron at the bottom which can be fastened to the stage floor by means of a stage screw or "peg." The use of these pegs demands a soft-wood stage floor into which they will bite easily. Good stage braces can be obtained from any reliable dealer in stage equipment.

The main curtain of the theatre, if it raises and lowers, is often operated from the fly-gallery. It is better, however, to have it operated from the stage level, on the same side of the stage as the fly-gallery or the pin-rail. The draw type of curtain is always handled from the stage floor. "Travelers" for these curtains can be more cheaply bought than made, and are kept in stock by any stage-rigging firm.

It is well to have the stage flooring built in lateral sections resting on joists that run the width of the stage. When traps are needed in the floor, they can then be cut without difficulty at any point.

The lighting equipment of the stage, by far the most important of its mechanical attributes, I shall describe later, but I shall treat here of one device, which is structural. It is one of the German inventions for the perfection of illusion to which I have referred, and the only one I recommend to little theatres, far and wide. I recommend it because of the added beauty it can bring into the playhouse, rather than because of its merit as a part of the perfect machine. This is the Kuppel-horizont, or sky-dome.

The sky-dome approximates in shape a quarter-sphere, much like the shells commonly placed behind out-door band stands. The base line begins far enough toward the front of the stage and behind the proscenium to be masked from the opposite side of the auditorium, and sweeps around the back of the stage. The back and sides of the dome rise vertically for some distance and then arch at the top toward the front of the stage. The higher the dome is, the less the canopy need overhang the front of the stage; and the less it overhangs, the more grid-iron space is available for hanging scenery. But it will be seen at once that the more dome there is to take the place of the usual hanging stuff, the fewer of the usual tawdry borders are needed.

The late Wallace Sabine, in a series of experiments conducted with a model built at Harvard University by Theodore C. Browne and the present writer, concluded that the quarter-sphere was disadvantageous to the acoustics of the stage and was not required in order to obtain the best results in lighting. He recommended a form flatter at the back and with a sharper curvature at the sides and top.

Three modifications of this device have been installed in little theatres in America—one at the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York, one at the Beechwood Theatre in Scarborough, and one at the Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit. The Neighborhood Playhouse "dome" is really little more than a cyclorama built in plaster. It has no canopy overhead, and the ends extend toward the front of the stage only a little distance. The one at the Beechwood Theatre is similarly simplified. But even this plaster cyclorama is a great improvement over the canvas cyclorama in its stability, freedom from wrinkles, and better diffusion of light. At the Arts and Crafts Theatre, the ends of the dome do not

curve toward the front of the stage at all, but the top arches, forming a canopy over the back part of the stage. The only true dome in this country was installed by Samuel J. Hume at the Madison Theatre in Detroit, now used as a moving-picture playhouse.

With such a dome, a great deal of the litter of painted scenery can be done away with. A background of light takes the place of the usual painted back-drop, and much of the scenery usually set at the sides or hung overhead, merely to keep the eye from penetrating to the back-regions of the stage, is no longer needed.

Added to the stage at the time of construction, the dome costs little more than the price of its materials. The initial cost will be saved many times over in the decreased cost of scenery. The very least that should be done, if the budget does not allow for the construction of an entire dome, is to plaster the back wall of the stage. This, more than counterweights, traps, revolving stages, and all the other paraphernalia of advanced construction, will extend the possibilities of the stage machine, not only for the uses of illusion but for the service of the imagination.

A familiar feature of most theatres in which productions are made is the paint-bridge and paint-frame at the back of the stage. Here the scenery to be painted, mounted on the frame, is raised and lowered before the bridge. To my mind, this is a waste of space and money. Primarily it is a waste of space at the back of the stage. If the dome is used it is quite out of the question. But, strongest argument of all, it is not needed. If the scenery must be painted in the theatre, it can be painted lying flat on the floor. The saving on this item may well be enough to cover the cost of the sky-dome.

If the little playhouse is without any mechanical convenience, if its stage is cramped and mean, it can still achieve visual beauty through light. This force brings into the playhouse the most vibrant, subtle and affecting gift of the physical world, barring only the human presence.

Ultimately it will be seen that a forthright attempt to imitate nature on the stage can result only in failure; the painted or modeled semblances of rocks, trees, grass or distant prospects, are in the long run, seen to be what they are, not what they pretend to be. Similarly, close as the light of the stage can be brought to resemble the light of the outer world, it will still be short of complete fidelity to its original. But it is, in itself, a force of beauty,

an authentic transplanting of the revealer of nature's divers beauties, so that, if it fails to achieve what the manipulator tries to make it do, it may achieve something possibly more beautiful.

The little theatre, or any theatre for that matter, cannot go wrong by beginning at the beginning. Let it revalue the customary machinery for stage lighting, and the results achieved by its use. Later I shall describe this customary equipment, for it has its great uses, and much of the criticism that I shall apply to it applies perhaps with greater justice to the manner in which it is used.

Go back to the beginning. One candle rightly used, as in Robert Edmond Jones' lighting of the den scene in *Redemption,* is both drama and beauty. Imagine Wallace Stevens' *Carlos Among the Candles* shown upon the stage by the candle light of the strange room-world which is the play's universe. Here is a complete wedding of drama and the mobile beauty of light itself, a light we can readily achieve. From these candles to the sun of Shakespeare's comedies, the storms of his *Lear* or the mists and fogs of *The Tempest* is a far cry. He begged the question, in extraordinary verse, and acted the words and emotions of his plays in the plain light of day, which is bound to be beautiful, even when it is not illusive of the moon.

Right here lies the crux of the problem of installing lights in the little theatre. A dual approach is required, as in any art: the creator's vision of what he wishes to do, and the technician's knowledge of how to go about it. The greater responsibility rests on the first function, for we must settle whether we are to try to reproduce nature or attain a correlative beauty. To me the beauty of a stage sunset has rarely been the beauty of a real sunset; it has been the beauty of rosy light. If anything, the unreality of the sunset has stood in the way of my appreciation of the reality of red. The beauty of red was accidental, and not the artist's intention. It could not have been avoided, for it is germane to sunset, but the fact remains that the artist achieved something other than he set out to achieve. It would have been better to go in for red and attain it than to go in for sunset and attain red. If blue light intimates the moon, well and good. It is beautiful itself, and does not awaken marvel at the cleverness with which we have contrived an effect. Whereas a nicely operated moonrise, or a jiggling procession of stereoptican clouds leaves us gaping while the tragedy hobbles, unattended, to it close.

When the theatre forsook the sunlight, it faced the question of

light solely as illumination. By various means,—torches and tapers, gas, "limes" and electricity,—it has made its art visible indoors and at night. The introduction of electric light into the theatre has made possible an illumination so dependable and controllable that of late years attention has been turned to other phases of the lighting problem. Thanks must be given for most of the advance thus far to the effort of the illusion-theatre to imitate the light of nature. My belief is that the greater advance lies ahead, in the study of light on the stage as an art medium *per se*.

Two important things the stage worker of the modern theatre contributed, through his rough approximations of realistic effect, two things that will serve, whatever our aim in lighting. He saw that the light at some seasons, in some weathers, and at some times of day, is less bright than at others, and that it fades at dusk. He devised means, therefore, of varying its intensity. Second, he perceived that at sunset light is one color, at noon another, and by full moon another. He gave us dyes and color screens, and with them and his dimmers brought to the stage the important element of control.

Other advances, through other agencies in the theatre, tend to subtilize the function of light, carrying it beyond primary illumination. Second, perhaps, comes the scene designer, who demands that the light, in addition to illuminating the players and stating the time of day or year, shall contribute values to his design as picture. It shall be made to cast shadows where dark masses are wanted in his composition. It shall highlight other features of the scene; it shall reinforce the painter's work with color; it shall give plasticity to the builder's work with its highlight and shadow.

Next, the dramatist and producer make their demands—the light shall reinforce the mood and meanings of the play. By its intensity or dimness, it gives "atmosphere"; by its color it has a direct psychological and physiological effect on the spectator, sensitizing him to values in the play he might not perceive were it enacted in light of another sort. Dramatist, director and designer, in the lighting of a play, if nowhere else, should be so much at one that it is easy to understand Gordon Craig's wish that one man should combine the functions of all three.

Light, in the theatre, then: (1) illuminates the stage and actors; (2) states hour, season, and weather, through suggestion of the light effects in nature; (3) helps paint the scene (stage picture) by manipulation of masses of light and shadow and by

heightening color values; (4) lends relief to the actors and to the plastic elements of the scene; and (5) helps act the play, by symbolizing its meanings and reinforcing its psychology.

To achieve these five functions of stage light, five different kinds or sources of light are not, of course, needed. One light may combine several, or all, of these functions. In Joseph Urban's lighting and setting of the last act of *Tristan and Isolde* some years ago at the Boston Opera House, a beam of late afternoon sunlight struck across the stage to the figure of Tristan lying beneath a great oak tree. Slowly, as the day waned, the sun patch crept from the figure, until, at his death, it had left him in cool shadow. Thus, a light that illuminated, that told the time of day, that gave the figure of the singer and the bole of the great tree high relief by striking from only one side, also aided symbolically and psychologically in the interpretation of the drama. Thus to make light function in many ways is to use it with a sense of its ductility and subtlety as a medium of theatre art. In it we have the only single agency in the theatre that can work with all the other agencies, binding them together—that can reveal with the dramatist, paint with the designer, and act with the actors.

The machinery by which this medium is brought to the stage and through which its wonders are wrought commands a deep respect. Tradition has already laid its heavy hand here, and innovation in lighting equipment moves slowly. It is almost wholly within the last five years in the United States that lighting units of marked novelty have been introduced.

Of first importance is the machinery of control, the switchboard and dimmers. The customary place for the board in American theatres is at one side of the proscenium arch, either on the stage floor level, or on a perch raised some nine or ten feet above the stage floor. The manifest disadvantage of this location is that the operator cannot see the whole of the stage, and must depend for his cues upon a stage manager. It has, therefore, become the practice in many European theatres to place the operator in a pit directly in front of the stage, shielded from the auditorium and facing the actors. From here he can watch the action and see the effects of his lights constantly. Telephone connections with lamp operators at the back of the stage enable him to keep them under his control.

The construction of the board and mounting of the switches is strictly prescribed by boards of fire underwriters in various cities,

and need not be detailed here. The important consideration at this point is that, so far as possible, each light unit on the stage shall be subject to central control from a vantage point from which the stage can be seen; that each unit shall be subject to *separate* control; that groups of like units, classed by location or color, shall be subject to group control, apart from other groups; and that the stage light, as a whole, shall be controllable apart from the house lights.

That is, assuming, for purposes of illustration, the arrangement of lights common to most theatres, the white lights of the first border shall be controlled by a switch apart from that controlling the white lights of the second border or the third or the fourth. So, likewise, for each color circuit of each border, separately. Then there should be a white border main switch, controlling the white lights of all the borders, and a blue border main, etc. Above these, there should be a border main switch controlling all the border lights simultaneously. And thus with each division of the stage lights. Over all, one stage main switch should control all the lights of the stage. The auditorium lights, with their own switches, should be controlled from the same board as the stage lights.

The outstanding item of expense in building a good switchboard is the cost of dimmers, the resistance devices by which the intensity of the light is controlled. They vary in capacity with their wattage and type. But the dimmers, more than any other part of the control system, contribute to the flexibility of the machine. In a modern theatre they are indispensable.

So far as possible, there should be a dimmer for each switch on the board, controlling each light unit separately. With "master" levers, related light units can be gauged and controlled simultaneously. When only a limited number of dimmers can be afforded, it is possible so to construct the switchboard that circuits to be dimmed can be "shunted" through the dimmers, while circuits that need not be dimmed remain on constant. A very ingenious board of this type was designed by Mr. Bassett Jones for the Artists' Guild Theatre in St. Louis. This board has eight dimmers which can be used for any eight light units on the stage, giving it a far greater flexibility than it would have if only a particular eight could be dimmed. It is, however, rather complicated, with its dual system of constant and dimmer plugs and connectors, so that only great familiarity with it makes it quick in action.

In addition to the switchboard type of dimmer, there are also smaller dimmers made for use with nitrogen lamp spots and floods. Where these are used I believe they should be set by the main switchboard, rather than on the lamp itself. Attached to the lamp they require an additional operator and break up the centralization of control.

The actual stage lights fall into two classes—stationary and movable. The stationary or fixed equipment has remained, on the whole, highly conventional. It consists, primarily, of the footlights, a trough of lights set along the floor at the front edge of the stage, throwing light upward upon the actors and the scene, and the border lights, hanging troughs, adjustable in height, throwing their light downward. The first of these border lights, often known as the concert border, hangs immediately behind the curtain or proscenium drapery, and the others are hung at intervals of seven feet from center to center. The footlights and borders are usually wired in three circuits, each circuit being filled with lamps of a different color, customarily white, red or amber, and blue.

Of late, these customary units have been put on trial and found wanting. They serve principally, and almost exclusively, the first function of stage light—illumination—and are found, on the modern stage, not to serve it well. Footlights, especially, have come under the ban, though the campaign against them has been waged a little indiscriminately. When footlights alone are used in a realistic scene, they are bad. If the light from the floor dominates, the under surfaces of the face—chin, nose-tip, eyelids—are unnaturally and disagreeably accentuated. If the light from below and above is balanced, the result, though more natural, is perhaps as bad, for the lighting is flat, and there is no relief in the features or figures of the players. For plays and scenes of a heroic or fantastic sort, treated decoratively, rather than literally, lighting entirely from above gives interesting and picturesque results. It shadows the features heavily, and lends a sculptured, massive quality to the face. More and more, this overhead lighting has come to be used, and with some producers has been made a fetish.

The very quality that makes this sort of lighting interesting in scenes of a certain kind exhibits its strongest disadvantage in naturalistic lighting. In the average room, during the daytime, light pours in through windows, striking faces at face level. The light comes mostly from one side of the room, or if there are

windows on more than one side, and the light comes in several directions, it comes in varying degrees. The sun does not shine in two directions at once. That is to say, though light may come from more than one direction, and be reflected multitudinously by walls and ceiling and, in less degree, the floor, the balance of intensity is always in favor of one direction. And this direction is not up or down, but in a line approaching a right angle to the erect figure. Something of the same sort is usually true out-of-doors, and in most cases it is true also of rooms under artificial light.

A soft diffused face-level lighting is thus warranted in almost all circumstances. The hard glare of foots and borders, used unrestrictedly, does not supply this need most happily. Used moderately, footlights have a distinct function, until better means of moderating the crude shadows cast from above shall have been devised.

An effort to throw light upon the stage at an angle less perpendicular than that of footlight and border has been made at the Little Theatre in New York. Here, certain sections of the ceiling panelling can be lowered and light thrown upon the stage by diffused spot lamps. In Mr. Belasco's theatre, lights have been installed in the face of the balcony, achieving the same result even more satisfactorily. I believe that, in good time, beautifully designed lighting units will be frankly set or hung in the auditorium of the theatre.

The footlight equipment of most theatres is, as it has long been, unmodified, consisting merely of rows of incandescent lamps of low standard (usually forty watts). The border lights have seen more innovation during the past few years, especially the first (or concert) border, most used in lighting interior scenes. Originally, these border lights were intended to light not only the stage, but also the hanging strips of canvas (known as borders) formerly used to suggest a ceiling in interior scenes, and still used to represent foliage and to misrepresent the blue sky in exterior scenes. With the use of flat ceilings for interiors comes a demand for a light that illuminates the scene rather than the ceiling. This is best supplied by the X-Ray border, made up of a smaller number of lamps than the old border but of higher standard, each lamp being 150 or 250 watts. Each lamp is set in a separate compartment, separated from its neighbor, and each lamp is backed by an X-Ray reflector of mirrored glass with whorled corrugations, diffusing the light evenly over a large area. Each com-

partment may be fitted with a color screen of gelatine or dyed glass. Often, too, spot lamps, large and small, are mounted on this border to accentuate the light on certain areas of the stage.

The other borders, used mostly for exterior scenes, must serve to flood stage and scene with light. The old type of border does not serve adequately, even in the type of scene for which it was designed. The use of sky borders has largely given way to the high cyclorama of canvas or plaster, leaving the sky prospect open to the eye as far as the sight line reaches. The overhead lighting must be powerful enough to flood stage and sky with light. It is becoming more and more common to reinforce the ordinary border-light equipment with hanging thousand-watt lamps in specially constructed steel hoods. In the Arts and Crafts Theatre, in Detroit, Sam Hume installed his entire overhead equipment of such hanging lamps, and did away with the old border light altogether. In the average theatre, however, these lamps are more in the nature of movable lamps than of permanent equipment, and will be further spoken of below.

The footlights and border lights, and, occasionally, vertical strips inside the proscenium frame at the sides, constitute the whole of the stage-lighting equipment that is more or less a part of the structure. They "go with the building." Everything else is movable and falls into the second classification of lighting units. But, in the structure of the stage, provision must be made for the use of such additional lights. Outlets in the form of "stage pockets" are set at regular intervals in the stage floor; into these pockets, spot and flood lamps may be plugged. The pockets are set in the stage floor in two lines running up and down stage, a short distance behind the proscenium opening, at either side of it. There are usually from four to six such pockets on each side of the stage. Sometimes there is one at the back of the stage, and one or more in the fly gallery. Occasionally, also, in houses served by alternating current, there are pockets served by a small house generator, supplying direct current for the use of arc lamps. In some theatres, also, there are pockets connected with storage batteries, intended to supply an emergency service or for use with lighting units of a voltage other than the usual 110 volts. The pockets must, of course, be carefully insulated, and covered with a hinged iron lid set flush with the floor.

The movable lights are of two general types: flood lights, for general diffused illumination, and lens lights, for concentrated, direct "spotting." Under the first heading may be classed all

special lights known, in stage parlance, as strips, floods, or bunches. Strips are small troughs, fitted with from three to ten sockets, and are used in lighting off-stage "backings," set-pieces of scenery, and small areas where a special accent of color or intensity is wanted. Bunches, now largely obsolete, are hoods set on extension standards, fitted with ten or twelve sockets each. These have been replaced by flood lamps, burning 500 and 1,000-watt nitrogen-filled mazda bulbs. The hoods of these flood lamps have diverging sides and are fitted with a reflector behind the light, and have grooves at the front of the hood for carrying color-frames. Formerly such lamps were equipped with arc lights, but the nitrogen lamp has wholly displaced the arc in flood lighting. Its advantages are that it does not require an attendant to "feed" the light, that it can be dimmed, giving it range of intensity to make up for decreased brilliance, and that it can be burned on either direct or alternating current, without the annoying buzz of an arc light burning alternating current.

Spot lamps are mounted in closed iron hoods, emitting light from only one end through a lens. The hoods, like those of flood lamps, are set on extension standards, and can be tipped up or down and turned from side to side. Arc spots are still in general use, as the thousand-watt lamp is not sufficiently brilliant for use on large stages or for long throws. In little theatres, however, the thousand-watt spot is bright enough and has all the advantages over the arc that apply to the newer type of flood lamp. For such small stages, the principal consideration always should be centralized control, and it cannot be got with the arc light. As incandescent, gas-filled bulbs of still higher standard are developed, the arc spot will cease to be used, even in large theatres.

There is also a small variant of the spot light, known as a "baby" spotlight, burning a lamp of 150 or 250 watts. Used with care, this is one of the most valuable stage lights we have, for producing delicate variations in light volume and color in particular areas of the stage. These small lights may also be dimmed.

I have referred above to hanging hoods with thousand-watt lamps for general illumination. Where these are not made a part of the permanent lighting equipment of the theatre, they may be introduced for special scenes and effects, being hung where desired, and massed in such numbers and of such colors as needed. The hoods are equipped with chains by which they

may be hung upon pipe battens and tipped as desired. They are plugged, like other movable lights, into floor pockets or fly-gallery pockets.

The color of light on the stage is obtained in three ways. Where lamps of low standard (twenty-five or forty watts) are used, as in the foots or borders, they may be coated with dyes, put up for the purpose, made with a collodion base. The burning lamp is dipped into the liquid and left alight until the dye coat has thoroughly dried and hardened. Bulbs of high standard, however, cannot be dyed, as the dye does not stand up under the intense heat generated by a lamp of one hundred or more watts. As a matter of fact, few of the commercial dyes are wholly satisfactory, even with smaller bulbs. The blues especially deteriorate under heat, either fading or cracking, or burning to a purple or black.

The rays of larger lamps, burned either in flood or spotlight hoods, are colored with gelatine mediums, held before the light in frames of proper size. The gelatine colors also fade under heat, and, being very fragile, crack and tear, and must be frequently renewed. For durability, the best color medium is a sheet of glass with the color blown in. Unfortunately such glass is very costly, cannot be had in a large range of colors, and is usually not as translucent as might be wished.

Mr. Munroe Pevear of Boston has made interesting experiments with mediums of dyed glass. He manufactures his own dyes, and claims for them a much longer life than the commercial variety enjoys. His mediums are highly translucent, and are, of course, far more durable than the gelatine mediums. He makes them, however, in only the three primary colors, for his development of color screens has been ancillary to experiments of a larger intent—the development of a synthetic lighting system.

The principle of his color system is simply the principle of the prism inverted. The prism breaks white light up into its primaries. Mr. Pevear unites the primaries to make white. By combining his red, green, and blue light in varying degrees of each, he is able to obtain any color in the spectrum. To pale out his lights to tints, he includes in his border and footlight equipment a fourth circuit of white lights. To my knowledge, only one theatre has been equipped by Mr. Pevear—the Toy Theatre of Boston, now the Copley. But in the short-lived tenancy of the house by the Toy Theatre Company there was never a whole-

hearted effort to test Mr. Pevear's equipment. Experiments with synthetic lighting have been conducted at various times and places by Sam Hume, Norman Geddes, the present writer, and others. The results more than reward the effort of such experiment, and I commend a study of its possibilities to all workers in little theatres.

In addition to the typical theatrical lighting units, other units, not designed primarily for theatrical use, are being adopted. Foremost among these are the reflectors of the X-Ray type. These are made in a number of sizes and shapes, but are of two types, the whorled reflector and the parabolic reflector. The first type gives a diffused light and the second a concentrated beam. The X-Ray flood lamps, manufactured for lighting the exteriors of buildings and for illuminating night construction jobs, are coming to be used on the stage. They can be focused, have a higher efficiency than a lens light burning the same number of watts, and produce a more pleasant spot than the sharply defined light-area of the conventional spot light, projecting a brilliant ray, most intense at the center and fading toward the edges of the field. There are a number of firms manufacturing lights of this type, and they are now generally used for lighting outdoor pageants. They are quite as valuable in the indoor theatre as on the pageant field.

I have used frequently, instead of baby spots of the regular type, automobile windshield spots, burning a six-volt lamp. These cost perhaps one-tenth as much as the regular type, and can be used on a special circuit supplied with current either through a small step-down transformer or from a storage battery, kept continually charged by running current into it from a strip of carbon lights wired in series-multiple. These windshield spots are usually equipped with a swivel and trunnion mounting, so that they can be turned in any direction, are focusable, and have a clamp by which they can be fastened to pieces of scenery or upright pipe standards in the proscenium entrance.

Besides a goodly number of well-distributed stage pockets into which movable lamps may be plugged, there should be points of vantage from which lights may be cast, perches and bridges elevated above the level of the stage. Most useful is a bridge across the stage, just inside and above the proscenium. From this bridge, special flood and spot lamps may be manipulated. Often perches are built out from the wall at either side of the proscenium from which spots may be thrown down to the stage.

Occasionally these are movable structures with several levels and can be wheeled to various points off stage. The fly-gallery, also, is used for spot lighting. When a false proscenium is used, the overhead bridge and side perches are sometimes built into the structure.

In planning the lighting equipment for a small stage, all thought of the usual theatre installation can be set aside. Border lights of the old type are not useful enough to warrant the expenditure of the money they cost. Footlights, too, though useful when no better means of front lighting can be devised, can well be replaced by face-level lights from the front of the auditorium, concealed by wall traps or by the balcony rail, or hidden in decorative coverings suspended, chandelier-like, from the ceiling. The essentials for a flexible, adaptable lighting system are centralization and delicacy of control, numerous and well-situated current outlets, and as wide a variety as possible of movable lamps for flooding and spotting. There should be enough circuits to allow the use of a three- or four-color system, along the lines of the synthetic system of Mr. Pevear, described above. Along with this there must be facilities for throwing light from above the stage from bridges and movable platforms. The only permanently installed piece of lighting equipment that is absolutely necessary is the X-Ray border at the front of the stage for the lighting of interior scenes.

With a carefully planned switchboard and dimmer-bank, and numerous pockets or current outlets, for the initial equipment, there is hardly any limit to the development of the little theatre's lighting facilities, for if it must begin with only a few lighting units, it can acquire more from time to time, and with each acquisition build up its means of achieving beauty. And in this direction the most vital contributions to the craft of the theatre are yet to be made.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—This article is complementary to that by Mr. Pichel which appeared in the January issue of *Theatre Arts Magazine*, covering the methods of planning and constructing stages for small theatres and community buildings.

Scene from *Peggy*, a tragedy of the tenant farmer, written by Harold Williamson of the Carolina Playmakers. The scene is typical of the original work being done by this group under the direction of Frederick H. Koch. The members write their own plays, design and execute the settings, and act all the parts. Professor Koch describes their work more fully elsewhere in this issue. (Photograph by Wooten-Moulton.)

Constantin Korovin

DESIGNERS of scenic settings for the Russian Ballet and Opera, like much more classic affairs, may be divided into three categories: those whose fantastic imaginings are known only to the world outside Russia, like Leon Bakst; those who have fled the chaos of their native land for shores more salubrious if less stimulating, like Boris Anisfeld; and those who have clung to their parent stages despite revolution.

Of these latter faithful, Alexander Yakovlevitch Golovin and Constantin Alexeievitch Korovin are the leading creative spirits, both of them surer artists and of wider range than their younger rivals. Of the two, Korovin is the more closely associated with the opera and the ballet. Golovin, known to America through his overtowering grotesqueries in *The Fire Bird*, has followed studiously in recent years in the footsteps of Meyerhold in Petrograd, whether those steps led him into the realm of drama or of music drama. Korovin, on the other hand, has seldom departed from the field of opera and ballet, confining the products of his brush to the Great State Theatre in Moscow.

The genius of Korovin, unlike that of Bakst and Anisfeld, whose imaginations have led them into the domain of the exotic and the fan-

tastic, is characteristically Russian. The spirit breathing in all his work is native and national, growing naturally out of the Russian feeling for color and design. The barbaric opulence of Kremlin ceilings, the ornate tracery of the ikons, the bold and virile brilliance of peasant costumes—these are the stimuli to which his brush has answered. Always, he is happiest and freest when he is creating the background for the folk tales on which the best Russian operas and ballets are builded.

Korovin's use of these native impulses is admirably revealed in the accompanying reproductions of two of his settings—the one at the left from Rimsky-Korsakoff's *Sadko*, a photograph of the artist's original design; and the other from Glinka's *Russlan and Liudmila*, a photograph of the scene as set upon the stage. The two settings resemble each other to a marked degree, despite their individual characteristics; and their resemblance consists not so much in the manner of the artist carried from one to the other, as in the common source of both in the vivid native Russian sense of design.

Korovin's brush is sure and fresh and facile yet, despite his mature years. His channel of expression is conservative, as might be expected of a man of fifty-eight. He was born in Moscow in November, 1861, was graduated from the Academy of Painting at the age of twenty, exhibited at the Paris Salon at twenty-three and in London at twenty-six. In 1893 he was the youthful curator of the exhibit of Russian paintings at the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago, and on his return to Europe he continued his cordial relationships with Americans at his studio in Paris. For several seasons as a young man he designed the decorations and costumes for the private theatre of Mamontoff in Moscow. His connection with the Great State Theatre in Moscow dates from his thirty-first year and he has made over seventy productions there. When he began, there was nothing in the Russian theatre in the way of scenic settings to compare with the services for the ear. Throughout his work his purpose has been to create "a feast for the eye out of colors."

OLIVER M. SAYLER.

Four covers of a dramatic series published weekly in Spain, and bought by thousands all over the country. The newest plays appear at ten to twenty centimos (two to four cents). Portraits of the authors and players form the designs, in this case La Fornarina, Leocadia Alba, Julián Romea, and José Rincón.

Notes on the Spanish Theatre

By Stark Young

As everyone knows, the Spaniards have their own things, but have always been great imitators of foreign creations and great importers. Oscar Wilde I have heard a number of Madrilenos mention as the idol of the day in Spain. At any rate, the longest run of the fall season fell to *The Importance of Being Earnest.* I saw it played at Princesa by the repertory company. It was set in rather the new-style poster, chintz effect, the new style off and on for the last five years. It was played, if not very smartly, at least as well as it would be played in New York, and it diverted the audience constantly. On a very considerable list of plays from French, German, Norwegian and English, to be given by the company this year, *Lady Windermere's Fan* is included.

By way of English influences Bernard Shaw has his admirers too. Anyone could have seen the amount of Shaw in *Bonds of Interest,* played last year by the Theatre Guild, so that it is no surprise to hear in Madrid that Benavente—who is the best known and most played dramatist in Spain—is a Shavian. An acquaintance of his told me that Benavente said that whether there was a God in Heaven or not, there was at least a god on earth and that was Bernard Shaw.

Zarzuelas.

The headquarters for the Zarzuelas in Madrid are at the Teatro Zarzuela, which is devoted entirely to them. The longest run for any kind of production now in Madrid is that of *El Cancion del Olvido,* now getting on toward its 400th performance. It is a typical Zarzuela. Part of it is spoken and part sung; it plays about forty minutes. The songs have as much beauty as the lighter arias in opera in general, never the greatest music, but full of life and abundance and strange, lovely cadences. You can hear Zarzuelas almost anywhere in Spain, and find their theatres crowded. They are matched by the one-act plays given everywhere, each play at its stated hour, matinées and evening, three to five plays at a performance.

The Great Sinner.

There are frequent revivals at the Epagnol and the Centro of classical dramas, Lope de Vega, or Calderon especially. But one of the pleasant touches of tradition about the Madrid theatres is the revival of *Don Juan Tenorio* every year around Halloween.

In five or six theatres this fall the play was given, running a half dozen or so performances. It is a romantic adaptation of the old play that was the original, or one of the originals at least, from which Molière drew the outlines of his *Don Juan*, on to which he grafted a world idea, and with which he started a line of masterpieces, Mozart's, Byron's, Bernard Shaw's. Zorilla's play has a profusion of spirits, admonishing, warning, threatening and redeeming, that suits the idea of All Saints' very well; and suits the Madrilenos very well, for they see it over and over again. The cemetery scene, with its touch of Hamlet, is really imagined, where the statue of Doña Inez vanishes and her spirit appears to warn Don Juan and where Don Juan invites the statue of her murdered father to supper. I saw it at the Coliseo Imperial and at the Espagnol, played with much dignity and warmth, and chock full of rich recitations of the *amores, flores, mujeres, amores, flores* kind of thing that makes up so much of the lyricism that Spaniards love. *Don Juan Tenorio* goes from prose to poetry and poetry to prose with equal ease, as Spanish drama can do; which is certainly an advantage that it enjoys over every other modern drama. And this transition from prose to verse and back again—which would make Anglo-Saxons and the French at least self-conscious—the Spanish actors manage with ease and naturalness.

SPANISH ACTING.

It is the Latin spontaneity of it that makes Spanish acting impress most Anglo-Saxons so deeply. I should say, moreover, that it lacks the rationalized, and usually rather obvious, finish of French acting, and the absolute and penetrating naturalness—in the best sense of the word—that makes Italian at its best the best in the world. But Spanish acting certainly has the simple sincerity, or intensity or whatever it is, that characterizes their art in general, whether there is fine taste and distinction or not. Finish in details and concentration of means it often lacks, as much of their art and most of their living seems to do.

PLAY PUBLISHING.

Everywhere in the bookstalls, news-corners, hotels and railway stations in Spain you see copies of plays. They sell side by side with novels, poems, any sort of reading. Benavente in an edition of seventeen or more volumes is available in any bookshop as easily as a novel of Blasco Ibanez's. And most noticeable of all is the weekly play appearing in a little series that sells for ten centimos or twenty, two to four cents. It is bought as newspapers are with us in America, and read as commonly almost—

that is, where people read at all. Which, by the way, is a point of importance in Spain; the books read are far above the level of the books read with us, because there are many people who read nothing, and those who do read are apt to be above the average.

THEATREGOING.

There are more than seventeen theatres in Madrid. And as a rule there are two performances a day, often three on Sundays, at six and at nine or ten, the third on Sunday at 3:45. The theatres are scattered all over town, not clustered together in a theatre district as they are in New York, and so have less rent to pay. And actors are not overpaid. A really first-rate leading actor makes about $250 a month, I am told, though I have no way of knowing exactly. And living in Madrid is almost as high as in America. As a rule the productions are not elaborate and the attention is mostly on the play. These three facts, the scattered theatres, the simpler productions, and the modest salaries, make it possible to venture far more productions than would ever be possible in New York.

THEATREGOING AND WAYS OF LIVING.

At this season the houses in Madrid are cold and mostly comfortless. People go to the cafés and theatres and movies and concerts for their diversion and social living. In Madrid one has coffee at five, can go to the theatre at six, dine at nine, and go out again at ten. Nine o'clock dinner, shops not opening until ten or later in the morning, and a tendency to take one's art in other forms than reading, make fine conditions for the theatre to work under.

The prices at the theatres run from six cents to several dollars and almost anybody can go. At every performance I see whole families in the loges, sometimes every loge with a family. At the Espagnol the other day I saw two nurses with two babies, the mother and five other children in a loge. People grow up in the theatre. There is not any special atmosphere about it all. I have never seen in the theatres here that precious air, as if to say "This is a profound occasion, let us be serious"—the worst thing for the life of any art.

Spain is rich, abundant, it has strong rocks, strong smells, strong sun, strong loves. Eighty per cent of the children never survive. But those who do are the fit surely. They have vitality, life, incredible abundance, spirits. In the theatre Spaniards walk about, eat, hiss, storm and applaud. What survives them has abundance, vitality, life.

Gloves

A Fragment of the Eternal Duet

By Gilbert Cannan

—

Characters:

Any Husband.
Any Wife.

Scene: *The end of a hotel corridor, in the vicinity of the ball-room. An elegant lady and gentleman appear, dressed for dancing. He is about thirty-five; she, perhaps, a little older, though her age does not matter, as she is so feminine as to be rather wonderful. He is tall, gay, and a little excited.*

He. I think we shall be quiet here.

She. Do you want to be quiet?

He. Yes. Don't you.

She. No. I hoped for an exciting evening.

He. Are you having it?

She. Not yet.

[*They sit down and are silent for a little.*]

She. Well?

He [*absently*]. Well?

She. Are you enjoying your quiet?

He. How can I be quiet with your voice thrilling through me?

She. Isn't that a little crude?—I don't suppose it is my voice at all. The band is very good.

He. I know it is your voice.

She. How do you know?

He. Because I haven't been dancing to the music, but to your voice.

She. Any particular words?

He. No. "Good evening," or something like that.

She. You are delightfully young.

He. That is the wonderful part of it. This isn't youth.

She. No. I know what it is.

He. What?

She. Overwork.

He. Perhaps it was the music after all.

She. Oh no. Do say it was my voice.

[*He turns and looks her full in the eyes.*]

HE. It *was* your voice. Then, as you said those words, there was the note, the phrase to which I have been dancing.

[*She sighs.*]

HE. Why do you sigh.

SHE. It is delicious to flirt with an intelligent man.

HE. This isn't flirting. I feel almost imbecile.

SHE. Everybody says you are almost a genius.

HE. Idiots! But I know genius when I see it.

SHE. Do you often see it?

HE. I think I have never seen it until to-night.

SHE. They say the nigger who conducts the orchestra is a genius.

HE. I hate niggers. I meant you.

SHE. Oh, I'm not a genius. I am just a woman.

HE. I am a little afraid of you.

SHE. You need not be—after all these years.

HE. That is just it. After all these years I feel I do not know you at all. . . . . What made us come here to-night?

SHE. You said you wanted to dance with me.

HE. Yes, that was it. I have wanted to dance with you for years and years and years.

SHE. Do you know what I have wanted for years and years and years?

HE. No.

SHE. Perhaps I had better not tell you?

HE. Don't tease me.

SHE. No. I won't tell you now. This evening is yours. The music will begin again soon. We don't often see each other, do we?

HE. I think we have never seen each other until now.

[*She sighs happily and moves a little away from him.*]

SHE. I have often wondered——

HE. What now?

SHE. What I should do when I stopped thinking about my children. . . . One can't go on thinking about modern children.

HE. No. One leaves all that behind.

SHE. What do you know about it?

HE. I know you.

SHE. I wonder.

HE. Shall I tell you something? We can be frank to-night.

SHE. I think I would rather you paid me compliments.

HE. Not too many.

SHE. There couldn't be too many. I shall be an old woman soon.

[*He laughs.*]

SHE. It is true. If you weren't in such a mood you would see the wrinkles round my eyes.

HE. Your voice has blinded me forever.

SHE. May I have a cigarette?

[*He produces his cigarette case and they both smoke. She coughs.*]

SHE. I don't smoke well. . . . Please don't sit so close to me. Mrs. Teschenbach is watching us.

HE. Let them watch. They could never understand.

SHE. That is the point.

HE. There isn't any point in anything.

SHE. There is! Oh, I'm sure there is.

HE. Not to-night anyway. . . . Do you know I have always been certain there would come a wonderful night like this?

SHE. Have you?

HE. Always. Ever since I first saw you in the first little girl I kissed.

SHE. Is that a compliment?

HE. Isn't it?

SHE. To say that I am all the women you have ever known?

HE. I'm sure it is.

SHE. Including your wife?

HE [*solemnly*]. Yes.

SHE. You aren't all the men I have ever known.

HE. It is a question of temperament.

[*He takes her hand. She draws it away.*]

SHE. Please don't. . . . I think I dropped my handkerchief. Do go and see if you can find it.

[*He goes along the corridor, looking for her handkerchief. She removes her glove from her left hand. Then she throws away her cigarette. When he returns in a moment he has removed his glove from his right hand.*]

HE. I can't see it anywhere. You must have lost it in the ballroom. Do you want to go back among those absurd people?

SHE. Why absurd?

HE. Everything is absurd to-night. . . . How do you think I dance?

SHE. You want compliments too?

HE. No. I want something more direct than a compliment. A confession.

SHE. Of what?

HE. That you know what you are doing.

SHE. I? I am doing nothing.

HE. You are enslaving me.

SHE. Why should I?

HE. God knows. . . . Just to show yourself that you can, or to prove that you know where life hurts me.

SHE. You are really very intelligent.

[*He takes her glove from her lap and holds it out with his own.*]

HE. Your glove and mine. Husband and wife. Eh?

SHE. One right, one left: two that can never make a pair.

HE. So the world goes.

SHE. You didn't like me when I was a girl.

HE. Didn't I?

SHE. You don't even remember me.

HE. There is something wonderfully symbolical about these gloves.

SHE. I said so. Two that can never make a pair.

HE. You and I.

SHE. I didn't say that.

HE. What did you say? What are you saying? What is your voice saying? What is it that your voice has been saying to me for years and years and years?

SHE. We haven't spoken to each other more than a dozen times. You and Joe never notice——

HE. I was forgetting Joe—— If Joe's glove and your glove—— you are a happy woman?

SHE. Very.

HE. What am I trying to think? What are you making me think?

SHE. A woman doesn't think. She knows or—makes a fool of herself.

HE. Which are you doing?

[*She throws her head back and laughs happily.*]

HE. Are you laughing at me?

SHE. No. . . . It is so safe with an intelligent man, so ludicrously safe.

[*He takes her hand and they sit for some time avoiding each other's gaze.*]

HE [*in a low tone*]. Won't you say something? I want to hear your voice.

SHE. There is something I want to say. The gloves. . . . No. It isn't exactly the gloves. . . . One has two hands. . . . No, that isn't it. . . . People write so badly nowadays, don't they? I'm glad you're not a writer. Youth is blind, isn't it?

HE. Don't stop. . . . I don't know what you are saying, but it is your voice—your voice.

SHE. Joe never hears it.

HE. For God's sake, keep Joe out of it.

SHE. We can't. . . . Neither Joe, nor Alice. . . . You have a left-hand glove and I have a right-hand glove.

HE [*with a slight note of bitterness*]. Gloves!

SHE. Nothing is more terribly true of a person than his gloves.

HE. I want to dance with you. I feel that I shall be dancing with you through life——

SHE. Gloves!

[*She disengages her hand from his, takes up his glove and blows into it.*

SHE. You see . . . more terribly you—than you.

[*He blows into hers and holds it as it collapses.*]

HE. More marvelously you—than you.

SHE. Sculpture.

HE. The Grecian urn.

SHE. Life is like that . . . the happy, happy two who never kiss.

HE. How many years have you waited for to-night?

SHE. About three hundred.

HE. I shall keep your glove.

SHE. I shall keep—— [*She hands him back his glove.*]

HE. Why do you tremble?

SHE. Did I?

HE. To the very soul.

SHE. I felt suddenly that I was an old woman, hundreds of years old, and I did not mind. . . .

HE. That is beyond me. . . . Everything in you is beyond me except your voice.

SHE. Ah! [*She gives a sigh of supreme contentment.*]

HE. Well?

SHE. You have said it. A woman wants—acknowledgment. That is all.

HE [*trembling*]. And a man wants——

SHE. What?

HE. To be—to be—caressed by the ferocious joy in woman.

SHE. I will keep your glove.

[*He takes her hand and kisses it.*]

SHE. Don't you want to dance?

HE. To your voice. Only to your voice.

[*The music in the ballroom strikes up.*]

HE. Shall we dance.

SHE. One more dance, and then we will go home.

HE. Two homes.

SHE. One world.

HE. One woman in the world.

SHE. And four—gloves.

HE. Adorable.

[*They look along the corridor and seeing no one, begin to dance.*]

HE. How wonderful! . . . How . . .

[*She stops, throws her arm round his neck, draws his head down and they kiss. The music grows louder.*]

HE. We must dance our way back into life.

SHE. Yes, life is a thing of moments.

HE. The dear absurd people—dancing to the music. But we—but I—am dancing to your voice.

[*They dance off in the direction of the music.*]

CURTAIN.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

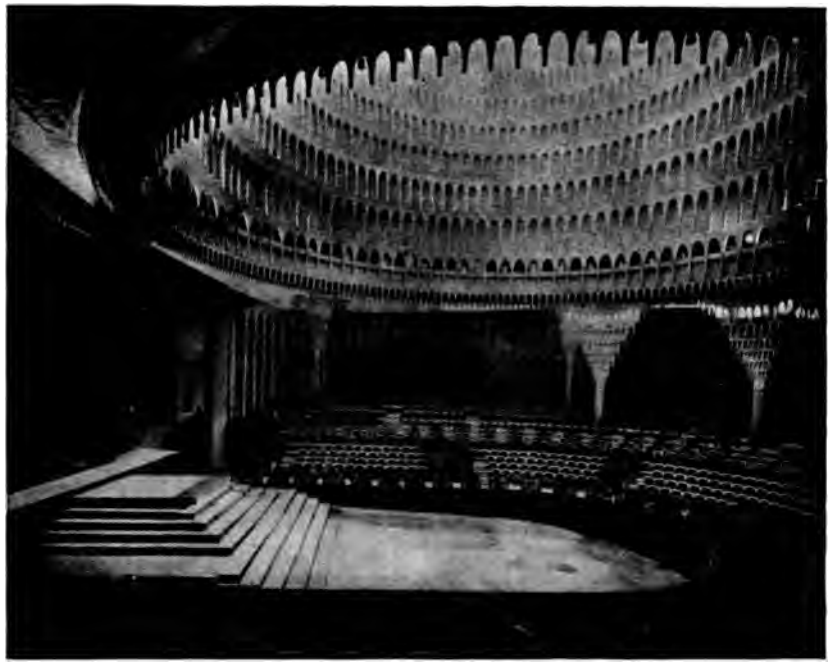
SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS
KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

EDITORIAL

ARNOLD BENNETT directing the Hammersmith Theatre with Nigel Playfair; Benavente in Madrid, and Herman Heijermans established as play director of an Amsterdam stock company suggest that the new-old combination of play-wright-director may supplant the actor-manager in theatrical favor.

MR. MORRIS GEST has raised his voice in warning. The movies are killing the drama. What Mr. Gest means, of course, although he does not know it, is that the movies are interfering with his business. Why shouldn't they? They are handling the same crude stories that Mr. Gest does, and handling them more effectively; they are seeking the same sensations that he seeks, and achieving them where he fails—not always but usually—because they have greater and surer means at their command, larger crowds, quicker motion, more violent action, more space, more jewels, more camels, more fiery steeds, more beautiful women. Like Mr. Gest, they do not count on the development of character, or on the force or beauty of the spoken word. Which only means that the plays neither of one nor the other are drama. The movies would surely never have done anything so cruel to the exquisite, if decadent, beauty of *Aphrodite* as Mr. Gest did to that novel of Pierre Louys whose richness of situation and color and melody of sound were turned to a massed ugliness in his hands. Let the movies conquer where they can. They will not kill *Medea* or *Hamlet* or *The Winter's Tale*, not for that matter will they harm *Candida* or *Abraham Lincoln*. They will not trouble Stanislavsky or worry Arthur Hopkins overmuch.

A REPORT of 'Vooruit', the Belgian coöperative with 15,000 members, names a theatre with a seating capacity of 2,500 as among the assets of the corporation, together with a labor bank, a bakery, a brewery, five retail drug stores, cotton and flax spinning mills and a weaving mill. It would not be well to argue too much or too happily from the association of a theatre with the other necessities of life, without knowing something of the character of the productions. But at least this organization of the people senses the place which a theatre should play in the life of the masses.



Max Reinhardt's mammoth theatre recently opened in Berlin. This tremendous playhouse, made over from the Schumann Circus, in which Reinhardt first produced *Œdipus Rex*, is the realization of his dream of the "Theatre of the Five Thousand." The present structure, however, holds only 3000. The acting space includes the old Greek orchestra, as well as a series of mounting platforms and a stage 90 feet wide, all parts of which may be raised and lowered. The lighting is accomplished from the rows of stalactite ornaments in the domed ceiling.

The parapet of *Hamlet* as set on the stage of Reinhardt's Grosses Schauspielhaus. The first production in this huge theatre was *Orestes*. Later came *Hamlet*, *Lysistrata*, a play by Hauptmann, and Goethe's *Goetz von Berlichingen* and *Faust*, and *Julius Cæsar*.

Theatre Arts Chronicle

Foreign Notes IN a letter to the editors, Stark Young quotes the spinster in Balzac who, when the conversation turned on the ubiquity of the Apostles, said, 'You cannot be in two places at once, unless you are a bird.' And then Mr. Young proceeds—not to prove—but to indicate the contrary by sending letters postmarked Barcelona, Siena, London, and containing, besides the interesting Notes on the Spanish Theatre, published elsewhere in this issue, the following suggestive comments:

"In Florence, during the last of January, the company at the Theatre Niccolini were giving Bernard Shaw's *Cæsar and Cleopatra*, and their announced list included other plays by Shaw and two by Andreyeff. In spite of after-the-war conditions opera is going at the Teatro della Pergola and the Teatro Verdi. Three theatres are producing operettas, two regular drama, besides the numerous vaudeville houses and moving pictures. Successful comedies on the Italian stage appear in a monthly magazine, *Commedia*, which is widely sold at newsstands.

"Since Christmas there have been five theatres in London producing Shakespeare. Sir Frank Benson in *Hamlet* has had good notices. Martin Harvey has been interspersing Shakespeare with other plays. Maurice Moscovitch has been playing *Shylock*. The New Theatre is running *Othello* with Matheson Lang as Othello and Arthur Bourchier as Iago; and at the St. James, Henry Ainley is playing Marc Antony in *Julius Cæsar*. Two plays of Bernard Shaw's have been given, *Arms and the Man*, and *Pygmalion*, just revived for Mrs. Patrick Campbell. *Chu Chin Chow* has passed its sixteen hundredth performance. *The Admirable Crichton* is revived at the Royalty. At the Lyric, John Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln* is running. The opera season beginning February 24 at Covent Garden opens with *Parsifal*. Four out of the fifteen operas in its list are by Wagner."

A Movable Theatre SETTING up not only your stage but your auditorium for each performance seems like a sizable undertaking for any dramatic organization, yet that is about what is done by The Players of Providence, R. I., one of the oldest and largest, if not the oldest and largest little theatre organization in the country. Talma Theatre in Infantry Hall, according to Henry Ames Barker, director of the Players, consists of "a movable auditorium set up for each production like a great stage setting, enclosing an intimate theatre of good sight-lines and perfect acoustics, with a seating capacity of 468 in a great lecture or convention hall that would otherwise be quite impracticable for effective dramatic work. By curtains hanging from the ceiling, meeting the solidly framed partitions set up on the floor, the big hall is divided up so as to provide, also, a large assembly room behind the auditorium with entrance lobbies on either side and valuable off-stage space on either side of the proscenium." The Players, who are the successors of the Talma Club, have in their thirty-three years of joint activity, acquired an amount of scenery, costumes and stage properties that would mean a fortune to most Little Theatre groups, and an amount of experience which nothing but years of work can supply. It is therefore especially interesting to have Mr. Barker say, "The apparatus, organization and training of the Players touches, in one way or another, nearly all the dramatic activities of the city, including the Providence Art Club, the Plantations Club (an

organization of professional women), the municipal and social recreation work of City Playgrounds and Neighborhood Centres, and school and college dramatics. It is closely allied to the dramatic societies of the men's and women's colleges of Brown University, the 'Sock and Buskin' and 'The Komians' and with the pageantry activities of the Rhode Island School of Design." The first plays of A. E. Thomas were written for the Talma Club; the organization also has to its credit, among a long and unusually well-selected list of plays, the first American production of John Galsworthy's *Joy*. The sixty-sixth play produced (in January) was John Masefield's *Tragedy of Nan*, which Mr. Barker calls "an unexpectedly popular as well as artistic success."

Over the Line

THE season has been an unusually fruitful one in bringing professional recognition to the members, or former members, of Professor Baker's 47 Workshop. Besides *Mamma's Affair*, the Rachel Barton Butler prize play produced at the Little Theatre, New York, Oliver Morosco has accepted three other plays by Miss Butler, Rita Creighton Smith and Eleanor Hinckley. A new play by Cleves Kinkead is in the hands of the Shuberts; Mark Reed's *She Would and She Did*, was produced by William Brady, with Grace George in the title rôle, and Hubert Osborne has had a play accepted for production by Mr. Belasco in the near future. Both Miss Butler and Mr. Osborne were holders of the MacDowell Fellowship.

The Round Table

A COLUMN clipping from one of the Pasadena papers, describing with enthusiasm the Community Players production of *The Tempest*, is blue-pencilled for our information—"Selling out Shakespeare at every performance." The criticism, as well as others of the same production, emphasize the "wizardry of lights" through which Mr. Gilmor Brown, director of the organization, managed "within the compass of a California living-room" to create a sense of the sea and the shore and the wooded island. That the production created a fine illusion is evident, and there is no doubt, from the critics' unanimity, that the fine handling of light was largely contributory to the effect. But there is another element in the plan of organization of the Pasedena Community Playhouse which must always be credited with a share of any success. This is the Round Table which is held preliminary to each performance, attended by all committee chairmen and members of the cast. At this meeting the managing director outlines his interpretation of the play under consideration and the general plan of production. These are all discussed and the work apportioned. These Round Table discussions between a producer and his group are especially recommended by Granville Barker. Their importance is hardly ever directly visible even to members of the group, but their result—when successfully handled—is always evident when the day of production comes, in the harmony and proportion of the performance.

Dunsany Writes a Play for the Artist's Guild

WHEN Lord Dunsany was in St. Louis last fall he was entertained at supper in the crypt of the Artist's Guild and was so impressed by the monastic quality of the hall that he promised to write a play suitable for special production there. Within a few weeks the play was done and was produced, under the title of *A Good Bargain* on the season's second bill of the Artist's Guild. Clarence

Stratton speaks of it as likely to be a great favorite in Little Theatres. On the same bill, which was the third in the Guild's competitive production series, was *Pierrot's Christmas*, a pantomime produced by Gustavus Tuckerman. The two other performances which have already been entered are Arnold Bennett's *The Honeymoon*, produced by Mary Bulkeley and Tagore's *The King and the Queen*, produced by Mary Barnett. On the next program, made up of three one-act plays, will be *The Saltimbank* of Herman Heijermans, translated specially for this production.

A Dramatic Critic Who Writes Good Plays

IRVING BRANT, dramatic critic for the St. Louis *Star*, has thrown dramatic tradition to the winds, by writing not one but two prize-winning plays in the competition of the St. Louis Art League. Even William Archer couldn't do that. According to his own words, the only time Mr. Archer ever found a really fine plot for a play was on a long walk when, after pondering on it gleefully for hours, he finally discovered that all he had done was to recompose the story of *Hedda Gabler*. Not too much publicity should be given to Mr. Brant's success: it is a disturbing precedent. Heretofore there has been at least one class of persons fairly immune from playwriting.

The Garden Players of Forest Hills, Long Island, are a community group with a large active membership and a list of plays to their credit which includes *The Romancers*, by Rostand; Shaw's *How He Lied to Her Husband*; Stanley Houghton's *The Dear Departed* and *The Fifth Commandment*; De Mille's *Food*; Price's *Hop o' My Thumb*; Mary Middleton's *It's No Use, Mother*; Granville Barker's *Rococo*; Gertrude Jennings' *Poached Eggs and Pearls*, and numerous plays by members of the group. Walter Hartwig is the director. The February bill was *Garlic*, a comedy by Walter Claypoole; *An Episode*, from the *Affairs of Anatol*, by Arthur Schnitzler; *The String of the Samosen*, by Rita Wellman, and *Cooks and Cardinals*, by Norman C. Lindau of the 47 Workshop.

The Carolina Playmakers, Frederick Koch, director, added three more to their Original Folk Plays for a midwinter bill. These were *Who Pays?*, by Minnie Shepherd Sparrow; *The Third Night*, by Thomas Wolfe; and *The Hag*, by Elizabeth A. Lay.

The Indiana Little Theatre Society finds time between productions to run a magazine, and a good little one, too (it quotes *Theatre Arts* twice in one issue) called *The Work Shop*. The two December issues contain the programs for December 4th and 22nd, the first made up of *Dierdre of the Sorrows*, by Synge, and *The Jackdaw*, by Lady Gregory; the second a Christmas play arranged from the Coventry and Chester Cycles by Professor Charles Mills Gayley and called *The Star of Bethlehem*. The January bill was *Bushido*, by Takedo Isumo, *Woman's Honor*, by Susan Glaspell and *Moonshine*, by Arthur Hopkins.

The Provincetown Players scored a success with Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Aria da Capo*, in their December bill, which also included *The Brothers*, by Lewis Beach, author of *The Clod*. In January they played

The Eldest, by Edna Ferber, *Money*, by Irving Greenwich, and *Irish Triangle*, by Djuna Barnes. Alfred Kreymborg heads their February announcement with a satire called *Vote the New Moon*. This is followed by *Three Travelers Watch a Sunrise*, by Wallace Stevens, and *Pie*, by Lawrence Langner.

The Players of Summit, N. J., Norman Lee Swartout, director, have presented four popular plays on one program: *Joint Owners in Spain*, by Alice Brown; *The Florist's Shop* by Winifred Hawkridge; *Glory of the Morning*, by William Ellery Leonard, and *The Lost Silk Hat*, by Dunsany.

Eight matinées of *The Magic Ring*, a play for children by Alexandrine McEwen, were the holiday offering of the Detroit Arts and Crafts Playhouse. Howard Forman Smith of the Carnegie Institute of Technology was the director. The Playhouse is having no regular theatre season this year.

For early March the Montclair Players announce *Rose of the Wind*, one of the charming plays of Anna Hempstead Branch, which are not seen often enough on recent programs, *The Florist's Shop*, which makes up for the lack, and *A String of Pearls* by James Barnes.

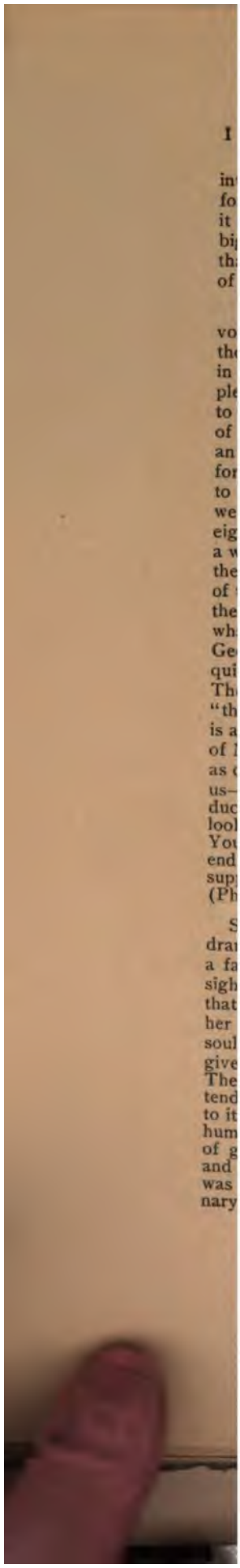
The Gazing Globe, of Eugene Pillot, *The Price of Coal*, of Harold Brighouse, and *Aria da Capo*, the recent Provincetown production by Edna St. Vincent Millay, make up the February program of the Boston Community Players of Peabody House.

Arthur Cloetingh is the director of the newly organized Penn State Players of the Pennsylvania State College. Their first public performance took place in February, when the following bill was presented: *Dawn*, by Percival Wilde; *Spreading the News*, by Lady Gregory; *The Wonder Hat*, by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. Other plays announced are *The Importance of Being Earnest*, by Oscar Wilde, and an out-door performance of Shakespeare's *Tempest*, early in June.

The Stuyvesant Players, of 10 Stuyvesant St., New York, gave three performances at the Washington Irving Municipal Theatre of *Dawn*, by Percival Wilde; *The Sorrows of Han*, selected from the One Hundred Plays of Huen and announced as the first presentation on any stage, (although we have a vivid recollection of having seen it at the Little Theatre), and *Five Minutes Alone With a Lady*, by Lester Margon.

Theatre Arts Bookshelf

THE RUSSIAN THEATRE UNDER THE REVOLUTION. By Oliver M. Sayler. A book of this sort may mean so much to the development of the theatre arts in a country as immature theatrically as the United States, that one is tempted to superlatives in describing it; and certainly it cannot be recommended too highly when considered merely as a source of knowledge and inspiration to those who are organizing our Theatre Guilds, Greenwich Village Theatres, Arts and Crafts Playhouses, and other steps toward a native art theatre. In terms common to the younger generation of thinkers on the American stage, the author describes the organization, the ideals and many of the finest productions of "the world's first theatre" (we agree that the Moscow Art Theatre merits the title); and he follows with material almost equally important about Moscow's more revolutionary playhouse, the Kamerny, about the Russian Ballet in its own home, and about the state theatres and such little-known experimental stages as those of Kommissarzhevsky and Balieff. The material is set forth directly and uncritically—with, one might say, a fine balance of really informative with pleasantly personal facts. For three-fourths of the way the casual reader will thus find the chapters absorbing with a human appeal quite lacking in most books about the theatre; but the same reader will meet something of a jolt when he reaches the last chapter—for here are gathered in concentrated form (and often in darkly philosophical terms) the most recent of revolutionary theories of the stage. A handful of Americans will find these few chapters worth more than all the rest of the book together—worth more, too, than scores of the usual superficial books of criticism. The volume would be of exceptional value, indeed, if it contained nothing more than the copious extracts from Yevreynoff, Meyerhold, Stanislavsky and Kommissarzhevsky. But of course it is the other chapters that will attract most readers; and certainly they set forth a greater wonder, the wonder of the theatre as an institution surviving war, political revolution and economic chaos, and even taking on more of beauty and reaching greater spiritual depths during the days of trial by fire. Mr. Sayler does not often make directly the implied contrast between the Russian playhouses and our own, but he sufficiently sums it up in this passage: "The Russian theatre has persisted, therefore, not because it is a relief from life, an underground retreat where one could escape the agonies and the duties and the burdens of life. To the Russian, the theatre is rather a microcosmos, a concentration and an explanation of life. . . . When I hark back to the memories of that theatre and then consider the state of our own in wartime and after, safe and snug and trivial, across the world from the firing line and the social maelstrom, I am in no mood to make excuses for the Russian. . . . Though Russia has lost her patrimony for awhile, she has not lost her soul!" The author's attitude and method are distinctly journalistic rather than critical: he went to Russia to see the theatres in time of stress, and upon his return he sits down as a reporter to record what he saw and heard. He makes no attempt to untangle the confused threads of theory that lead out from the chapters on the Moscow Art Theatre to those others describing later experimenters and rebels; as between the theatre theatrical of Meyerhold and the monodrama of Yevreynoff, or the cubism of the Kamerny workers and the spiritualized realism of Stanislavsky's followers, he does not indicate a personal choice or even a more sympathetic



Scene from Schnitzler's *The Lady with the Dagger*, as produced under the direction of Neely Dickson at the Hollywood Community Theatre. (Photograph by Arthur Kales.)

176

TH
R. St
rarer
a gro
battle
to sta
"inwa
along
friend
figure
its oc
grave
qualit
essent
a real
indivi
the m

Supplement your
THEATRE ARTS
with
The Drama Calendar
Fortnightly during
the Season
—
By subscription only
$1 a year
—
NEW YORK DRAMA LEAGUE
7 East 42nd Street
New York

COACHES PLAYS
SCENERY
COSTUMES

Let us relieve you of the troublesome features incident to your next performance by arranging for one of our professional coaches. Your performance will be so different.

Miss McNeill, President Dramatic Association, Adelphi College, says: "Your director was the best we ever had."

Amateur Production Dept.
Packard Theatrical Exchange
142d Broadway, New York

The DRAMA BOOK SHOP
7 East 42 St., New York City
For PLAYS and BOOKS
ABOUT the THEATRE

Plays for Reading, Acting, Studying, Patriotic Plays, Pageants, Etc.

Books About Scenery, Costumes, Stage Decoration, Acting, Etc.

The Drama Book Shop announces that it has secured the American agency for the British DRAMA This illustrated bi-monthly publication of the British Drama League treats the same interests in Europe as does the THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE in America. Among the contributors are:

Sir Frank Benson *Granville Barker* *William Archer*
Martin Harvey *Frank Swinnerton* *Montrose J. Moses*

Subscriptions in the United States, $3.25; Single issues 75¢

BACK NUMBERS
of
THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

containing articles, plays and sketches by

Gordon Craig — W. B. Yeats — Arthur Hopkins
Robert E. Jones — Stark Young — Eugene O'Neill
Lee Simonson — Walter Prichard Eaton — Rollo Peters
Gilbert Cannan — Susan Glaspell — Sam Hume

¶ A few complete sets of volumes I, II, and III can still be supplied. The price is now $3.00 per volume, unbound, post paid. All issues except those for February and May 1917, May 1918, and October 1919 can still be had singly at 75¢ each.

¶ These early volumes of *Theatre Arts Magazine* are indispensable to students of the modern theatre, and will become increasingly valuable as the "new movement" develops. Pictorially they offer the finest display of the new stagecraft yet brought together, and the text includes an authoritative record of three of the most critical years in the history of the American stage.

Current issues will be found on sale at the following bookshops:

NEW YORK CITY: Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and 27th Street
The Drama Bookshop, 7 East 42nd Street
The Sunwise Turn, 33 East 49th Street
The Washington Square Bookshop, 17 West 8th Street
Sopla, 184 West 4th Street
CHICAGO: A. C. McClurg & Company, 218 S. Wabash Avenue
BOSTON: Smith and McCance, 2 Park Street
LOS ANGELES: Jones Book Store, Inc., 510 S. Hill Street
SAN FRANCISCO: Paul Elder & Co., 239 Grant Avenue
WASHINGTON: The Wayfarer's Bookshop, 1801 H St., N. W.
PHILADELPHIA: John Wanamaker
CINCINNATI: Stewart and Kidd Company
SEATTLE, WASH.: Archway Book Store, 724 Pine Street
LONDON: The Twenty-One Gallery, 4 Durham House, Adelphi, W. C.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE, 7 East 42 St., New York.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

The Storm

A Play by John Drinkwater

VOLUME IV • NUMBER 3

JULY 1920

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

An illustrated quarterly, published in the months of January, April, July, and October, by THEATRE ARTS, INC. Editorial and business office at 7 East 42d Street, New York, New York.

EDITORS

SHELDON CHENEY — KENNETH MACGOWAN
EDITH J. R. ISAACS — MARION TUCKER

Entered as second-class matter January 24, 1918, at the postoffice at New York, N.Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1920, by THEATRE ARTS, Inc. Yearly subscription, $2.00. Single copies, 50 cents. Back numbers, 75 cents.

Volume IV — JULY, 1920 — Number 3

CONTENTS

Curtain! by Kenneth Macgowan 179
A Note on Poetic Drama, by John Drinkwater 190
The Storm, by John Drinkwater 191
Theory and Practice in Russian Theatres, by Oliver M. Sayler . 200
About the Theatre in London, by Huntly Carter 217
The Jewish Art Theatre, by Rebecca Drucker 220
The Work of C. Raymond Johnson, by Eunice Tietjens . . . 227
The Contemporary Chinese Theatre, by Shen Hung 238
Editorial 244
Theatre Arts Chronicle 246
Theatre Arts Bookshelf 255

ILLUSTRATIONS

Scene from *Thamira of the Cithern*, by Innocent Annyensky 178
Scene from *Medea*, setting by Raymond Johnson 187
Design by Paul Nash for Barrie's *The Truth About the Russian Dancers* . 188
Six Designs, Sketches, and Settings from Russian Theatres 205
Two Settings from Russian Theatres 215
Sketch and Model by Robert Edmond Jones for *Much Ado About Nothing* 225
Six Designs by Raymond Johnson 231
Four Javanese Marionettes 253
A Puppet Production of *The Shadowy Waters* 254
Curtain and Scene by Warren Dahler 263
Scene from *The Gods of the Mountain* as presented in China 264

Current issues will be found on sale at the following bookshops

NEW YORK CITY: Brentano's, Fifth Avenue and 27th Street
The Drama Bookshop, 7 East 42d Street
The Sunwise Turn, 53 East 44th Street
The Washington Square Bookshop, 17 West 8th Street
Sonia, 154 West 4th Street
Max Maisel, 424 Grand Street
John Wanamaker, Broadway and 8th Street
BROOKLYN: Loeser & Co.
CHICAGO: A. C. McClurg & Company, 218 S. Wabash Avenue
BOSTON: Smith & McCance, 2 Park Street
LOS ANGELES: Jones Book Store, Inc., 619 S. Hill Street
SAN FRANCISCO: Paul Elder & Co., 239 Grant Avenue
WASHINGTON: The Wayfarer's Bookshop, 1623 H St., N.W.
PHILADELPHIA: John Wanamaker
CINCINNATI: Stewart & Kidd Company
SEATTLE, WASH.: Archway Book Store, 224 Pike Street
LONDON: The Twenty-One Gallery, 4 Durham House, Adelphi, W.C. 2

Voices

YOU AND I

A Wife Speaks

We were wild birds soaring
To reach the sky!
The gray wind lifted you like a feather—
I ceased to fly.

We were fast streams flowing
To find the sea!
The brown earth carved for you a channel
But none for me.

We were young plants growing
To brave the cold!
The gold sun kissed you all the winter—
I am old.

EDNA WAHLERT MCCOURT, in *Poetry*.

A moment of erotic abandon in the bacchanale, ***Thamira of the Cithern,*** by Innocent Annyensky, as produced at the Kamerny Theatre, Moscow. Distinctly cubist in its Phallic setting, the tragedy of a mother's passionate love for her son is told to the accompaniment of music and lights that keep pace with the rhythmic changes of the play's contrasting moods. Along with their cubist version of Oscar Wilde's *Salome* and the post-impressionistic Persian tragedy of Liuboff Stolitsa, *The Azure Carpet*, the production of *Thamira* is considered by Alexander Tairoff and the other directors of the Kamerny as one of the nearest approaches yet made to this theatre's esthetic ideal: the fusing of the intimacy of realism with the sense of form of "the theatre theatrical." (Photograph by Saharoff, Moscow.)

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

Volume IV JULY, 1920 Number 3

Curtain!

A Remarkable Season Ends with only Two Productions of Merit, while Broadway Trembles before the Movie Invasion — Maurice Browne's Medea — Strindberg — Robert E. Jones's Exhibition

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

A LAMB-LIKE bleat marks the exit of the best theatrical season Broadway has ever known, a season truly leonine in strength and beauty. In the three months since the Hopkins-Barrymore-Jones production of *Richard III.* ushered in March, just five things really worth talking about have come to pass in New York. Only two of these are plays—Maurice Browne's mounting of *Medea* and the Theatre Guild's production of Strindberg's *The Dance of Death,* the first given only at matinees, the other to subscribers on two Sunday evenings. One is a ballet at the Neighborhood Playhouse on the East Side. And two extra-mural features of the dying season were a one-man show of the designs of Robert Edmond Jones, and the leaking out of a bit of theatrical news. This news betrayed the motion picture industry bearing down upon Broadway, subsidizing managers, financing the production of plays and influencing bookings. A curious and sinister note in the bleat of our gamboling lion.

II

The achievements of Maurice Browne and his Chicago Little Theatre have long been familiar to readers of this magazine. They swam into the ken of theatregoing New York for the first time this spring through Mr. Browne's all-too-brief season of Euripides at the Garrick, and his wife's display of their very charming art-marionettes at the Little Theatre. It has been an eight or ten year journey from their beginnings in the west, but a journey amply rewarded in one sense at least. Audiences were by no means extraordinary in numbers; but among them were a number of well-to-do lovers of the theatre who volunteered to underwrite an ambitious fall season for Mr. Browne prior to the opening in January of his repertory theatre in Seattle. The only problem was finding a playhouse at any but a suicidal rental. That is a problem which would bring us to the movies and the end of this review in a most untimely fashion.

First, Euripides and his *Medea* and Mr. Browne's remarkable handling of it. The play is—or ought to be—familiar through the printed translation by Gilbert Murray, the version used by Mr. Browne. It is not so great a play as *The Trojan Women,* nor so free-spirited and beautiful as *Iphigenia in Tauris.* For the tragic grandeur of the fallen great and the lyric romance that beats through matchless verses, *Medea* substitutes an individual tragedy worked out in that double vein of feministic sympathy and realistic, almost neurotic psychology which distinguished Euripides from his fellows far more than his free mastery of dramatic construction. These two characteristics, playing upon the bitter story of the barbarian princess who killed ingeniously, recklessly, and disastrously in the single cause of love, produce what seems to me, at least, a drama as closely suited to the music of Richard Strauss as was the libretto that Hugo Von Hofmannstahl made from *Electra.*

Maurice Browne's handling of the production reinforces this impression. He has brought it indoors, of course, and into a relatively small theatre. He has substituted tense artificial light for the blander illumination of the sun. Finally, he has taken the chorus—which in this play is more individualized than in any other extant Greek drama—and brought it closer yet to the human tragedy by giving line after line to different members of the chorus and leaving comparatively few passages for concerted chanting.

The matter of indoor presentation is beside the argument. We must stand the losses as we rejoice in the gains; for we have yet to master the difficulties of chanting a chorus-drama to thousands of people and forswearing individual expression by the principals. Inside our modern theatre, we still face the problem of the chorus, though we can now see or hear any subtlety of expression or of voice which the actor may care to use. Mr. Browne solves it by employing only half a dozen women and dividing almost all the verses among them. He retains movement, and carries his chorus through that mixture of grace and expression which—with our modern passion for invidious distinctions—we call æsthetic dancing. Manifestly this is the only possible way of making the words of the chorus intelligible unless we give up years to the training of group-actors. Just as manifestly, this method permits a director to mingle his players both physically and spiritually in the drama of the principals. *Medea* calls for less, perhaps, of the austerity and healing pity that made the Greek chorus so marvelous a spiritual force; but I cannot help feeling that by bringing his chorus physically into close relations with Medea and Jason—on top of individualizing them with dialog made from what were originally strophes and antistrophes—Mr. Browne has lost a noble quality

of the Greeks. Perhaps *Medea* possessed this less than all the rest. Perhaps, in any case, presentation in a modern theatre militates against it. But it is certain that Mr. Browne could have invested the production with more of this spirit if he had chosen to treat the chorus more severely, giving them individual lines, but posing them rather austerely and formally in portions of the stage not used by the principals.

The curiously modern and passionate quality of this *Medea* is much enhanced by the manner in which Mr. Browne has used his light. There is no pretence of naturalness about it. It is abstract light. Its purpose is to express the feeling of the play. It changes from speech to speech, flooding the stage with red at some passionate outburst of Medea, warming to amber at the entrance of the children, pierced with shafts of white in some dramatic moment. Obviously this is no easy thing to do. It calls for rare imagination, high technical ability and endless rehearsals. In the first performances the lack of rehearsal obscured the evidences of imagination. And though Mr. Browne managed to bring his lights into far better control after the first week, they always suffered from the fact that they were so placed as to cut Raymond Johnson's setting with awkward shadows, and to emphasize their physical source whenever a player approached an exit. All in all, Mr. Browne's is an experiment in lighting of the first significance, not too happily carried off perhaps, but, at its best, heightening the modernity of the presentation.

The work of the chorus and the playing of the individual actors were generally expert, and in certain cases extraordinarily effective. Ralph Roeder, once of the Washington Square Players, flashed out with one of the finest pieces of acting of the season. His messenger was visually and vocally the most arresting and satisfying that I have ever seen in a Greek play. The work of Mr. Browne's wife, Ellen van Volkenberg, as Medea, was to me most unsatisfactory, much as it moved the majority of its audiences. Her face and figure suggested the alien and bizarre, but never, to my notion, the powerful, the barbarian, or the regal. There seemed a certain parched quality about her, an odd neurosis in her Medea, which only re-emphasized the impression of a Strauss opera without the music created by too much of Mr. Browne's really fine and imaginative production.

III

To the same Garrick, where the Theatre Guild has brought forth so much of worth this season, came Strindberg's mad drama, *The Dance of Death*. It was given only on Sunday evenings, as a special production for the subscribers to the Guild, but it may be revived next

season as one of the five regular evening bills. If this should happen, it will gain a hearing on two of its curious merits. One is the acting, which is notably good in at least a single part and efficient in general. The other is the dynamic power of so many of its terrible and hate-filled scenes.

Without much violence to the original, the Theatre Guild eliminated a few scenes and lines from the two "parts" in which the play was written, and presented in a normal evening what is essentially the whole of this strange entertainment. The play would be a more effective and tight-knit drama if only the first part were given; for there lies the meat of Strindberg's contribution. There we see man and woman fighting as Strindberg himself fought, bitterly, blindly, terribly, with intermittent flashes of saner understanding and sympathy. *The Dance of Death* is one of his rare plays that show the man as even more hateful than the woman. It puts before us the racking struggle of a shallow wife against a sour egoist, who, as death steals upon him in catalepsy after catalepsy, grows stronger, crueler and more venomous. This Dance of Death, which is life, holds nothing that in essence does not come within the experience of the average man or woman some time before he dies. Strindberg's part is to seize the tragic cruelty of life, and embitter it with his own psychopathic venom. It is pain working upon pain, two wounds rubbed together, horror multiplied by itself. And the result, theatrically speaking, is apt to be the square of ordinary dramaturgy.

That is the effect of the first part of *The Dance of Death.* The second part wanders off into the successful efforts of this monomaniac to ruin the old friend who has crossed his path during these illnesses. The details of this action are not so interesting as the states of psychological struggle which we have witnessed. Also, the success of this sour and hated old man in winning friends and position is very unconvincing.

The Guild acts the play with its usual skill. There are, of course, small matters for regret. Helen Westley, as the wife, is as uncertain at many crises as she is good at others. But behind her and about is the excellent atmosphere wrought by Lee Simonson, and beside her are two excellent actors, Dudley Digges, playing skilfully the friend, and Albert Perry, giving an uncommonly able performance of a monumentally difficult part. Genius of the first order could make this man into a walking horror. Mr. Perry reaches this in only one or two places, but he keeps the impersonation always well in hand, directs it steadily toward a more and more menacing goal, and through it plays as skilfully and understandingly with his face and figure as with his voice. It is a deliberate achievement, intellectually and emotionally.

IV

Beauty and spirit once again took up a modest residence in Grand Street, when that most uneven and fecund institution, the Neighborhood Playhouse, put on one of its most uneven and fecund bills, *The Fair,* an egregiously naive play by Violet Pearn, and Rossini's dance-comedy, *La Boutique Fantasque,* a delightful trifle done with such freshness of spirit as almost never reaches Broadway, and an execution quite as good as the best trained of our marvelously proficient musical comedy people give to much less difficult or rewarding material. The mounting of *La Boutique Fantasque* in London by the Russian Ballet, with Mid-Victorian scenery and costumes by Derain, a modern of the moderns, was described and pictured in the January issue of the Theatre Arts Magazine. The Festival Dancers of the Neighborhood Playhouse have attempted no imitation. They have handled their *Toy Shop,* as they call it, in the straightforward manner of their other productions. The background is simple and bright, more pleasing in its color than in its composition. The costumes, where color plays a more independent part, are fresh and delicious in their orange, green and blue. The dancing is not only spirited and expert; it is full of individuality and pungent characterization, from the Kate Greenaway shop boy to the plaster-headed drum major. The dancers manage somehow to keep an uncanny illusion of dolldom in their faces and their bodies. Two in particular realize with absolute perfection the difficult illusion of mechanical marvels moving marvelously yet still mechanically. But it is no mere feat of technical virtuosity that Miss Paula Trueman and Miss Lily Lubell accomplish; for a satiric thrust at all the French dolls of the world lies in Miss Trueman's perky and confident little movements, and Miss Lubell puts a remarkable burlesque of Mid-Victorian *abandon* into her *cafe chantant* dancer. Their work and the whole little dance-comedy are perhaps the best expression of the new art-quality and art-enthusiasm which the Misses Lewisohn have found and nurtured in New York's East Side.

V

Besides these three productions there has been nothing in the English-speaking theatre worth more than a line of attention. I say English-speaking, because New York has enjoyed through all this season some very extraordinary acting, interesting plays and commendable scenery and direction in the Jewish Art Theatre. Beyond emphasizing the idyllic grace of Peretz Hirschbein's newest comedy of Russian Jewish peasant life, *Green Fields,* I must leave the work of this unique and satisfying repertory theatre to the article of Rebecca Drucker in

this issue. The remainder of the spring productions worth notice may be briefly catalogued as follows:

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe, the first retaining all his old failings, the second with only her beautiful voice left, returning in a Shakespearean repertory, set in ineptly "modern" backgrounds, moving at a snail's pace and carrying conventional old costumes.

Sophie, a "somewhat historical" comedy of Sophie Arnould, written by Philip Moeller in lines that are often frisky, but never particularly comedic, only passably acted by Emily Stevens, but with O. P. Heggie quite his charmingly simple self.

Martinique, a costume melodrama of the West Indian creoles, by Lawrence Eyre, occasionally interesting by reason of the local color or the acting of Josephine Victor and Arthur Hohl, but operatic as any libretto, and only worth seeing for the last act setting by Lee Simonson.

All Soul's Eve, a play by Anne Crawford Flexner, dealing none too skilfully with an Irish legend of the supernatural transplanted to America; a first act of real interest and good performances by Cyril Keightly and Lola Fisher.

Footloose, the old melodrama *Forget-Me-Not* rewritten by Zoe Akins, and made a little but not much more probable; well acted in the main by Emily Stevens, O. P. Heggie, Norman Trevor, and Elizabeth Risdon.

Not So Long Ago, a sentimental and amusing comedy of New York in the 70's, by Arthur Richman, filled with much charming dialog, and excellently acted by Eva Le Gallienne and others; the only play of the lot worth seeing.

VI

Far more significant than any dramatic event of the quarter, and more interesting, to me at least, than even *Medea,* is the one-man-show of Robert Edmond Jones at the Bourgeois Galleries, where that excellent impressario of the artists presented the exhibition of the American scenic artists last spring. It is more than three rooms of novelty, charm and beauty. From the costume sketches for *The Birthday of the Infanta,* that visualization of chased blades of Toledo steel cutting the lace and velvet of old Spain, to the model for *The Seven Princesses,* the sketch for which was reproduced in the last issue of this magazine, the visitor wins a comprehensive view of the finest artist of the theatre in America. There is a drawing—neither skilful nor suggestive—of that very skilful and very suggestive first production by which Mr. Jones signalized the entrance of a new force into the playhouse, *The Man Who Married a Dumb Wife.* The sketches for

his splendid and unique *Richard III,* and some fine photographs of the performance taken by Francis Bruguiere share the second room with three pastels of the inner scenes for *Caliban* as done in Boston, and two productions as yet unrealized. One of these is a very interesting handling of *Much Ado About Nothing*—a permanent setting of ingenious construction with variations shown in two sketches and a model.

The other is Mr. Jones's revolutionary scheme for the production of *The Cenci* on a raised platform in the midst of the spectators—in fact, in a sort of prize ring—with no other setting for the characters than the posed and moving bodies of the chorus. It is a conception characteristic of a unique quality in Mr. Jones. More than any other American artist he looks forward. His mind and his brush flash forth in effort after effort towards a new theatrical idea. Hardly one idea, perhaps; rather a free rendering in one shape or another of the urge toward forms of production that will cast out the flat and canvas-like quality of our picture stage for a theatre of varying levels, of actual convexities and palpable contour in which the spectator, startled out of stale expectations and foregone conclusions, may draw something of spiritual freshness and liberation, may catch a sense of pictorial values that has about it something of the philosophical.

The model room, with its two scenes from *George Washington,* its permanent settings for *Richard III.* and *Much Ado,* displays this philosophic quality of Mr. Jones's work still more patently in the ideal arrangement of white screens, shadowed by fates and opalescent with pool-caught light, designed for a love scene; and in the gothic skeleton set upon concentrically rising and falling steps which is to hold *The Seven Princesses.*

The quality of Jones is hard to capture in words. Simple, clear, and strong in its beauty, it sweeps up beyond the sensuous into reaches where there is a spiritual truth thrilling beyond anything that commonly passes for the beautiful. Robert Edmond Jones captures the rare exaltations of life and sublimates them and the theatre together.

VII

Yet what does it matter, the vigor of Jones, the imagination of Browne, or the fecundity of the season just past, if an alien and a lesser art is to control and dictate in the American Theatre?

For a long time, the movie has competed with the theatre for audiences; it is now invading the field of production, subsidizing managers, financing the mounting of plays, and securing preferences in bookings. During the past season the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, the largest of the motion picture companies, and owner of

Charles Frohman, Inc., has furnished capital out of which John D. Williams, Oliver Morosco and George Broadhurst have produced plays. It has made offers of similar assistance to William Harris, Jr., producer of *Abraham Lincoln,* Arthur Hopkins, and many other managers. In return for financing plays, it receives a share in the profits, and the motion picture rights.

Through these alliances it is able to control or to place plays in a large number of the best New York theatres, and there are rumors of attempts, more or less successful, to dictate to the two big booking organizations, which control the "time" of practically all the theatres in America, and, through this club, to force other managers to become their allies.

The principal reason for this expansion of the movies is the fact that motion picture producers have been paying fabulous prices—from $30,000 to $200,000 for the screen rights to Broadway plays. The obvious solution was for the movies to put up $10,000, $20,000 or even $40,000, to pay the original cost of production, and then to share in the profits and get the motion picture rights for nothing. The $100,000 paid for the screen rights to one big success a year would more than equal the cost of all a manager's productions. The advantage for the manager is nil—unless he lacks capital or is overcautious. If he is willing to gamble, he can work the proposition in the other direction, and get back his production costs each year out of the picture rights to one success. The moving pictures will permit him to do this just so long as they cannot control bookings. When they can do this, no managers will be able to stand against them. And if they wish to, they can ultimately control bookings, because, with the vast moving picture income behind them, they can afford to pay larger rentals for legitimate theatres than can a Broadway manager who must make a larger profit out of his plays.

Now this sort of movie competition holds no threat of death for the theatre. It probably means more plays. It certainly means larger audiences drawn from screen patrons. But just as certainly, if it does not spell destruction for the theatre, it spells debasement for the drama. The one good thing that the screen has promised to do for the theatre has been to eliminate the surface melodrama and cheap spectacle, which it can handle so much more effectively. The danger in this invasion of legitimate production by the movies is that they will inevitably cultivate the sort of play best suited to later screen use, and this sort of play is not necessarily the best drama. So far, the producers owned or financed by the movies have run true to their old form. The Frohman company has given us Ethel Barrymore in Zoe Akins' *Declassée* and Elsie Ferguson in Arnold Bennett's *Sacred and*

Scene from *Medea*, as presented at the Garrick Theatre in New York during March. This photograph illustrates the setting by Raymond Johnson (which may be compared with the original design reproduced elsewhere in this issue), and also indicates the wealth of interest added by Maurice Browne through his skillful use of lights and figure-grouping. It suggests to a remarkable degree the possibilities of carrying into the stage picture those principles of "rhythmic drama" which Mr. Browne has developed so consistently in all his experiments. The scene is that of the banishment pronounced upon Medea by Creon. (Photograph by Francis Bruguiere.)

Design by Paul Nash for the setting of J. M. Barrie's *The Truth About The Russian Dancers*, as recently produced in London, and one of the successes of the season there. The colors in the original were: walls, a wide range of gray; balcony, doors and staircase, pink; stair carpet and candles, Indian red; window curtains, dark blue. (See London Notes by Huntly Carter, page 217.)

Profane Love, Mr. Williams has brought out Eugene O'Neill's fine drama *Beyond the Horizon,* Lionel Barrymore in *The Letter of the Law,* and *All Souls' Eve.* Mr. Morosco's miscasting of *Mamma's Affair* cannot be charged to the screen, and his other productions and those of Mr. Broadhurst have been quite up to their familiar standards. Some say this is merely the thin edge of the wedge; any one must see that the tendency of managers financed by the movies will be to do the sort of thing the movies like.

VIII

But why all this worriment about the Broadway producer? Why not let one popular, speculative amusement absorb another popular, speculative amusement? Why not let the movies make the commercial theatre thoroughly commercial, thoroughly ridiculous, thoroughly unsatisfactory to the intelligent or sensitive man or woman? Why not rejoice that they clear the air for the art theatre, the repertory theatre, the sane playhouse?

Well, partly because the present season has shown us what even the most commercial theatre may do under the stimulus of popular interest; but much more because the motion picture invasion forces theatre rentals to such a huge figure that the forwardlooking producer, not to mention the art theatre, is put out of business before he begins. At the end of the season there was not a single habitable and convenient theatre in New York available for less than three or four thousand dollars rental a week. As things then stood—with conditions no worse than the motion pictures and building conditions had made them—Maurice Browne could not find a playhouse in New York that he could rent at a reasonable enough figure to justify him in risking his backers' money there in the fall. That is the first consequence of motion picture domination. In the face of the best season our theatre has ever known, I say that it will not be the last.

A Note on Poetic Drama

By John Drinkwater

That poetic drama has fallen into neglect in a country which, having produced several of the world's greatest dramatic poets, never plays any but the first of them in its theatres, and hardly ever plays him without the most shameless and foolish distortion of his work, is the fault not of poetry but of the theatre. For nearly two hundred years in England the poets very rightly have refused to work for a theatre that has sacrificed the drama to the actor, instead of so training its actors that they could honorably give the poet the supreme joy of seeing his work nobly and tenderly interpreted. The poets, in their chosen exile, have suffered; for dramatic imagination, deprived of its gathering to the theatre, cannot, even with a *Cenci* or an *Atalanta* for harvest, be wholly prosperous. But the loss to the theatre has been immeasurably greater; since the breach, English poetry has lost no splendor, but, with the exception of half a dozen plays at most, the drama of the theatre, until the last few years, has kept none. A theatre audience can be the most exhilarating crowd-intelligence in the world, once it has been given the chance of caring for good drama on the stage, but the appetite of a theatre audience will inevitably grow to what it is given. And only in a theatre where the audience has been nourished upon fine fare can poetry live, or the poet decently exercise his dramatic instinct. The rarity of such theatres is the measure of the rarity of poetic drama.

The Storm

By John Drinkwater

Characters:
Alice
Joan, *her young Sister*
Sarah
An Old Man
A Young Stranger

Scene: *A mountain cottage. It is a midwinter night. Outside a snowstorm rages.* Alice *is looking out through the window.* Joan, *her young sister, and* Sarah, *an old neighbor woman, are sitting over the fire.*

Alice. It isn't fair of God. Eyes are no good,
Nor lanterns, in a blackness like to that.
How can they find him out? It isn't fair.
Sarah. God is for prayers. You'll anger Him speaking so.
Alice. I have prayed these hours, and now I'm tired of it.
He is caught in some grip of the rocks, and crying out,
And crying and crying, and none can hear him cry,
Because of this great beastliness of noise.
Sarah. Past crying now, I think.
Joan. There, take no heed
Of what she says—it's a rusty mind she has,
Being old, and wizened with bad luck on the hills.
Sarah. Rusty or no, I've a thought the man is dead.
No news has been growing apace from nightfall on
Into bad news, and now it's as though one stood
At the door and said—we found him lying cold.
Alice. Whist! you old bitter woman. Will it never stay
In its wicked fury? . . . . and the snow's like a black rain
Whipping the crying wind. If it would rest awhile
I could think and mind me what were best to do
To help my man. But a savagery like this
Beats at the wits till they have no tidiness.
Sarah. We'll sit and wait till they come.
Alice. And I a woman
Would never let him ask for anything,
Because of the daily thought I took for him,—
And against this spite now I've no strength at all.

SARAH. For all you would bake his bread to a proper turn
And remember always the day for his clean shift,
There was many a scolding word for him to bear.
JOAN. Hush—
ALICE. Let her talk. What does she know at all,—
Thinking crossed words between a man and a woman
Have anything to do with the heart? We have,
My man and I, more than a fretful mood
Can thieve or touch. My man—I must go myself.
JOAN. There is nothing you could do.
SARAH. 'Tis men
Should carry the dead man in.
ALICE. My man
Is alive, I say—surely my man's not dead—
Surely, I say—old woman, your croaking talk
Teases my brain like the pestilence out there
Till I doubt the thing I know. There's not a crag
Or cleft in the hills but is natural to him
As the stairs beyond the door there—surely, surely—
Yet nothing is sure.
SARAH. Death has a way with him,
A confident way.
ALICE. You know that he's not dead—
I know that too—if only that dark rage
Howling out there would leave tormenting me,
And let me reason it out in peace a little,
I could be quite, quite sure that he's not dead.
SARAH. Age is a quiet place where you can watch
The world bent with its pain and still be patient,
And warm your hands by the fire because you know
That the newest sorrow and the oldest sorrow are one.
They will bring and put him down upon the floor:
Be ready for that, girl. There are times when hope is cruel
As a fancy-man that goes without good-bye.
ALICE. I have a brain that is known in three shire-towns
For a level bargain. It is strange that I should be
Listening now to a cracked old woman's clatter
When my own thoughts for him should be so clear
That I shouldn't heed the words of another body.
I want no hope—only an easy space
To remember the skill of my man among the hills
And how he would surely match their cunning with his,
Or else to count the hours that he's been gone

And see that his chance is whittled quite away.
To have a living thought against this fear
Is all I want—but those screaming devils there
Beat in my mind like the drums in Carnarvon streets
That they use when they want to cheat folk into thinking
That death is a handsome trade.—And so
I let a woman with none but leaky wits
Tell me the way I should be,—when most I need
To ride no borrowed sense.

SARAH. It is not wind,
For all it is louder than any flood on the hills,
Nor the crazy snow that maddens you till your brain
Is like three cats howling upon a wall,
But the darkness that comes creeping on a woman
When she knows of grief before it is spoken out,
And the sooner grieved is grief the sooner gone.
Be ready to make him decent for the grave.

JOAN. If he should walk in now you will not forget
The trouble you are putting in the house with your talk.

SARAH. The trouble is here.

ALICE. If he should walk in now—
Yes, that's the way to think. I'll work it out,
Slowly, his doings from when he left the door
Until he comes again. You stood at the oven
With cakes half-browned against his tea. And I
Stood here beside my man and strapped his coat
Under his chin. He looked across your way—
He is fond of you, child—he calls you Father Joan
Because—but that's not it—I told him then
To-morrow would be time to bring the slates,
And let him only mend the wire to-day—
He thought so too and said—it is like a beast
Greater than half the world and crushed in a trap,
Shrieking against the pain—what did he say?—
I have forgotten, and I had begun
To follow it all quite clearly—what did he say?

JOAN. That an hour would bring him back, and hungry too.

ALICE. An hour would bring him back—but that is nothing.
I know it now: he went to the broken wire
And mended it—three-quarters of an hour—
And then he would think that after all the slates
Were best bespoken now—six miles to go;
He would be about a mile when this began—

This wrath that will surely last till the Judgment Day—
And that would make two hours till he reached the quarry—
But he went on, and the neighbors up and down
Were scared and went out searching with their lanterns,
Like lighted gnats searching the mines of hell.
Isn't it queer to see them out there dancing
When all the time he has gone a twelve-mile journey—
And then this old woman came with her neighbor duty—
It's odd folk are,—

SARAH. It's a poor thing, spinning tales
When there's no faith in them.

ALICE. Hush, I have it all
Quite clearly now, in spite of that monster baying,—
Two hours to the quarry, hindered by the night,
Then half an hour to bargain, then two hours
For beating back, his boots heavy with snow,
Or a little longer—five hours and more all told—
It is nine o'clock—he went five hours ago,
Or a little more, so that's just how it works—
He should be coming now along the road,
Tired—we must warm the cakes again.

SARAH. Ay, warm them,
A dead man's heavy bearing.

The clock strikes nine.

ALICE. That's the time
To bring him back, and we'll call the lanterns in—
He must be near by now—

A man is heard outside, kicking the snow off his boots. ALICE *opens the door, and* AN OLD MAN *comes in, carrying an unlit lantern.*

THE OLD MAN. My candle is spent.

JOAN *takes the lantern and fits a new candle while they speak.*

ALICE. And you are going out again?
They have not found him?

THE OLD MAN. No. It's not easy there.

ALICE. Then he didn't go to the quarry after all.

JOAN. Because they hav'n't found him? That's no sign.
They couldn't if he went.

ALICE. Ah yes—how is it?—
He went, and they've been looking on the hills—
But have not found him. Yes—he must have gone.
He should be back. You should have found him for me.

SARAH. She is strange because of the trouble in the house.
I am old, and that is something.
ALICE. It is not that—
I am caught away from myself by the screaming thing
That scourges the hills. And yet in spite of that
I had reckoned all his doings since he went
Until his time for coming—but you came—
You came instead. That is not right.
THE OLD MAN (*taking the lantern and lighting it*). We'll send
Across to the quarry now—
ALICE. It is no use—
He'll not have gone.
THE OLD MAN. The night is full of tricks,
But another hour will have ferreted all the hill.
He goes out.
SARAH. Simon who took his money down to market,
And wouldn't change for a good sound fact of cattle,
Fingered his earnings till a hole was worn
And came to the house again with an empty bag.
Leave making tales, my girl, poor tales—they bring no profit,
Keeping the truth outside, and breaking away
To a thimbleful of ash themselves. He is dead.
Think hard on that. When the old king of the world
With the scourge and flail turns his strokes from the wheat
On the goodman's floor and scars the goodman's back,
It is no time to wince. Your man is dead.
And a day and a day make Adam's fall a story.
ALICE. Not down to the quarry—then—my little Joan,
Do you know at all what a man becomes to a woman?
How should you though? If a man should take
A patch of the barren hill and dig with his hands
And down and down till he came to marble and gold,
And laboring then for a dozen years or twenty
Should build a place finer than Solomon's hall
Till strangers with money to travel came to praise it,
And, when he had dug and hewn and spent his years
To make it a wonder, should go, and be remembered
No more than an onion-pedler in the street
By the gaping travellers, yet he might be glad,
If his heart was as big as a woman's, for the thing he'd made,
The strong and lovely thing, knowing it risen
Out of his thought into the talk of the world.
That's how it is. A woman takes a mate,

And like the patient builder governs him
Into the goodman known through a countryside,
Or the wise friend that the neighbours will seek out,
And he, for all his love, may never know
How she has nourished the dear fine mastery
That bids him daily down the busy road
And leaves her by the hearth. And when he is dead
It comes to her that the strength she has given him
To make him a gallant figure among them all
Has been the thing that has filled her, and she lonely
Or gossiping with the folk, or about the house.

SARAH. When he is dead.

ALICE. Why should I think of that?
I am crazed, I say, because of the madness loosed
And beating against the panes. He is not dead—
You know it, woman—Joan, it would be a lie
To say my man was dead?

JOAN. There, sister, wait—
It is all we can do—there is nothing else to do.

SARAH. When he is dead. Let the thought that comes unbidden
Be welcome, for it's the best thought. When he is dead.

ALICE. There is treachery against us—my man—my dear—
My brave love—they are trying to part us now!
But we must be too strong when . . . . when he is dead . . . .

There is a knock at the door. She makes a half movement towards it.

He would not knock. See who it is.

JOAN *opens the door and a* YOUNG TRAVELLER, *buffeted and breathless, comes in.*

THE STRANGER. By Thor!
There's beauty trampling men like crumpled leaves.
May I come in till it's gone?

JOAN. Surely.

THE STRANGER. I set
Every sinew taut against this power,
This supple torrent of might that suddenly rose
Out of the fallen dusk and sang and leapt
Like an athlete of the gods frenzied with wine.
It seemed to rear challenging against me,
As though the master from Valhalla's tables,
Grown heady in his revels, had cried out—
Behold me now crashing across the earth

To shake the colonies of antic men
Into a fear shall be a jest, my fellows!
And I measured myself against this bragging pride,
Climbing step by step through the blinding riot
Of frozen flakes swung on the cataract wind,
My veins praising the tyranny that was matched
Against this poor ambitious body of mine.

ALICE. The storm is drenched with treachery and sin—
It is not good to praise it.

THE STRANGER. You on the hills
Grow dulled, maybe, to the royalty that finds
In your crooked world a thousand splendid hours,
And a storm to you is but a hindered task
Or a wall for mending or a gap in the flock.
But I was strange among this gaiety
Plying black looms in a black firmament,
This joy that was split out of the iron heavens
Where pity is not bidden to the hearts
Of the immaculate gods. I was a dream,
A cold monotony suddenly thrust
Into a waking world of lusty change,
A wizened death elected from the waste
To strive and mate with eager lords of tumult.
Beauty was winged about me, darkling speed
Took pressure of earth and smote against my face;
I rode upon the front of heroic hours,
And once was on the crest of the world's tide,
Unseared as the elements.—But he mastered me,
That god striking a star for holiday,
And filled himself with great barbaric laughter
To see me slink away.

ALICE. It is no god,
But a brainless anger, a gaunt and evil thing
That blame can't reach.

THE STRANGER. Not all have eyes to see.—
I'm harsh with my words, but I come from a harsh quarrel
With larger thews than man's.

ALICE. Stranger, I'ld give
Comely words to any who knocks at the door.
You are welcome—but leave your praising of this blight.
You safely gabbing of sly and cruel furies,
Like a child laughing before a cage of tigers.
You with your fancy talk of lords and gods

And your hero-veins—young man, do you know this night
Is eating through my bones into the marrow,
And creeping round my brain till thought is dead,
And making my heart the oldest thing of any?
Do you see those lights?
THE STRANGER. They seemed odd moving there,
In a storm like this.
ALICE. A man is lost on the hills.
THE STRANGER. That's bad. But who?
ALICE. My man is lost on the hills.
SARAH. She has it now; her man is dead on the hills.
THE STRANGER. I talked amiss, not knowing of trouble here.
But why should he be dead?
ALICE. The woman is worn,
Her mind is worn, and she lives out of the world.
You ask at once as any wise man would.
I have told her and told and told that he's not dead,
And my young sister, too, though but a girl,
Says it, and she has a head beyond her years.
He is lost for an hour, or maybe for a night,
But never dead. That is the way you think?
It is waiting that steals your proper sense away;
And then, although you know, you let in fear
Blaspheming the thing you know—it is waiting to-night
In the midst of an idiot wrath drumming and drumming
Like a plague of bees in swarm above your eyes.
I do not know—I have not any strength
To fathom it now, and there is none to tell me.
SARAH. She knows it all, though the thing is hard to say.
ALICE. Have done! Young stranger, you have travelled the world,
I think, or have grown learned in great cities,
And can tell the way things go—is it not wrong
To say that a man because of an ugly night
Should perish on his home-ground? He would find a road
Out of a danger such as that, because—
That is the way things happen—tell me now?
THE STRANGER. It is likely that he would.
ALICE. You hear that, Joan—
A traveller who has been in foreign dangers
And comes a scholar from a hundred cities
Says it is well, and that we must be patient.
THE STRANGER. No, I've not travelled, and I only say a man
Knowing the hills would likely weather a storm.

ALICE. There, there—you must not take it back again,
Because you know, and you have said it is well.
SARAH. They cut a stone that is like a small church window,
And they carve a name and a line out of the book,
And when that's done there is nothing then to doubt.

The storm has suddenly cleared. The silence falls upon them strangely, and there is a pause.

ALICE. It is spent at last. He will come from his shelter now.
My dear—come soon. Set the kettle again.

JOAN *does so. There is another pause.*

I have my thought again. It is an end.
I am broken. There is no pity anywhere.
THE STRANGER. The lights are coming.
SARAH. The anger never bates,
But scourges us till time betrays the limbs,
And strikes the tongue, and puts pence on the eyes,
And leaves the latch for stranger hands to lift.

The blackness beyond the window has given place to clear starlight on the hills. A NUMBER OF MEN *with lanterns pass by. There is a knock:* ALICE *opens the door, and* THE OLD MAN *stands there with his lighted lantern. She looks at him, and neither speaks. She turns away to the table.*

ALICE. Why have we waited . . . . all this time . . . . to know . . . .

Her sorrow breaks over her.

Theory and Practice in Russian Theatres

By Oliver M. Sayler

Russia is a land of theories—theories in economics, in sociology, in politics, in science, in philosophy, in religion and in art. The Slavic mind revels in abstractions, and at first glance, in many fields it has seemed in the past to be content with abstractions. Theories in government and in religion, particularly, have come and gone and merged with one another, without vitally affecting the course of autocratic state and church. Only in recent months, with the disappearance of the overawing presence of the old regime, has the Russian proved himself as much interested in experiment as in dialectic. Freedom to try theory in the furnace of experience has resulted in that bewildering political spectacle which holds half the world in fear, and the rest in ecstasy, with a thin margin of detached minds in fascinated interest between the two extremes.

This long-pent-up proclivity of the Russian to prove theory in action might have been foreseen if statesmen had taken the time to watch the artists. For a hundred years and more, the artists of Russia have been unmolested in the free exercise of their calling. Except when literature or the drama attempted to give social significance to their media, the arts have enjoyed greater freedom than in any of the liberal nations to the west. New theories have had to meet and overcome hostile criticism, pioneers in art have had to struggle to prove their right to exist; but the judgment of both Moscow and Petrograd has been less warped by moral and esthetic taboos than that of any other occidental capital.

In no field of Russian art have theory and practice gone hand in hand more vitally than in the theatre. For a hundred years, the Russian stage has been a free arena for the testing of every dream of the creative imagination. Theories have not been enunciated in doctrinaire fashion with subsequent attempts to back them up in practice. Practice has not gone blindly forward, waiting for someone to summarize and interpret its activities in the form of theories. On the contrary, theories have emerged little by little in the course of practice, and practice has been stimulated to new creation and new vision by the gradual discovery of conscious theory.

The result today in the Russian theatre of this free and natural interplay of theory and practice is a body of esthetic doctrine more sharply defined and more keenly understood and more passionately defended and attacked than in any country of our time, side by side

with a range of practical examples of these theories which is almost bewildering to one who has been accustomed to a theatre dimly if at all conscious of any kind of esthetic motivation.

By this honest course of free experiment, the Russian theatre achieved its first truly original self-expression early in the last century. It is true that Griboyedoff's *The Sorrows of the Spirit,* the height of Russian high comedy, was like a meteor from another world, without apparent birth or direct influence. But the work of Gogol, vanguard of the Russian comedy of custom which reached its peak in Ostrovsky, had its source in free experiment during his school days in Ukraina and attained its goal in *The Inspector General* along with the conscious realization of its method, for the playwright turned from the scenarios of his comedies to answer Aksakoff: "The comic is completely hidden; we live in the midst of it without seeing it; but if the artist brings it to his art under the scenic form, then it will cause us to laugh fit to kill and we shall be astonished that we haven't noticed it before."

With such interpreters as Shchepkin and Motchaloff, Sosnitsky and Zhivokiny, the plays of Gogol and later those of Ostrovsky grew up alongside a distinct and keen appreciation and understanding of the function of the theatre in Russian life: to link itself with that life and to serve as a mirror for all its faults and its aspirations. Grounded thus in experiment and the conscious understanding of what experiment revealed, the Russian theatre attained a sincerity and an honesty and a freedom from artifice and carelessness and sham which the theatres of western Europe and America are only beginning to seek. At a time when the sentimental and the florid and the flamboyant swayed the actors of the west, the stages of Moscow and Petrograd had already established that close spiritual contact with life which has insured their persistence through the chaos and the distractions of revolution.

Like all giants, though, the Russian stage nodded, and in the final decade of the nineteenth century, under the depression of political reaction, it had reached a level of listlessness not unlike that which roused Gordon Craig to protest in England and Adolphe Appia in Switzerland. Constantin Stanislavsky, for Russia, saw that there was a problem of the theatre and with Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko founded the Moscow Art Theatre in 1898. Unlike the great protestants of the west, who found no theatre willing to grant them a free hand for the coincident development of theory and practice, Stanislavsky had the advantage of an atmosphere where the theatre was never thought of except as an art and where experiment was accepted as the law of its life. It is beside the point to argue, as some

of Craig's detractors persist in doing, that the son of Ellen Terry would never have created in the actual theatre even if he had had the opportunity. He did not have the opportunity and that is sufficient comment on the state of the western theatre. Likewise, it is a purely speculative proposition to consider whether Stanislavsky would have turned theorist and dreamer if he had not found a concrete outlet for his energies. Such an outlet he did find, although he had to face the onslaught of conservative criticism and prove under fire the worth of his visions.

Fortunately for the coincident realization of theory and practice, the germinal motives of Stanislavsky found the plays of Tchehoff ready and waiting for those motives to be applied to them. It is a moot point in Russia whether Tchehoff did more for the Art Theatre or the Art Theatre more for Tchehoff, and the only sure answer is that probably neither could have attained the richest development without the other. Under this vigorously stimulating partnership, the Art Theatre soon began to realize its dual ambition: to portray the spirit of the play and the characterization with exactness freed from the elements of chance; and to gain effects with an economy of forces. Naturalism, the accurate representation of life through its nuances and its slender moments, was thus the first goal of both Stanislavsky and Tchehoff. Esthetic biographers of this institution in Russia have apparently observed three or four periods in the growth of theory at the Art Theatre: an early naturalistic realism, followed by a reaction toward stylization and symbolism, which was succeeded in turn by a symbolized and spiritualized realism. One or two intermediary periods are sometimes included in this catalog. Catalogs and analyses, however, are never wholly satisfactory, and it seems more likely that the original purpose of the Art Theatre was a vague conception of this ultimately-achieved spiritualized realism which has been attained finally by the slow but steady interplay of theory and practice. As the plays produced under the stimulus of the different so-called periods appear today in the repertory of the theatre, they have a singular unity of spirit and treatment. The fantasy of *The Blue Bird* is of a piece with the literalness of *The Cherry Orchard*. Psychologic realism wears one aspect in the realm of imagination, another in the realm of everyday. But in both it discloses a common goal, a common method.

The future of theory and practice at the Art Theatre is a question for the younger generation to answer. The young men and women in the two Studio Theatres, which are maintained as training schools by the Art Theatre, have it in their power to work out new theories and new methods for realizing them. It is to this younger genera-

tion and their vigorous young stages that Stanislavsky today devotes most of his time and his affections.

The immediate result on the Russian stage of the patient virility of the Moscow Art Theatre was the reinvigoration of other institutions which had become slipshod in their habits, notably those subsidized by the government, the Small Imperial Theatre in Moscow and the Alexandrinsky in Petersburg. The spiritualized realism enunciated as a theory by Stanislavsky and brought to life in practice upon his stage is not as revolutionary an ideal or method as might be supposed. At the height of the classic period, mid-nineteenth century, the ideal was not far different, although it was followed instinctively rather than consciously.

The divergence, therefore, between productions at the Art Theatre and the Small State Theatre in Moscow is less than the international repute of the former would indicate. Trained and inspired under the later glories of the classic epoch, Prince Sumbatoff was ready to accept the challenge of Stanislavsky when an indignant public opinion forced him against bureaucratic wishes to the leadership of the Small Theatre in 1908. It is because of this readiness to accept the challenge that his production of Griboyedoff's *The Sorrows of the Spirit* rivals if it does not surpass that of Stanislavsky in both inner and outer verity. It is because of this instinctive equipment made conscious of itself that the Small State Theatre is still the recognized home of the histories and the comedies of Ostrovsky.

The function of the Art Theatre as a spur to the development of new theories and new practices did not at once appear. Its first decade was well advanced when Vsevolod Meyerhold rebelled against realism of any kind as a method of artistic expression and withdrew from his partnership with Stanislavsky. In provincial theatres he began to experiment with new methods. In 1905 he was busy at the Theatre Studio (not to be confused with the later Studio Theatres of the Art Theatre). Still as eager experimenter on the way to fresh conceptions in stagecraft, he became producer in 1906 for the great Polish actress, Vera Kommissarzhevskaya, at her Dramatic Theatre in Petrograd. Only in 1910 with his epoch-making production of Molière's *Don Juan,* did he achieve complete clarity of purpose and unmistakeable unity of result. The theatre theatrical, the theatre as circus, the theatre without illusion, the theatre frankly and without shame as *theatre*—this theory, the utter pole of realism and the theatre of representation and illusion, came only after years of contact with the elder theatre and still other years of free experiment—which continued after *Don Juan* and which culminated several seasons later in the application of the same method to Ostrovsky's *The Thunderstorm.*

The greatest drawback which Meyerhold has encountered in the practice of his theory of the theatre theatrical has been the lack of plays suitable for interpretation according to that theory. In so far as the theatre theatrical consists in the rediscovery of forgotten aspects of the stage, it has been applicable to the plays written and produced in those earlier times. The whole of the *commedia dell' arte* is susceptible to such treatment, as well as the renaissance drama of other European countries than Italy. One never thought of Arlecchino in the mood of illusion. He was of the theatre, gloriously theatrical! To a less degree, the plays and the characters of Molière are deliberately artificial. Note the path which the conventionalized but varied Sganarelle romps through one comedy after another. Recall the mannered and unrealistic dialog of Don Juan with the peasant wenches. Here, then, is sufficient excuse for Meyerhold to dispense with a curtain, to keep his house lights high, to send richly costumed lackeys of the court of Louis on the stage in full view of the audience to shift the chairs and the tables for the different scenes, or to carry off the objects the actors have discarded or to draw rich tapestries over the back scene which gives a hint of the locale and withdraw them to reveal the next setting.

In the classic Japanese theatre, too, Meyerhold might find material for his stage. But after all, the virility of the theatre theatrical and the chance of its survival today, depend on the discovery of new plays and playwrights responding to the stimulus of the theory as propounded and proved in practice by Meyerhold. If it is to be anything more than a fad and a plaything, the theatre theatrical must connect with life today, it must prove itself a ready and eager interpreter of contemporary esthetic desires. I should say that the chances are strongly in favor of the development of material for Meyerhold's theatre under the stimulus of the Revolution. In Russian life itself these last three years, there has been much that is bitterly real, but there has been much, too, that has smacked of the circus. People and events have flared up and then collapsed like a toy balloon. Already, the futurist painters and poets have been stirred to new creation by this spectacular quality of life. Thus far, the theatre has not yielded perceptibly to such an urge; the plays in the repertories, not only at the great established theatres in Moscow and Petrograd but all over the nation in the myriad workmen's and peasants' theatres born of the soil, are from the classics, ancient and modern. The theatre moves slowly, but it moves; and the impress of the Revolution will be revealed in it sooner or later.

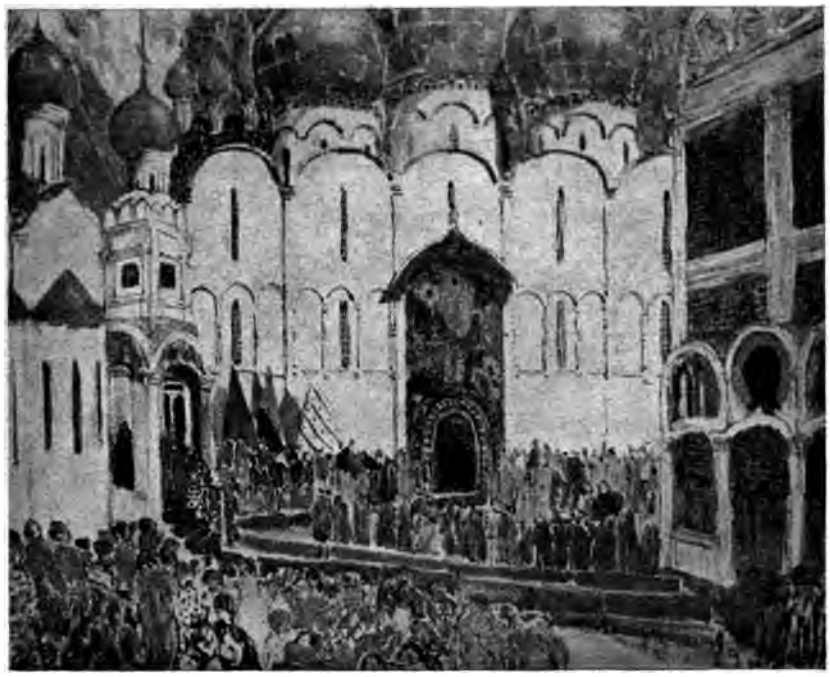
Widely different from Meyerhold's attack on the theory and practice of the Moscow Art Theatre is the opposition which finds its

The climax of Act III in Tchehoff's *The Cherry Orchard* at the Moscow Art Theatre. Lopahin, son of a peasant, announces to the proud Mme. Ranevskaya that he has bought the estate. Attendants at the informal merry-making gather at the doors of the group of rooms comprising the stage setting to hear the news. In none of its scenic arrangements, perhaps, has the Art Theatre succeeded so well in conveying the impression of an entire home. With a fine sense of reserve and yet of freedom, the action shifts from one room to another, and only the laws of an unobtrusive realism guide its course. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

Caleb Plummer's Toy Shop in the dramatization of Dickens' *The Cricket on the Hearth* at the First Studio of the Moscow Art Theatre. This was the first production at the little theatre whose chief purpose is to train actors for the parent stage. The toys are a bit too fantastic, perhaps, for British babes, but the flavor of the comedy otherwise is distinctly English. It is evident, too, from this setting that the guiding impulse of the Studio Theatre is the same spiritualized realism which has characterized most of the productions on the stage of the Art Theatre itself. (Photograph by Barokchieff, Moscow.)

The setting for Act II of Schiller's *Maria Stuart* at the Small State Theatre, Moscow. The solid and substantial quality of the scenery is typical of all Russian playhouses, the result of the fact that seldom if ever are their productions crowded into baggage cars. The theatre is an institution from which neither players nor scenery depart. If possible, the settings at the Small State Theatre are even more substantial than elsewhere, partly because of the huge stage on which they are shown and the lavish subsidy of the government. An instinctive sense of the theatre rather than a conscious theory has guided this home of classic drama, both Russian and foreign. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

A setting for *Dmitry the False*, a historical play by Alexander Ostrovsky, as produced at the Small State Theatre, Moscow. Under the liberal reign of Alexander II, Ostrovsky enjoyed imperial patronage in spite of the caustic nature of his writing, and most of his plays, both historical and social, were first presented at the Small Imperial, now the Small State, Theatre in Moscow where they still hold the repertory. Just as it was in the Time of Troubles and after—the epoch of this play—the Kremlin stands untouched by age for the artists of the theatre to transfer to the stage. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)



A sketch for the scenery of Musorgsky's opera, *Boris Godunoff*, by Alexander Golovin. The original is in the collection of Morozoff in Moscow; the scenic setting constructed from this original is, happily, in the possession of the Metropolitan Opera House in New York. Like all of Golovin's work, whether it be for the dramatic productions of Meyerhold or for the opera and ballet, this setting combines a certain respect for the depicted scene, Uspyensky Cathedral in the Kremlin where the Tsars were crowned, with a sense of free design.

To open its third season in October 1916, the Kamerny Theatre in Moscow projected Shakespeare's whimsy, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, through a cubist prism, with Aristid Lyentuloff, a leading artist of the radical group, to design scenery and costumes. Several of the scenes did not quite "come off," probably through lack of coordination between the scenic background and the actors. The scene in the inn came nearest to fusing these two elements of the production, although the plastic use of cubism in the theatre was not perfected until later productions. (Photograph by Saharoff, Moscow, used with the permission of the Russian periodical, *Solntsa Rossi*.)

most able and explicit mouthpiece in Fyodor Kommissarzhevsky, brother of the great actress. The group of critics which he represents does not abjure realism altogether as an artistic method. But it rejects not only the superficial copying of outward appearance; it forswears also the attempt merely to copy the inner psychological conditions of play and characters. Kommissarzhevsky analyzes keenly and brilliantly and relentlessly the path by which the Art Theatre achieves its results, and finds, he thinks, a clear understanding on the part of Stanislavsky of the ideal of psychological or spiritualized realism, the goal of all representative art. He insists, however, that the methods which Stanislavsky has used to gain this goal are faulty since they are based ostensibly on a calculated attempt to depict soul states behind the natural exterior, whereas the astonishing accomplishments of the players at the Art Theatre in attaining its specified goal are really the outcome of Stanislavsky's instinctive and intuitive gift to choose the ablest players and to transfer to them something of his own spiritual insight. Against this method bordering on the hypnotic, Kommissarzhevsky erects the theory that the actor must from his own soul build up his vision and "not as an imitator or a psychological experimenter." He, too, served a faithful apprenticeship in the theatre before reaching this viewpoint on theory, not only in the company of his sister but as director of a school for the theatre in Moscow and on his own stage. With all his insight into the characteristics of realism as practiced at the Art Theatre, he is hardly likely to jeopardize the eminence of the latter, because he lacks somehow the gift of supreme imagination which is necessary to prove conclusively the superiority of his theory over that of Stanislavsky.

After all, to achieve its full possibilities, experiment must be conducted in a spirit of joy and with boundless zest in the quest. A divine restlessness and discontent and an energy that is tireless are necessary, but something more naive, more youthful, is required for the discovery of definitely new truth. In contrast with the self-consciousness of Meyerhold and the analytical carefulness of Kommissarzhevsky, the group in control of the Kamerny Theatre in Moscow is a crowd of children turned loose for the first time in their lives in a toy shop. There is a flare about the way Tairoff and Forterre and Alice Koonen approach the task of interpreting a new play similar to the zeal with which the People's *Kommissars* in the Soviet face the problems and the opportunities of making a new world from the ground up. Their actuating motives are strictly esthetic, never political or remotely propagandist, but there is some basis for the name which conservative critics in Moscow have bestowed on them, "Bolsheviki of the Theatre."

The Kamerny was founded in 1914, after the war began, with a definite disbelief both in the theatre of realism and representation and in the theatre theatrical. Its only positive doctrine was to seek by experiment a new form of motivation and method which would fuse the best elements of these contending extremes. This result it proposed to attain, not by compromise, but by the discovery of the laws of a wholly new and harmonic form of theatre art. Tairoff, it is true, came to his task with slight experience in the theatre but with close observation of it at a time when the two opposing theories of Stanislavsky and Meyerhold had reached definite realization and seemed naturally to call for a fusing of their sounder elements. Forterre, on the other hand, brought to the Kamerny a close contact and sympathy with Debussy and the French modernists, while Koonen, the original Mytyl in *The Blue Bird* at the Art Theatre, had found by trial that she could not express herself fully and honestly under the methods of Stanislavsky.

In a general way, the Kamerny proposed to ally both the intimate emotional experience resulting from the theatre of realism and the sense of form and design emphasized by the theatre theatrical. The means toward this end were vague and uncharted in the early productions, but the directors approached each new play with an open mind to see whither its apparent obligations and opportunities would lead them. Sometimes they would seize and interpret with considerable accuracy of conception and execution the keynote of a play, just as when they chose the spirit of Indian miniatures for the motivation of their opening production, *Sakuntala*. At other times, they failed rather dismally, as with Synge's *The Playboy of the Western World*. In recent seasons, however, they have been conscious of a greater precision in interpreting the moods of plays and in bringing out hidden possibilities. Annyensky's bacchanale, *Thamira of the Cithern*, Stolitsa's Persian tragedy, *The Azure Carpet*, and particularly Oscar Wilde's *Salome*, have proved beyond doubt of all but the most straitlaced conservatives that the harmonic union of emotion and form is possible in the theatre. The Kamerny started out with a more or less definite theory, but it did not seek to prove and justify that theory by making its productions fit, will or nil, into the theory. Instead, after the manner of many experimental scientists today, it formulated what it believed was a logical truth and then set out to find by trial whether the facts would bear it out. If they have not fully established it, the reason, as elsewhere, would seem to be the lack thus far of dramatic material written purposely to be expressed by Kamerny methods.

Several interesting variants of these theories within the province

of the theatre as it has always been conceived may be found on Russian stages. The most intriguing practitioner of them is N. F. Balieff who with his super-cabaret, *Letutchaya Muish* or The Bat, is the bad boy of Muscovite mummery. Like so many another, he grew up artistically under Stanislavsky at the Art Theatre, and when he found his individual expression hampered by the specialized manner of that institution he seceded and founded first a private circle for the amusement of his friends and then developed it into a public stage and restaurant. The Bat is a cosmopolitan retreat, for its proprietor is just as likely as not to include in one bill a snatch from each of the outstanding theories and practices found current in Russian theatres: a half hour of realism according to the Art Theatre, an intensely mannered and self-conscious tribute to Meyerhold's ideals, or a moment of passion in the vein of the Kamerny. Nearly always, however, as is fitting in a playhouse of such a purpose, the note is intensified and sharpened. Passion flares hectic and humor becomes blowsy. More interesting and suggestive than the interpretive theory employed in any given case, is the impressionistic and stylized realism of Balieff's settings—simple in the extreme, catching the high lights of the mood to be summoned, and expressing the individuality of the man and his caprices rather than any consciously formulated theory of the theatre.

Wholly outside this range of theory and practice within the confines of the traditional theatre, is the concept of Monodrama as propounded and exemplified by Nikolai Yevreynoff. No comparison is possible between it and the other theories and practices heretofore set forth. Monodrama, as Yevreynoff has developed it, is not a new way of producing or interpreting plays already written. It is, therefore, not a competitor in any sense of either realism or the several opponents to realism. It is, instead, an entirely new way of thinking the theatre. It opens an unsuspected door in the mansion of Drama, disclosing a whole wing of the palace of which no one had ever dreamed. That part of the mansion which has been in long use will not suffer by the discovery, for only those restless, seeking souls who in the past have gone outdoors for air will explore and fit out these new halls and corridors.

To state briefly and clearly the basis of Yevreynoff's theory is more difficult than to explain the Revolution to one who has not been in Russia at some time in the past three years. There is almost no parallel, no common ground from which to proceed to an understanding of differences. In substance, however, Monodrama proposes a play in which the audience is asked to identify itself with a single character on the stage. Everything that appears on the stage: the

other characters, the successive events in the dramatic narrative, the aspect of the scene from time to time, even the guise of the leading character himself—all these elements of the drama are presented and seen by the audience as the leading character sees or conceives them. Everything, in other words, passes through him as a prism. Everything is seen as it seems to him.

Yevreynoff's purpose in Monodrama is to concentrate the emotional experience of the spectator, which he believes is unduly dissipated by the necessity in the present theatre of identifying one's self with one character after another. Like the proponents of less revolutionary theories, he reached this conception of drama after long experience in the actual theatre. Little by little, the idea grew in his consciousness as little by little in writing and producing plays he found that his growing theory was attaining practical justification. His plays, such as *The Representation of Love,* were written as the natural expression of an imagination which concurrently recognized and crystallized the esthetic motivation by which the plays lived, not as attempts to prove an arbitrarily erected theory.

Precept and practice in the Ballet and the Opera lead into a field of discussion all their own. The Ballet particularly has been a battleground these last ten or fifteen years. In the phase of scene and setting, of course, as distinguished from the esthetics of dance technique and allied problems, the issues are identical with those in the theatre. The fact that they are identical is fairly well proved by the ease with which such scenic artists as Golovin can turn from drama to ballet or opera, as well as by the similarity of the designs for a given play to those which serve for an opera or a ballet made from the same legend.

To draw all the possible implications for our own theatre from this survey of theory and practice in the Russian theatres is also beyond the province of this review. The most evident inference, it seems to me, is that theory is evolved most clearly in company with free experiment. As these various Russian concepts and motivations for the theatre become known among us, they are likely to find imitators and converts. But that way does not lie the most honest development of our stage. We must discover our own theories in the midst of our own free experiment if they are to help us to achieve vivid expression in the theatre as an art.

Simplicity of mechanism is no bar to the sharply atmospheric setting of exotic dramas and sketches at Moscow's supercabaret, *Letutchaya Muish* or The Bat. Balieff, its proprietor, trained under Stanislavsky at the Moscow Art Theatre, draws his material from all literatures and adapts it to all moods. The setting above is for a Chinese piece made from a tale by Henri de Regnier, French symbolist, with music by the Russian composer Arhangelsky. Just as in this instance, Balieff usually abjures realism and marks his locale by a flaming bit of suggestive design. (Photograph by Saharoff, Moscow, used with the permission of the Russian periodical, *Solntsa Rossi.*)

The intensely individualized viewpoint which is at the basis of Nikolai Yevreynoff's theory of Monodrama is patent in the lines from his play illustrating that theory, *The Representation of Love*, of which the scene above is the setting: "No, the sea has no justification. . . When I look at it I remember how when bathing I almost caught pneumonia. . . Besides, I ask you, where is the beauty! . . Grey, tiresome, monotonous. . . "

About the Theatre in London

By Huntly Carter

Reindividualization of acting is the new thing in actor-craft, going beyond the pre-war proposals of William Poel and the exponents of ensemble acting. In place of impersonation the new theory offers personation. Instead of the actor losing himself in a part, the part is to lose itself in him, so that his most precious possession, his individuality, may have free play. This theory of re-individualization is being practised by a Russian society called "Lahda," in plays and ballets produced by M. Comisarjevsky who proposes to make acting so important that the spectator will forget all about the scenery. A dizzy pinnacle to which none but the biggest-souled acting will take us.

A very successful application of M. Comisarjevsky's methods appeared in his production, for Mr. J. B. Fagan at the Duke of York's Theatre, of Gogol's *The Government Inspector*. Imagine a number of quaint, living marionettes, in Victorian costumes and colors, in a golden interior. Imagine these figures representing the officials of a town asleep, threatened by the visit of a high functionary. Then imagine them, worked by the strings of fear, unfolding in the most laughable individual way, and you have a fair idea of what this Russian producer is giving us.

The comparative barrenness of the play year since the signing of peace may be taken as evidence that the renewal of practical drama-craft has not begun. Except for *Abraham Lincoln, The Lost Leader,* and one or two other pieces, there has been nothing to show that the free technicians have re-taken the high old path.

Of present-day theatre craft it may be said that it is by far the most potent of the influences toward theatrical reform. There is hardly an important play produced that does not reveal a touch, at least, of the new ideas in scenery and costume, though they may still be lacking in essential unity and coherence. Oddly enough, these influences are working in the London theatre largely through Russian agencies—especially through the influence of the Russian Ballet and the Moscow Art Theatre.

When I speak of the Russian Ballet I mean the Serge Diaghileff organization—a combination of æsthetic power and technical originality. This organization has nothing to do with the numerous other Russian Ballets which have lately come to these unfortunate shores and which are not exactly a shapely and bewitching lot. It is in a different category from the Anna Pavlova Ballet, now at the Drury Lane Theatre, with its grandmotherly choreographic gymnastics, its

disgraceful settings and its slushy sentimentality. This and the other related Ballets are dance-shows. The Serge Diaghileff Ballet is an unending vital experiment—marked by discovery and assimilation and renewed search for something that shall be a joy to the eye and a stimulus to the creative intelligence. In its latest phase it is occupied with an endeavor to give significant and creative form to motion, to unite (according to Massine, the inspired ballet-master) the ideas of Fokine, exemplified in his rhythmic motion pictures, with the ideas of Nijinsky, as seen in his plastic form pictures. A new background and costume is also emerging, designed to harmonize with the technical daring of the dance-movements, now being carried by Massine into a developed form of expression called a language. This is largely due to the cooperation of certain painters of the first rank,—Picasso, Matisse, Derain, Larionoff—. Thus the new ballets *La Boutique Fantasque, Children's Tales,* (with its tremendous feeling of joy) *The three-Cornered Hat* and *Parade* (with its beautiful form) are exerting a powerful influence. I shall be surprised indeed if the Diaghileff organization does not prove one of the big, all-around forces in the coming years, provided it continues its present development and adopts certain essential theatrecraft improvements, especially an intelligent system of lighting, which it lacks at present. At any rate its influence is everywhere just now.

Quite lately it seems to have touched Sir J. M. Barrie, one of the most old-fashioned of our writers so far as theatre-craft goes,. Year after year Barrie's *Peter Pan* has made its appearance at Christmas time with an uncompromising suit of realistic ugliness that made the sensitive squirm. Thousands of children have seen this setting, with what effect upon their minds it is not difficult to guess. One would have thought that Barrie, if only out of sheer public spirit, would have done something long ago to better the production of his pieces. In *The Truth About the Russian Dancers,* he has gone to the other extreme. Although the piece does not rank as an intelligent piece of writing it lends itself to interpretation by a combination of rare ability, all touched by the new influence. There is Barrie, turned Diaghileff admirer, Karsavina, the Diaghileff leading lady, Arnold Bax, a Diaghileff composer, and Paul Nash, an extremist painter, possessed of the ability and the particular kind of imagination necessary to turn out settings and costumes that receive the Diaghileff blessing. All of these have combined to produce an entertainment whose humor and whimsicality, color, form and motion get across the footlights at the Coliseum Theatre as surely as the Pussyfoot solution of the drink problem has lately got across the Atlantic.

Of the Moscow Art Theatre ideas in London, the most noticeable

is the simple grey scene, picked out with warm orange lights. This scene has made its appearance of late in several productions, notably Tolstoi's *Reparation* at the St. James' Theatre, *The Crimson Alibi,* at the Strand Theatre and certain Reandean productions including Mr. Arnold Bennett's *Sacred and Profane Love* at the Aldwych Theatre. Besides these pieces there were others staged with a severe simplicity which recalled at once the methods of the Moscow Art Theatre. For instance, Mr. Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln,* and Mr. J. B. Fagan's remarkably interesting production of *The Merchant of Venice* may be noted. Much the same method has been employed to give the color of life to certain productions of Gogol, Tolstoi, Andreyev, Tchekov, with which the Art Theatre, Pioneer Players, State Society and one or two commercial theatres under the direction of non-commercial managers have given us entertaining afternoons and evenings. On the whole it may be said that the Russians are in force. Quite rightly they appear to think that brilliant ideas are the only wear for a London reform theatre. What the London reform theatre thinks cannot be mentioned, for the war has put it in an awful hole for money.

At the moment of writing, two pieces, Barrie's *Mary Rose* and Hartley Manners' *A Night in Rome* have been produced. As they reflect the spiritualist tendency in this country and seem to prophesy that the theatre is about to be flooded with ghosts, their appearance ought to rejoice Lord Northcliffe who is spending 20,000 pounds and lending his press to promote spiritualism. This is enough to make the most prejudiced bosom long to harbor the new tendency.

The Jewish Art Theatre

By Rebecca Drucker

It was not to be foreseen when the Jewish Art Theatre reopened the abandoned Garden Theatre in New York on September 3rd of last year that an experiment of extraordinary interest was about to ensue. Those of us who had watched and hoped for the rise of a modern art theatre here had not looked to see our hopes fulfilled from that quarter.

And yet we might have. There are three points with which the Jewish theatre starts in advance of our own. For one thing, it has always existed by the repertory system—which is superficially the mechanical basis of the art theatre. For another its tradition of acting and drama is essentially a realistic one. The Jewish theatre came into existence when the modern movement made its first defiance to the classic tradition. It started clear of the encumbrance of a romantic spirit. It never had a grand manner to live down. And, finally, it draws for its drama upon an older racial memory, a deeper folk experience.

The amazing thing, the thing that made itself felt almost with the parting of the curtains at that first performance of *The Idle Inn* with which the theatre opened was a sort of high assurance, an authority that arrested and mastered the audience. It was an artistic conviction so deep that it could make its own terms of expression. Here was no painful groping after an idiom, none of that fermentation and experimentation with which our own art theatre is beset. They—the play, the players, the stagecraft,—spoke out of a certainty of direction and purpose that simplified all their expression, out of something so importunate that it could only be said spontaneously and powerfully.

The arc of their season is made up of such flashing prismatic colors as are contained in Hirschbein's *The Idle Inn* or the genre picture *Green Fields,* Hauptmann's *Lonely Lives,* the austere mediaeval symbolical drama *The Dumb Messiah* by David Pinski, the farcical *Bronx Express* by Ossip Dimow, the sophisticated Schnitzlerian *Samson and Delilah* by Sven Lange, *The Dumb,* a study of the modern intellectual Jew, Przybysewski's *Joy,* Sholom Asche's comedy of poor folk, *Servitors,* and Sholom Asche's *With the Current.* With the possible exception of *The Bronx Express,* not one of these plays addressed itself to the popular viewpoint, and yet they carried through a season to a notable success. Not all these plays had the same number of performances. Following the custom of the Jewish theatre of giving the most popular plays of the repertory on the best theatre nights,

Saturday and Sunday, *The Idle Inn, Green Fields, The Bronx Express* and *Samson and Delilah* were most often on the week-end bills. The other plays, appealing to more limited audiences, had a varying number of performances on week-night bills.

This repertory is remarkably interesting for the completeness of the figure it makes in the carpet which is Jewish culture. The foreign plays are there chiefly because theirs is an intellectual idiom that has been assimilated by the modern Jewish intelligentsia and made its own,—but basically the Art theatre is a folk theatre. It is preoccupied with its folk emotions, conscious and unconscious, with its long amassed wealth of tradition and with the points of conflict between this tradition and the modern world. It is the expression of a folk intent on discovering itself and its relation to the world around it. How much vitality carries this impulse to expression is illuminatingly evident in the fact that in its first season it has evoked three dramatists of extraordinary power.

Not that these men grew out of the Art theatre—rather that the art theatre grew out of them. The commercial Jewish theatre, scaled to trivialities as the Anglo-Saxon theatre is, had no room for figures of the stature of David Pinski, Sholom Asche or Peretz Hirschbein.

Sholom Asche has, of the three, had the greatest measure of recognition from the popular Jewish theatre. Yet in spite of his marked gift for the theatre, in spite of the fact that it attracted him enormously from the first—the conditions of production being what they were he has chiefly written novels and sketches. David Pinski, though he is perhaps the most widely translated of Jewish writers, and notwithstanding that his distinctive and powerful imagination has expressed itself chiefly in the form of drama, is scarcely known to the Jewish theatre. But the most interesting figure of the three is Hirschbein.

Hirschbein is a small, spare, dark man with an arresting head and vivid eyes. His face is finely drawn as if cut out of old ivory. For twenty-five years he has been writing plays that no one has produced. He has written twenty-nine plays, and his first production was at the hands of the group that make up the Art Theatre when they gave a preliminary season at the Irving Place Theatre last year.

There is the aura of romance over Hirschbein—something in his life that aims at the same point of the compass as his plays. An eager, restless, searching soul, he wanders insatiably. He has spent years in remote points of Africa and Asia. He knows all the capitals of Europe. He goes wherever the scent of curiosity leads him. There is something significant and symbolical in this restlessness, and something significant too in the nostalgia that draws him home. For always

he returns to the contemplation of the way of life of the Jew in the little Russian villages that huddle close to the soil.

He writes of them as no one has ever written before. He shows the Jew living under the sky, where the Ghetto does not exist to remind him of his sorrow. He shows him released from his past, making again the pagan gesture of joyousness. Hirschbein is the Romanticist, the Hellenist of Jewish literature. There is joyousness, there is hopefulness in the Jew. There is an unquenchably romantic spirit. What else could have kept him alive against such odds, he cries.

Hirschbein's plays are rich with the colors of the soil, swift with the beat of primitive feeling. Curiously enough, in all the literature of Russia seen here these are the first poetic transcriptions of peasant life.

Hirschbein lighted the torch for the folk theatre a quarter of a century ago. It flickered and went out and was relighted many times. To quench it, there was always the old Russian law forbidding a Jewish theatre. There were defiances and heavy punishments without number. Jacob Ben Ami, the principal actor of the Jewish Art Theatre, whose discovery has been one of the shining events of this season, came to this country six years ago to escape this artistic repression.

It is to Jacob Ben Ami, that the Art Theatre chiefly owes its existence. When he left Russia six years ago, he carried the ideal with him to London, where he thought the large Russian Jewish community would welcome it. London proved a barren place, and he came on to this country.

The Jewish theatre in this country six years ago was even more barren. Ben Ami would have returned to Russia then, preferring official repression to the deadly indifference that he found in the Jewish theatre here, but the war cut off his retreat.

It had cut off the retreat of a large number of kindred spirits as it had his, and these, gravitating toward each other, rekindled the dream. They found that a large number of artists were imprisoned in the treadmill of the commercial theatre, that there were not only actors and playwrights, but men with bold, original theories of stage design waiting for their hour, and mystically, long before there was a theatre to house it, the fashion which shaped the Art Theatre was accomplished.

Their first practical move was to persuade a manager, Mr. Max Schwartz, who held the lease of the Irving Place Theatre, to risk the policy of interlarding popular offerings with literary plays. The repertory system would enable him to retreat when he had gone be-

yond his depth. Mr. Schwartz hesitated, timidly risked Hirschbein's play, *An Obscure Nook,* was amazed to find how well it drew, and risked a little more. But his timidity made sustained accomplishment impossible. On the strength, however, of the first season's response, an endower was found who made the season at the Garden Theatre an assured possibility.

The year at the Garden theatre brought the gifts of ensemble acting, of a subtler and finer kind of directing than New York has yet seen—and an actor on whom is the stamp of greatness—Ben Ami. Of Ben Ami first.

He has fire and imagination, an amazing mimetic power, a dynamic personality. The star system, with its stupid eminences was not necessary to compel attention to him. He was the magnetic center of the organization by virtue of a rare creative power. New York will see him next season on the English-speaking stage under the direction of Arthur Hopkins. It will see a man whose artistic sense is so amazingly true, that no gesture, however bizarre, seems false. It will see a man capable of recreating life at a greater heat, in a newer and more powerful artistic idiom than any we have on our present-day stage.

The first three plays were produced under the direction of Emanuel Reicher. When Mr. Reicher resigned to go to the Theatre Guild, Mr. Ben Ami became the director. First and last the direction at the art theatre was subtle and fascinating. The effect of the second act, the wedding scene, in *The Idle Inn* was amazing— Here were crowd and color handled with broad and vivid effects, with a swing of rhythm and an exquisite command of detail. Shifting and weaving into fantastic patterns, with an ever increasing pulsing beat, it reached a marvellous crescendo. Unselfconscious, rhythmic, joyous—it left behind it all the artificialities of the stage crowd. Here was the genuine cadence of the crowd.

And always too in intimate scenes there was the sense of that casualness that the English theatre strives after so hard and seldom attains without marked self-consciousness. This arises largely from the excellence of the individual actors who made up the Jewish Art Theatre. It would be hard to find a company made up of such ripened artists as Ben Ami, Celia Adler, Bina Abramowitz, Jechiel Goldsmith, Gershon Rubin and Anna Applebaum. But the great triumph of the Jewish Art Theatre in acting was that for the first time it presented a real ensemble organization, not the stock company with its shoddy makeshifts or a repertory company with its extravagant importations of guests, but a flexible, economical, highly group-conscious organization in which there were no excrescences and in which every individuality was preserved whole.

Theirs is a realism sharper than ours. Gesture is broad and spontaneous. It is sometimes bizarre and gauche, but such a sincerity inhabits these actors as makes them not afraid of a harsh gesture or a harsher tone.

The curious thing is that notwithstanding the fact that the genius of the Yiddish theatre is a tragic one—that the stuff of Jewish drama is sorrow and loneliness and self-denial—nowhere does the comedy of character flower more richly. The Yiddish stage is far richer than ours in comedians—and such comedians.

We know character acting as something largely compounded of technique; here it is something rich and flowing and abundant. Our stage does not give us such wide and unctuous and flavored men and women, human idiosyncrasy so shrewdly seen and sharply reproduced as Bina Abramowitz or Gershon Rubin have bestowed a dozen times at the Art Theatre.

The fineness of the ensemble acting is only part of that feeling for the whole which is the keynote at the Art Theatre. It is eloquent of the settings too, simple, sometimes bare—but never self-conscious or stylistic. Never indeed has the pastoral scene been so exquisitely reproduced on our stage as in the first act of *The Idle Inn* or the first act of *Green Fields*. And in these pastoral scenes, people moved as if they grew out of the landscape—common, earthy, Goyaesque. In *The Dumb Messiah* was achieved a spectacle with impressive effort, something that achieved the tone of bleak and barren hopelessness.

In lighting, too, the Art Theatre worked out its independent technique, achieving striking effects of outdoor and indoor light with indirect lighting. It will be hard to forget the morning sunlight that hung over *Green Fields,* the twilight of the *Idle Inn.* It will be hard to forget the bleak stage with its dusty flies of *Samson and Delilah,* with Ben Ami an impotent, grimacing figure, curiously giving the impression of being the only human being on a stage full of marionettes. Uneven, exotic, bizarre the Jewish Art Theatre sometimes was—but it was always alive. It was without a doubt the most interesting product of the season of 1920.

Sketch for the setting of Act I, Scene 3 of *Much Ado about Nothing*—"a room in Leonato's house"—as shown in the exhibition of models and designs by Robert Edmond Jones at the Bourgeois Galleries in New York during May. The scheme for setting the various scenes of the play is based on the use throughout of a "skeleton set," the elements of which will be apparent after a comparison of this plate with the one following.

Model by Robert Edmond Jones for the setting of Act III, Scene 1 of *Much Ado about Nothing*: Leonato's garden. (By courtesy of the Bourgeois Galleries.)

The Work of C. Raymond Johnson

By Eunice Tietjens

In the recent production at the Garrick Theatre of the *Medea* of Euripides—in Gilbert Murray's translation—New York has had an opportunity to judge for itself why that portion of Chicago which is interested in the new movement in the theatre must always mourn the untimely demise of the Chicago Little Theatre.

It was the experimentation in the production of Greek drama, including this same *Medea,* on the more intimate stage of the Little Theatre which enabled Maurice Browne to meet and overcome the difficulties in the way of this larger production. And the artistic success of the latter as of the former was greatly enhanced by the work of C. Raymond Johnson, formerly scenic director of the Little Theatre.

Mr. Johnson's conception of the setting for the tragedy does not follow the classic tradition; indeed he shares the impatience with all the trammels of the past which is characteristic of the younger men today—unless the promptings of his own Scandinavian blood, which he obeys with unfailing instinct, may be called a tradition. Mr. Johnson conceives of the *Medea* as tragedy in the abstract, in the realm of pure art, and stages it as such. To him the Greek pillars and the high key of the classic setting are too sharply localized, carry too many historical and intellectual overtones, and so really hinder the emotional validity of the tragedy itself, which, being art, is timeless.

The somber, conventionalized setting which he devised to carry the essential emotion of the drama, in which the action as revealed in the brilliant colors of the costumes moves vividly against the black background of tragedy, belongs to no place and no time, and therefore leaves the imagination free. Mr. Kenneth Macgowan in another department of this issue discusses the production at some length, so it is unnecessary to describe the setting here. But a word as to the theory of Mr. Johnson's lighting of it may not be amiss.

Lighting is Mr. Johnson's specialty. Primarily a painter, he brings to the theatre an essentially visual mind, and concentrates on the two purely visual factors through which the central rhythm of the play passes, decoration and lighting. But decoration, once the key is set, remains relatively a static thing—except in rare instances like Cloyd Head's *Grotesques* where the background by a curious device is made continually dynamic—while lighting has the added interest of being constantly changing, constantly responsive to the central rhythm, and

thus modifies and heightens the decoration itself. So Mr. Johnson concentrates on lighting.

He himself wrote of his belief: "I think of progress on the stage, and I see the scene a simple, orderly massing, principally projected by light. Light to me offers the greatest possibilities of all the means on the stage. With it I hope to see great things accomplished. With it I hope to do something. I seriously believe we are only at the beginning of a great new day in the use of light."

Mr. Johnson's lighting is never realistic, it never merely illuminates the scene. It is always emotional, representing in visual form the kaleidoscopic passions and moods of the drama. Thus in the *Medea* he has two planes of light, which mirror the two different moods of the drama. The lighting of the stage proper, from the built-in proscenium to the door of the palace, follows the mood of the general action of the drama which is played on it. The lighting of the space behind, however, which is visible through the great open doors, indicates the mood of Medea herself. In the New York production Mr. Johnson modified somewhat the lighting of this Medea motif which he had used in the Chicago Little Theatre, as he had grown to consider his first conception a little too complicated. It is doubtful if the audience is conscious of this differentiation of meaning in the planes of light, but the double rhythm produced by it, communicated unconsciously, enriches the emotional effect of the play.

One result of Mr. Johnson's preoccupation with light has been the tendency to make his settings simple and always more simple, to eliminate and conventionalize, thus coming as he says "nearer to reality, being farther from realism." For if the lighting is to be dynamic in itself it cannot be broken up by a host of irrelevant details, but must produce its effects in large simple masses. In writing of a setting for Maurice Browne's *King of the Jews* (from which the two costume plates here reproduced are taken) he describes his process as follows: "When I progressed from the sketch of the idea to the three-dimensional stage model which was the idea worked out, the inevitable tendency was to discard and simplify, to get rid of the distracting and retain the thing with meaning. Here I had, not composition of shadow, designed, but mass, making shadow. My light was simple. Under it my lines straightened and the mass composed more boldly, took on new meaning."

This quotation will serve to show another outstanding characteristic of Johnson, namely his extremely practical nature. He came to the Chicago Little Theatre as a very young man, a painter, with no experience in the theatre and, what is more, no theories about it. Everything that he learned about stage decoration he learned from

experience, from the medium itself, not from any intellectual theorizing about it. Indeed, even today he has very few and very simple abstract ideas about his work. Each new setting is worked out as an immediate concrete problem to be met and conquered, and he still carries to it few preconceived ideas, save that the setting must fit the play. "The designer of the drama's decoration must know the drama intimately," he says; "he must sense and see the movement and mood of the play as projected by the players. This means of course that he must watch the growth of the play in rehearsals. Ideally I would design my scenery and costumes in rehearsal, working with the players in the scene for my models, testing the truth and value of my arrangement at every point of the action."

This practical side of Mr. Johnson's nature saves him from one of the dangers of the decorators of the new stagecraft movement, namely the tendency to become so interested in theory or in pure art that they do not take the practical possibilities of a given stage, or a given sum of money, or a given time, into consideration, and so find themselves with a production which cannot be more than half executed.

C. Raymond Johnson is past master of the art of making much out of little. On the tiny stage at his disposal in Chicago, a stage so small that the actors themselves had always a tendency to look disproportionately large, and with extremely limited financial resources, he yet contrived some of the most striking and beautiful effects which have been produced on any stage in the country. He evolved devices which carried the eye and the imagination out beyond the frame of the stage, and so gave an illusion of spaciousness difficult to believe unless seen. Such a device was the pair of gigantic doors in the *Medea,* doors of which the top was not visible in the Little Theatre production, and which seemed to stretch up into infinity. He discovered that the backdrop was at best so near the audience that it was impossible to illuminate it sharply enough to produce an effect of distance. It only showed a painted surface. So he evolved architectural vistas in perspective at the end of which gleamed a patch of sky, in one case hardly larger in reality than a dinner plate, brilliantly lighted, which gave an amazing illusion of depth. He found ways of carrying the eye out to the right and left of the stage, and even in one case dressed the scene as the top of a hill, the actors crouching down at the back and making their entrance by slowly rising as though their heads were just appearing over the crest, thus extending the feeling of the stage downward. Never has a small stage appeared so elastic as the Little Theatre stage in Johnson's hands.

Under the same spur of practical necessity he varied his style to suit the varied repertory of the theatre, designing and executing—for

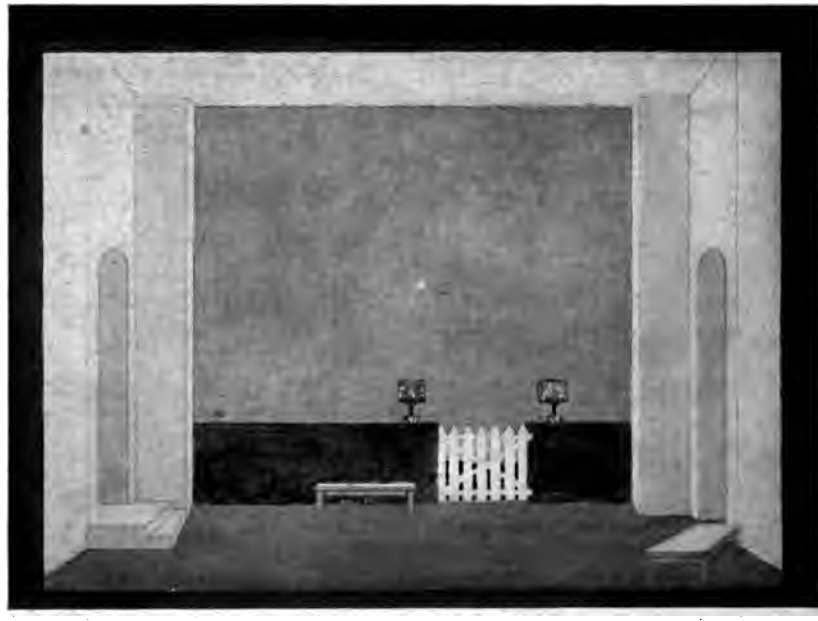
in this limited organization it was necessary for him to execute a large part of his designs himself—sets for Greek tragedy, modern poetic drama, realistic comedy, historical plays, interpretative dancing, genre pieces and puppet plays. He made posters, program designs and even a device for the tickets. Yet, though he adapted himself to so many styles, he remained at his best in poetic drama,—whether classic or modern. For Raymond Johnson has essentially the simple heart and naive eye of the poet—or the child. He will never be sophisticated nor complex enough to understand completely some of the moderns, but on the other hand none of the large immortal simplicities will ever escape him, a quality only too rare in this day of subtleties. With real tragedy and poetic fantasy he is always at home and in his theatrical work it is on sets like that for *Medea, The Trojan Women* and Cloyd Head's *Grotesques*—which he himself considers his most successful set—that his fame rests.

During his term with the Chicago Little Theatre he made several sets for full-size stages, the two best known of which were *The Trojan Women,* with which the Little Theatre toured the country in 1915, and *Mrs. Warren's Profession* which was given at the Fine Arts Theatre in Chicago. The *Trojan Women* set was not unlike the *Medea* in mood, the entire scene consisting of a gigantic wall of massive stone blocks reaching beyond the upper edge of the stage, down the center of which extended a jagged, but conventionalized, breach. The following description by Eloise Ramsey gives a very good idea of the effect produced.

"The note of infinite space, as essentially a part of the Johnson setting as is the profuse color a part of the Bakst setting, was here attained by a jagged break in a wall of astounding height and massiveness through which glowed the constantly changing light that symbolized the annihilating power of the victorious Greeks and accentuated the misery of the Trojan captives. The brooding darkness of this shattered mass shrouded the entire action. In the sinister shadow of the ruined wall groped the clinging figures of the women, drawn together by the sympathy born of common anguish—a union marvellously suggested by the blending of their somber-hued draperies in a low-keyed harmony, as exquisite and as haunting as a strain of broken music. Above them towered the magnificent, solitary Hecuba, robed in the dull purple of crushed hopes and relentless wrath. By this rigid simplification the whole movement became a majestic flowing rhythm held together in perfect unison. All mechanism was completely subordinated to the central ideal of the tragedy."

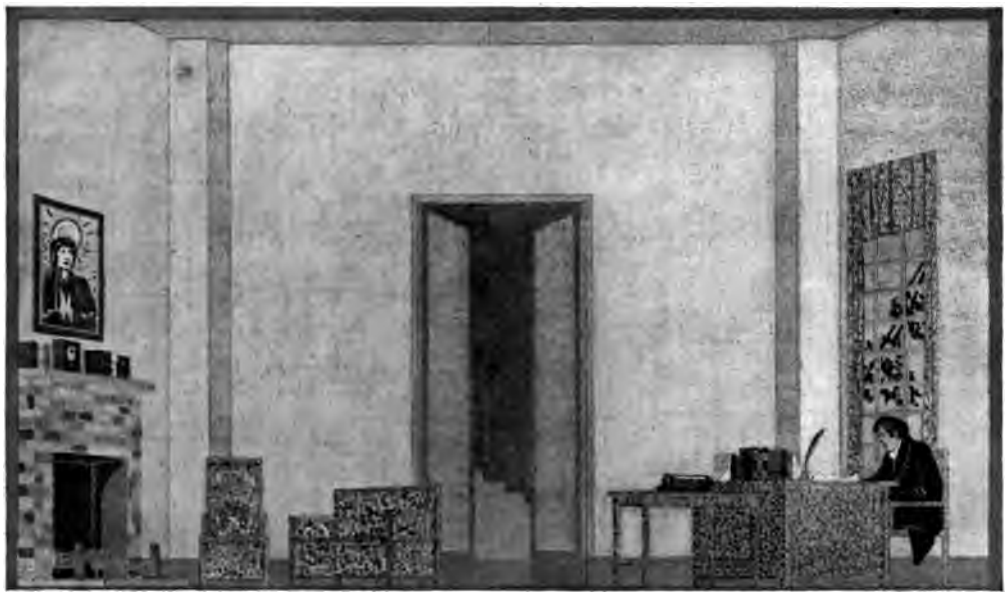
In the set for *Mrs. Warren's Profession,* Mr. Johnson was hampered by the necessity for the most rigid economy, but in spite of this,

Raymond Johnson's original sketch for the setting of Maurice Browne's recent production of *Medea*. A photograph of the production, showing the scene as it appeared under the stage lighting, appears on page 187.



Design by Raymond Johnson for Act III (the rectory garden) of *Mrs. Warren's Profession*, as produced by the Chicago Little Theatre. The entire framework of the setting remained just as shown here throughout all the scenes of the play, changes in the back wall and the doorways creating a new atmosphere or locale for each scene.

Design for Act IV of *Mrs. Warren's Profession* (Vivie's office), showing utilization of the same permanent frame in a scene of absolutely different atmosphere.



Design by Raymond Johnson for Act I of Shaw's *Candida*, as produced by the Chicago Little Theatre.

Design by Raymond Johnson for setting of Act II of Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows*. The stage direction is: "Alban. Early morning in the beginning of winter. A wood."

Two costume designs by Raymond Johnson for the Chicago Little Theatre's production of Maurice Browne's *The King of the Jews*. At the left is Judas; at the right, Mary.

or perhaps because of it, he accomplished a most ingenious and interesting result. Here he was confronted by a modern realistic comedy in four acts, each requiring a different setting, and all to be done for less than the usual producer puts into a single scene. He solved the riddle by a series of gray sections which were rearranged into the four requisite scenes. The addition of two or three extra pieces, a different color scheme in the furniture and draperies, and a very ingenious system of lighting served to make the transformation. The two drawings given here are for the two most successful scenes, the garden scene and the office. As showing what can be accomplished with little this production may well serve as a model for the numerous small art theatres which are unfortunately obliged only too often to work with insufficient funds.

The design for Synge's *Deirdre of the Sorrows* here reproduced has, we believe, never been executed, as the performance given by the Little Theatre of this play was hastily done and staged by someone else. Among the other plays not previously mentioned for which Mr. Johnson has made settings or designs are Shaw's *Candida* and *The Philanderer, The Charity that Began at Home* and *The Constant Lover* by St. John Hankin, *The Maker of Dreams* by Oliphant Down, *Katherine Parr* by Maurice Baring, *The Pretty Sabine Women* by Leonid Andreyeff, *Anatol* by Schnitzler, *The Stronger* and *Creditors* by Strindberg, Ibsen's *Hedda Gabler* and *Rosmersholm, The Happy Prince* after Oscar Wilde, dramatized by Lou Wall More, three plays by Mrs. Havelock Ellis, *Womenkind* by W. W. Gibson, *Joint Owners in Spain* by Alice Brown, *Columbine* by Reginald Arkell, *The Lost Silk Hat* by Lord Dunsany, *Midsummer Nights' Dream* for the puppet stage, *Jael* by Florence Kiper Frank, *The Curtains* by Cloyd Head and Mary Gavin, and Professor Horace Kallen's version of *Job* produced in 1916 at Harvard University.

The Contemporary Chinese Theatre

By Shen Hung

Everything in China now is in a state of flux; so is the Chinese theatre. One finds a motley of theatrical institutions in various parts of the country. Three distinct types may however be distinguished. First there is the so-called modern theatre, to be found only in such big cities as Peking and Shanghai, with its asbestos curtain, electric lights, concrete or steel fire escapes, and in one case, with sanitary shower baths for patrons! Not only that, another "modern" feature was introduced in 1906,—the revolving stage.

Then there is the Imperial Theatre in the New Summer Palace near Peking. It contains three stages, one above the other. Important actions take place on the middle stage, which is therefore the main stage. Gods sit in the upper story as if to control the destiny of the people directly below them, while "the lower and warmer region" is represented by the lower stage to which the villains always fall after being slain by the heroes. Truly a model of perfection!

In most parts of China, one finds the third type predominant, sometimes the only one existent. It is the typical old-style Chinese theatre, to which we shall confine our attention in this article. It is, in fact, the contemporary Chinese theatre, because it is so prevalent and still so popular with the great mass of people. Certainly it is Chinese, for it preserves the Chinese theatrical traditions.

II

Always rectangular in shape, the Chinese theatre is a unique structure. A curtain or screen is hung behind the entrance gate so as to hide the stage from the people on the street. To the right of the gate is the "box office" where the theatre-goers may change their bank notes, deposit their valuables, but very rarely buy their tickets. That is only because of the customary rule which requires admission fees to be collected when the program is about two-thirds over. By that time those who are dissatisfied with the show have already left the place while those who stay will pay ungrudgingly for what they enjoy.

In the good old days any charge over twenty-five cents for a first class show was considered exorbitant. Only when "the king of the stage" (Mr. Tan-Hsing-Peh, who impersonated famous historical

characters) appeared personally, an additional ten cents could be collected. His death two years ago was mourned by many. Now, "the queen of the stage" (Mr. Mei-Lang-Fang, who impersonates female characters, mostly vampish) succeeds him as the people's favorite; and the admission fee has been increased nearly eight times. A theatre of average size holds 700 people nominally; each box holding five people. But if fifty people can be jammed into one box, so long as they keep within bounds, the management does not interfere.

To the left of the gate is the usher's quarter. There many things are stored: tea pots, tea cups, cakes, candies, fruits, and tobacco which are to be sold during the performance. There, again, hats and coats may be checked. In case of damage or loss, the ushers may be held responsible. The hot water tub is also situated there, so that hot towels (towels moistened in boiling water) can be served to the patrons for wiping their faces, thereby removing some of their drowsiness after three or four hours of close attention to the performance.

As already indicated, the stage lies at the other end of the enclosure facing the entrance, with chairs and tables all around. Here is the "pit." Boxes are found along both sides on a level with the balcony, which is opposite the stage. Instead of facing the stage, these two rows of boxes face each other. In spite of this disadvantage of unfavorable location, the box seats are the most expensive. In some of the theatres, discrimination is made in favor of the gentle sex. Thus the boxes are for ladies only, who are not slow to embrace the boxes as a vantage ground for exhibiting their pearls, jades, and other attractions.

Like the theatre, the stage is also rectangular in form. The size of the platform varies with that of the theatre. On it the greatest decisive battles in Chinese history are fought. A musical band of some twelve people stays at the rear of the stage, where room is also provided for furnishings to be used in the performance. The stage has two "entrances": the one on the right for practically all entrances, and the one on the left for exits.

A large room behind the stage is at once the dressing room, property room, and the green room. Spears and swords, helmets and wigs are hung on the walls; robes and boots are laid in the boxes; while paints and tea are placed on the table. The leading artists of course have their private rooms. All the others sit there, talking, smoking, laughing and drinking tea. Near the two entrances stand the "waste-paper-basket" players, who take a variety of parts, appearing in each and all of the plays of the day. These poor souls get a dollar for one performance, a very insignificant sum when compared with what the leading artist gets,—usually between three and five hundred dollars.

III

As a class the actors are generally looked down upon by the people. There was a time when no actor was permitted to take the government literary examinations, the passing of which was the only way to win fame and respect. But time has changed that. Today a group of literary men—including several well known poets and novelists—idolize their favorite actors to such an extent that they themselves are not highly regarded by the people. It is true that many of the actors have inadequate education, true that many of them live extravagant and unclean lives; but some can paint and compose, and some are model citizens. Perhaps the prejudice against actors is because of the Chinese prejudice against commercialism. People may think, a man who can sell himself to make others laugh has certainly no self-respect, and therefore is not entitled to respect from others.

Several experienced actors can get together and form a company. Each has probably a repertoire of twenty to a hundred plays, in which he can appear in the leading roles. One of the actors must be a historical player, one must be a sword dancer, and one must be able to play the woman's part. Then others are recruited until the company includes about one hundred people. Good actors can be "loaned"; they travel from place to place where they can obtain special engagements. The company usually stays at one place for a season. Where municipal authorities permit a mixed company, such are organized. Otherwise they are all men or all women.

Experienced actors can teach pupils. Boys or girls under ten are taught to memorize their parts through hearing, to walk properly on the stage by counting steps, to play sword, to box, to do gymnastics, and, most important of all, to sing—for Chinese plays are more like the operas and require a great deal of singing. During the whole time of their apprenticeship, they sing and act. They are taken care of by their masters; and whatever they earn goes to their masters.

The leader of the company is all powerful. He selects the plays, the theatres, the players, and conducts all business. In producing plays, rehearsals are rare and direction is almost non-existent. A hero must act in a certain way; a villain in another. When they come together, they are supposed to know how to cooperate. For a new play a manuscript outlining the sequence of scenes and all the entrances and exits is pasted behind the stage door; the actors may freely change their lines. But the songs and dialogue of an old play are so familiar to the audience that they insist on not having them changed.

Chinese acting is suggestive, imaginative, but never imitative. To illustrate: if a man waves his whip in a definite, conventional, char-

acteristic way, it means that he is galloping his horse; if in another definite way, he is understood to be dismounting. The Chinese audience hardly fails to catch these niceties, because all such have long ago been conventionalized. The actors never imitate the natural movement or motion of a horse in order to suggest the presence of a horse. On the Chinese stage, an oar may symbolize a boat or a navy; a table, a mountain or a bridge; a screen, a city wall or a palace; four flags, three thousand troops or four thousand; etc. If the acting is good, the audience will accept anything. If the play is full of interest and capable of arousing emotion, the imagination of the spectators is extremely active.

The painting of faces is also suggestive. A red face usually denotes a sacred personage like the god of war or a great emperor; a black, an honest but rough man; a white face, a treacherous, cunning but dignified person. A mean fellow is represented as having a white nose. It is only the best type of humanity that is allowed to keep its normal appearance. Besides, different shades of character are suggested by different combinations of red, black, white and normal. Other colors are used occasionally; as gold for gods and green for devils.

Equally suggestive is the Chinese costuming on the stage. A barbarian, for instance, carries a piece of fur around his neck in summer as well as in winter! A beggar wears a silk coat with a gaudy-colored, checker-board design. Especially in case of the women actors, dress indications are exceedingly important, the reason being that they paint their faces alike. A virtuous lady wears a plain, dignified blue or black coat; but a wicked dame dresses herself in a very fancy dress.

IV

The long run is unheard of in the East; the program must be varied from day to day. The play may be historical, domestic, or farcical; but it must teach a moral. Except the historical plays, they must have an happy ending! Here are some typical examples:

Under the Yoke of a Brick is a farce, based on the universal belief that the husband is always afraid of his wife. In this case, whenever the wife is in a fit, she disgraces her husband by ordering him to kneel on the street with a brick on his head. One of his old schoolmates is chivalrous. In order to rescue his friend from this eternal slavery, he goes so far as to fight with the wife hand to hand. The husband is thus rescued; but alas! without that brick, he is not happy! So he goes back for it.

The Star of Hung-Lu'an (the star of good fortune) is a domestic comedy with both a melodramatic and a satirical touch. The beggars

in China are organized into guilds. They save when the times are good and pay to the guild. When a rainy day comes, they are fed by the guild's reserve fund. Mr. King, the president of the beggar guild of the city, is surprised when a scholar begs alms at his door. According to the guild's regulations, the scholar may be forbidden to do business in that district. But Mr. King's daughter loves the scholar at first sight. He is wedded to her, loved and well taken care of by his wife, and permitted to pursue his study without worry and interference. At last he is under *The Star of Hung-Lu'an,* for his luck turns better. He passes the government literary examination and is appointed a magistrate of a certain city. To express his gratitude, he takes his wife and father-in-law with him.

In the boat on the way to his new post he begins to repent that he has married a beggar's daughter; being now an official. He pushes his wife overboard, and lies to his father-in-law, saying that she has been drowned by accident. The old man is too observant to be so deceived, but he is helpless. After a truly tragic denunciation, he leaves the scholar and goes to resume begging.

But never fear! The heroine is saved by the viceroy, whose boat is not far away. She becomes his adopted daughter. Then *The Star of Hung-Lu'an* is with the scholar again, for he is going to wed the viceroy's daughter! On the wedding day, fifty of the maids are armed with broomsticks. When the groom enters the bridal chamber, he is greeted by a shower of sticks. The bride gives him a long, didactic, philosophical lecture. And then—they are happy for ever after!

History is closely followed by the author of *The Orphan.* A general was persecuted by his enemy, who had the favor of the court. The general and his family were put to death—except one child whose whereabouts were known only to two trusted servants. A search was ordered and the reward for the child's head was high. The younger servant proposes to substitute his only child for the orphan. Then, in the presence of his master's enemy, to whom he reports the "secret," the younger servant whips the old man to make him tell where he has hidden the child. The orphan (the substitute) is found in a village house and killed. Then in the market place the old man waits to be beheaded for his disloyalty. The dramatic irony is at its highest when the younger servant offers a cup of farewell wine to his friend; and thousands of bystanders shout and point at the young man as the most black-hearted traitor, and as a warning to all who love and trust their servants. Indeed, there is not one moment in which the play is not dramatic.

Such are the plays that can draw a large audience every time.

Commonly a program consists of eight or nine plays which are

given continuously. The performance begins at seven o'clock in the evening and ends about one o'clock the next morning. The best artists generally appear after ten, so the fashionable theatregoers do not come until after 10:30. But fortunately in China only one out of a hundred wishes to be fashionable. Most of the spectators come early and watch the new, young, eager-to-learn players struggling through their parts and give them support when they deserve it. In that way many new stars are developed and discovered. Sometimes a good actor is given special encouragement; he is brought into prominence by some patron, who, by paying an extra amount of money, may request a special performance of that particular actor after the regular program.

V

The audience is composed largely of middleclass merchants, although the theatre is open to all. As a rule, the audience is sincere, sympathetic, and enthusiastic. In showing appreciation, the spectators do not clap their hands but call out "how" (good); nor do they stamp their feet to show disapproval, but call out "tung" (rotten). "Hows" or "tungs" come simultaneously—a few hundred voices unite into one loud, sharp ejaculation. Six or seven persons may well start a clapping campaign, but a "how" of six or seven voices will make the actors feel embarrassed rather than flattered. In case a spectator should utter a "how" which has been overlooked by the general audience, he would receive an immediate response of "how" from the audience for his keenness; and vice versa. At certain times, when a good play goes wrong, the audience will demand the actors to act it over again. Under exceptional circumstances, stools and tea pots may be thrown to the stage and the return of the admission fee may be demanded. The Chinese theatre has been a very democratic institution. If a prince dares to utter a "how" to show favoritism, he is promptly "tunged" by all, even by his own servants.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS
KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

EDITORIAL

THE best American drama of the year is not a play but a poem,—Edwin Arlington Robinson's *Lancelot.* No worker in the theatre should miss reading it for the joy and inspiration it affords. From first to last it is conceived in terms of the stage,—written by a man who obviously loves not only the style and the material of great drama but its methods with the attendant freedoms and limitations. The situations are carved out of the most thrilling moments of the majestic tragedy of Camelot. The action and dialogue not only reveal character but create it, until Lancelot, Guinevere, Arthur, Gawaine and all their fellows are alive before us as only the drama can make them live—through what they say and do, not what the poet says of them. Even the nuns who

"—with many fears and many whisperings"

carry the fainting Guinevere to her white cell after her final parting with Lancelot, come to life—in their single speech—as few writers for the stage could make them do in a full scene.

"She was the Queen and he was Lancelot,"
One said. "They were great lovers. It is not good
To know too much of love. We who love God
Alone are happiest. Is it not so, Mother?"—
"We who love God alone, my child, are safest,"
The Mother replied; "and we are not all safe
Until we are all dead. We watch, and pray."

Why then, with Mr. Robinson's evident affection for and proved mastery of the technique of the drama, is *Lancelot* a poem and not a play? The answer is simple enough. Because America does not welcome her poets to her theatre. Whatever the character of their material, whether the classic of Louis Ledoux's *Yzdra* or the native of Ridgely Torrence's *Rider of Dreams,* the few who have ventured to knock at our doors have had no answer. Mr. Robinson himself has written two plays, in prose, *Van Zorn* and *The Porcupine.* Both of them are studies of modern American life and character, one a comedy, one a tragedy. They are actable and eminently worth acting. Have we given them even so much of an audience as would let the author see his own creations recreated? We have not. That is why

there is more drama in a single number of the Poetry Magazine than in most anthologies of plays. That is why Edna Wahlert McCourt wrote the drama printed on the first page of this issue as a twelve line poem, and why even the modernist poets—Sandburg, Lola Ridge, Vachel Lindsay—who are battling to make the form and the material of poetry carry the burden of the drama of daily life—are not interested in our theatre. Nor have we realized that in barring our poets from our stages we are shutting away from our actors, producers and designers the fountain head of inspiration, the finest opportunities to develop the creative quality in their own arts. The best of the new movement in the theatre seems to be tending towards the spiritually romantic revival which the whole money-scarred, blood-stained earth needs for its renewal. It will not achieve it without the aid of poetry. Let us open the doors to our poets.

THE twenty plays of Benito Perez Galdos, who died January 4, 1920, are striking studies of modern Spain, especially of that powerful and subtle struggle between the old Spain and the new, between the Church and Science, which is among the most interesting social phenomena of the age. No country has within the past generation developed a drama more living and individual than has Spain. Her playwrights from Calderon and Lope down have been masters of plot and dialogue; and now, as Spain herself has turned from the old to the new, they have mastered the "modern" technique, have acquired the modern point of view, and have turned themselves to the study of current social conditions and problems. They have not lost the old traditional powers; they have simply added others. As compared with Echegaray, an older dramatist, Galdos seems more sincere, less theatrical, more thoughtful; as compared with Benavente, a younger dramatist, he seems perhaps less brilliant, less subtle, less thoughtful. The fact that he was first a novelist, seems to have determined his technique in the drama. Even his best plays, such as *Electra, The Grandfather, The Duchess of San Quentin,* have scarcely the universal quality that mark the international dramatist. But his range of tone is wide; his material covers a wide segment of modern Spanish life; certain of his characters are brilliant contributions to the marvelous picture gallery of Spanish drama; his dialogue, though not so "cerebral" nor so brilliant as that of Benavente, has all the *verve,* the wit, and the passion of his country's best. These substantial qualities mark Galdos as a dominating figure in the development of one of the most vigorous of modern dramatic literatures and perhaps as the leading interpreter of modern Spain to the outside world.

Theatre Arts Chronicle

The New Era WHATEVER Congress and the Presidential candidates may say about the matter, so far as the Little Theatres of the country are concerned the war is over and the new era is beginning. Plans, announcements, prospectuses, programs, have stormed the Theatre Arts Magazine offices for the last month. They come from theatres all over the country, from cities, towns and rural districts; from high schools and colleges and women's clubs and organizations both amateur and professional. They represent movements of every shade, from the purely artistic to the purely social, through the experimental, the workshop and the community. They prove one thing: that the dramatic idea is alive in America at last, after centuries of repression. Whether the drama, as an art, will help us to develop a new and powerful social force, or whether the experimental theatre, as a social force, will help us to develop a new dramatic art does not really matter. The march has begun, from both ends of the road at once.

Pasadena Outdoes Pasadena IT was generally agreed that Gilmor Brown, director of the Pasadena Community Players, had outdone all his previous work in his production of *The Tempest,* earlier in the season. Now it seems to be as generally agreed, by the business manager of the players, by the Pasadena newspapers speaking in concert and by artists resident in the city, that a new high level has been reached by Mr. Brown in his production of *The Master of Shadows,* a mimo-drama of Sybil Eliza Jones, herself one of the active workers in the Pasadena Players. The play, which is called by the author an Easter drama for all seasons of the year, is developed through a series of quickly moving pantomimes on three stage-levels. Interpreting lines are delivered by four symbolical figures: Roman Trumpeter, Woman, Man, and Angel of the Resurrection. Continuous music follows the action of the play. The production required a cast of fifty people, drawn from the Players, whose costumes were designed and made in the Players' Workshop. *The Master of Shadows* was followed early in May by an American comedy, *In Walked Jimmy,* by Mrs. Ronie H. Jaffa, with *Bunty Pulls the Strings* announced for the next production. The regular programs of the Players are interlarded with other events of varied dramatic interest. An 'Evening of Sentiment,' really a community vaudeville, *Rinalan and Pittalette,* a musical pantomime under the auspices of the children's department, four lectures by Professor Richard Burton and a Community May Festival are among the announcements which complete the regular season. And supplementing that is the announcement of a special course in practical playwriting, costume and stage design, lighting, dramatic direction and acting, to be offered during the summer. The stage of the Community playhouse and the Brookside Park outdoor theatre are both available for experimental work.

Synthetic Drama MR. AND MRS. MAXWELL ARMFIELD, who gave two courses in Synthetic Drama at the Columbia Institute of Arts and Sciences this Spring are to return to New York in the autumn to give four five-week sessions in Gesture and Diction, Stagecraft for Schools, Outdoor Production, and Design and Costume.

A New College—Community Experiment 'AT a meeting of the Advisory Board of the Community Theatre on April 16, Harriet Miller, 1920, was elected Director of Plays for the first year's work, on the nomination of the executive committee.' This announcement, in the Vassar *Miscellany,* records the beginning of another and a very important

step in what Granville Barker calls America's real contribution to dramatic art—the cooperation between the college and the theatre. Poughkeepsie is to have a community theatre, taking over as its basis the Vassar College Workshop. The college and the town are going to work together to make the theatre a social as well as an artistic center, a place where all of those who are interested in any of the arts of the theatre may unite to express themselves and to provide interesting entertainment for their townspeople. The Advisory Board is made up of thirty citizens of Poughkeepsie, including a few representatives of the Vassar faculty and of the Alumnae. The fact that Miss Gertrude Buck, director of the Vassar Workshop, is to be the chairman of the executive committee, and that Miss Miller, who graduates from Vassar this year, is to be the Director of Plays for the first year, indicates the place which the College will have in the new experiment. The plan for the coming season, with the Theatre housed in the Vassar Brothers Institute, donated for the purpose, it to produce two bills of plays each month for nine months, one bill—for adults—to be presented every Saturday night for a month, the other—for children—every Saturday afternoon. In order to continue, and to encourage, the good work which has been done in playwriting at Vassar it is expected that two of the bills may be made up of plays written by the class in playwriting. Miss Buck, writing of the plan of organization says: 'The Advisory Board has elected an Executive Committee of six members, each of whom is in entire charge of a single department of the work. All subcommittees are appointed by the member in charge of the department and are responsible to him, which is one of the plans of commission government in cities. The departments represent the six essentials for success in the enterprise: first, the wise choice of plays; second, the wise choice of casts and committees for the production of these plays; third, an adequate production; fourth, a representative, sympathetic and cooperative audience; fifth, due publicity so that all interested will know what the theatre offers in the way of opportunities for work and for entertainment; sixth, adequate financial support.'

Poetic Drama Prize

JANE DRANSFIELD, Secretary of the Drama Committee of the Poetry Society of America, sends the following announcement: "The Poetry Society of America offers the William Lindsey Prize of $500 for the best unproduced and unpublished full-length poetic play written by an American citizen. By 'full-length' is meant a play that will occupy an evening. No restrictions are placed upon the number of acts or scenes, or on the nature of the subject-matter. The judges of the contest will be George Arliss, Professor George Pierce Baker of Harvard, Clayton Hamilton, Jessie B. Rittenhouse and Stuart Walker. Manuscripts should be sent by registered mail, the author's registry receipt to be considered sufficient acknowledgment. They must be submitted in typewritten form, fastened along the left edge of the page in one volume, and signed with a pen name. An enclosed sealed envelope should be inscribed with the title of the play and the pen name, and contain a card with the correct name and address of the author as well as the title of the play. This sealed envelope would also contain one self-addressed, bearing the full amount of return postage, including registry. The contest closes July 1, 1921, and the successful play will be announced at the October meeting of the Poetry Society. Manuscripts should be addressed to the Drama Committee of the Poetry Society of America, care of Stuart Walker, Chairman, Carnegie Hall, New York City."

The Little Theatre Guild of Newark

THE Little Theatre Guild of Newark, W. A. Kraibuhler, Jr., director, has advanced far enough, after its first season, to take over permanent headquarters, including—besides the theatre—an office, rehearsal rooms and a workshop in the Down Town Community House. Four programs have been presented this

season, as follows: *The Bear*, Tchekhov, *The Little Man*, Galsworthy, *Tents of the Arabs*, Dunsany; *Rosalie*, Max Maurey, *Doctor in Spite of Himself*, Molière, *Dust of the Road*, Kenneth Sawyer Goodman; *Matchmakers*, Seumas O'Brien; *The Locked Chest*, Masefield, *The Thief of Joy*, Georgiana Such, *Madonna*, George Middleton; *Dawn*, Percival Wilde, *Golden Doom*, Dunsany, *Dancing Dolls*, Kenneth Sawyer Goodman.

Eugene O'Neill Wins a Prize

THE Columbia University Pulitzer prize in letters, of $1,000, for an original play by an American and performed in New York City has been awarded to Eugene G. O'Neill, for *Beyond the Horizon*. It is rare that a prize award accords so thoroughly with the enthusiasm both of theatregoers and of play-readers as it does in this case.

A Roman Experiment in Color

A LETTER from Italy says: "An incident of the Roman theatrical season was the so-called Teatro dei Colori ('The theatre of colors'). This was an attempt of a group of young 'futurists' to introduce a new factor into the drama and to emphaze the atmosphere and the changing moods of the play by an accompaniment of appropriate and ever-changing color. The public was prepared for the innovation by a number of lectures and a pamphlet explaining the aims and ideals of the management, yet in spite of this the experiment was a failure and was withdrawn from the stage after a very short trial. This does not, however, so much prove that the idea was a mistake or that the Roman public is incapable of artistic appreciation, as that the means for carrying out the plan were totally inadequate. The actors were not more than second rate and the material equipment wretched. It was not the simplicity of the stage setting, but the crudity of the color and light effects which excited the hilarity of the audience instead of their emotion, as when the lovers appeared against a background of dark forest, now bathed in the deepest of red light, now with only one bright purple nose and a streak of purple forehead visible and now apparently reduced to a mere confusion of pale yellow legs and arms."

Playwriting at Berkeley

SAM HUME, who is never going to be called "Professor" by Theatre Arts Magazine, no matter what his pupils and his colleagues do, is to give courses in primary and advanced playwriting at the University of California next winter. He will also cooperate with the Greek and French departments of the University in producing classic works, in Greek and French, in the Greek Theatre. Some of Mr. Hume's students in production have organized themselves into a group to produce plays in a local theatre next winter. One of his pupils, Hildegarde Flanner, has recently had her play, *Mansions*, presented by the Indianapolis Little Theatre. The High Schools of California, under the direction of the Greek Theatre, have just held their second annual Shakespeare Festival. "Forty-five schools were represented and from eight o'clock in the morning to six-thirty in the evening we engaged in a remarkable and strenuous Shakespearean orgy," says a correspondent. In May Mr. Hume was in Santa Barbara directing a pageant. During the summer session a Tudor Dance Festival will be given in the Greek Theatre, with the cooperation of Mr. Theodore Viehman, instructor of folk dancing of the Carnegie Institute of Technology. Although Mr. Hume will not do any class-room work at the summer session, two courses will be offered by his assistant, Mr. Frederick McConnell, one on acting ant stage decoration, the other on the technique of stage production.

The Candle's Beams

HOW the influence of the Greek Theatre, and of Mr. Hume's inspiring leadership, carry not only forward into the theatre but backward into the schools is evidenced by the account of the performance of *The Tempest* in the Berkeley High School this spring. With

the work divided at the outset among the classes in English, fine art, domestic art, science, music and physical education, with regular credit assigned for all work done, and with an appreciation in the faculty of what—for art, for education and for life—both the preparation and the performance might mean to the pupils, results were achieved which fairly startled both professional educators and professional dramatic workers.

Architects and the Denver Players

THE Denver Players have had a highly successful season and are beginning to talk of having a home of their own. Since three out of the five men whose work, in design and production, is mentioned as most highly commendable, are architects, the Players Theatre, when it comes, should have the distinct advantage of being built not only beautifully, but with every practical need of production and lighting provided. The January bill of the players included *Manikin and Minikin*, by Kreymborg, *The Three Letters*, by Emma S. Hunting, of Denver, and *Food*, by De Mille. The April bill was *The Sweetmeat Game*, by Ruth Comfort Mitchell, *The Bolshevik Empress*, by Shaw and *The Little Supper*, by Philip Moeller. The Players always play to crowded houses and they credit part of their success to the cooperation which they invite from their audiences who, through a system of cards, are asked to vote on the merits of the plays presented, the acting, settings, etc. The settings of Mr. Burnham Hoyt have met with special appreciation.

Stuart Walker in Repertory

FOR the fourth time Stuart Walker is going back to the Murat Theatre in Indianapolis this summer for a repertory season consisting of old favorites, recent Broadway successes, and new plays. Mr. Walker, with a good professional company, has made a distinct success of this repertory experiment, a success which should be inviting to other producers and which—with a little encouragement—might well carry on beyond the summer months. Blanche Yurka is to be Mr. Walker's leading lady this year. Frank Zimmerer, who has been with him from the first season, is again in charge of scene design.

The Indianapolis Little Theatre, although at the end of its official season, is still busily occupied helping in the production of special performances and undertaking the guidance of the Indianapolis Centennial pageant. In February the Society's bill was *A Festival of Bacchus*, by Arthur Schnitzler, *Fear*, by Robert W. Sneddon, *Everybody's Husband*, by Gilbert Cannan. In March the bill specialized in Hoosier playwrights and included *Phoebe Louise*, by Bernard Sobel, *The Bank Robbery*, by Max Ehrman, *Mansions*, by Hildegarde Flanner and *The Dryad and the Deacon*, by William O. Bates. In May it included *Underneath*, by Rebecca Bennett, *Stingy*, by Maxwell Parry, a member of the players who was killed in service as an aviator, and *Rococo*, by Granville Barker. Most of the scenery for these productions, made under the direction of George Somnes, was designed and executed by the Theatre Workshop.

Henry Ames Barker, Director of the Providence Players, has spent over 3000 evenings in the service of amateur dramatics—entirely without remuneration. It was not Mr. Barker who told us that and we mention it only because such unfailing devotion to the cause is the only way to account for the fact, which Mr. Barker did tell us, that the income of the Players exceeded their expenses by several thousand dollars this season. A special, permanent, self-perpetuating Board of Trustees is to be created to hold in trust the large stock of theatrical equipment of the Players (estimated at $25,000) as a civic possession for the furtherance of amateur and educational dramatic work in Providence. "There are," says Mr. Barker, "at least three or four amateur performances given in different parts of Providence every night. Almost every

new church or parish building has some sort of stage nowadays. Many schools are adding to their equipment in spite of some very obnoxious and unnecessary building restrictions, and clubs of all sorts are constantly developing interest in dramatic directions." The last two programs of the Players were *At the Foot of the Stairs, by* Edward Sefton Porter, a member of the Players, and *Candida,* by George Bernard Shaw.

The Hollywood Community Theatre, Neely Dickson, Director, records five programs of one act plays this season, as follows: 1, *Fame and the Poet,* Dunsany, *The Song of Lady Lotus-Eyes,* Benjamin Purrington, *The Lady With The Dagger,* Schnitzler, *The Pot Boiler,* Alice Gerstenberg; 2, *The Real Thing,* John Kendrick Bangs, *Three Pills in a Bottle,* Rachel Lyman Field, *The Noble Lord,* Percival Wilde, *Trifles,* Susan Glaspell, *Free Speech,* Wm. L. Prosser; 3, *The Doctor in Spite of Himself,* Moliere, *He Said and She Said,* Alice Gerstenberg, *Interior,* Maurice Maeterlinck, *The Bear,* Tchekov; 4, *The Green Scarf,* by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman, *Sabotage,* Hellem, Valcros, d'Estoc, *For Distinguished Service,* Florence Clay Knox, *The Shepherd in the Distance,* Holland Hudson; 5, *Fourteen,* Alice Gerstenberg, *The Sweetmeat Game,* Ruth Comfort Mitchell, *The Man of Destiny,* Bernard Shaw.

Just when *The Piper,* by Josephine Preston Peabody, is going into its 21st edition, eleven years after it was first published, ten years after it received the Stratford Memorial Prize and was played at Stratford-on-Avon and more than nine years after it was first played in New York, at the New Theatre, the play has been given its first performance in Boston, the author's home town. The production, made by the Boston Community Players of Peabody House, under the directioin of John Pratt Whitman, was received with such acclaim that an extra matinee for children was given, and even then, so many people were turned away that the Community Players have decided to depart from their usual custom and open their next season with the same play.

Two performances of Oscar Wilde's *Importance of Being Earnest,* and another program of the original folk-plays by means of which the pupils in English 31, of the University of North Carolina, are learning the art of the drama and recreating a folk-lore of the South at the same time, under the leadership of Frederick H. Koch, are the Spring offerings of the Carolina Playmakers. The folk-play program included *The Bell Buoy,* by Dougald MacMillan, *The Last of the Lowries,* by Paul Green, and *Dod Gast Ye Both,* by Hubert Heffner.

Hollins College, of Hollins, Virginia, is another of the colleges to add a hopeful work in dramatics to its endeavor, under the leadership of Jane Goodloe. With a set of interchangeable flats, made in the department, and no other equipment, they have presented a series of plays during the first year of the Green Room Club, which would make many an older organization flinch, including *By Their Words Shall Ye Know Them,* by Quintero, *The Sweetmeat Game,* by Ruth Comfort Mitchell, *Pygmalion,* by George Bernard Shaw, *The Man who Married a Dumb Wife,* by Anatole France, *Helena's Husband,* by Philip Moeller, *The Romancers,* by Rostand, *The Florist Shop,* by Winifred Hawkridge, and *Patelin.* Another feature of the year's work, and an interesting and suggestive one, was a production of *How He Lied to Her Husband,* entirely by members of the faculty.

Madretta, by Stark Young, *Enter the Hero,* by Theresa Helburn, and *The Prefect* (author unknown) were the April bill of the Fireside Players of Scarsdale, and were followed, in May, by *The Glittering Gate,* Dunsany, *In Akitsusu,* by Raymond Fuller, and *The Rescue,* by Rita Creighton Smith, the last a guest production by the Beechwood Players of Scarborough. Special emphasis is to be laid on the workshop activities next season, including a course in the fundamentals of acting.

The Federated Dramatic Clubs of Washington, which already includes about a dozen organizations actively engaged in producing plays, is organized with the highly interesting and constructive purpose of correlating, systematizing, standardizing and giving the largest possible scope to all dramatic production in the city. The work of the Federation, which is one of the earliest experiments in dramatic cooperation, will bear watching.

More than 20,000 guests have attended the performances of the School of Drama of Carnegie Institute of Technology this year. The plays presented have been *The Well of the Saints, The Portrait of a Policeman, Queensland Quoits, The Land of Heart's Desire, Mary's Lamb, Back of the Yards, The Nursery Maid of Heaven, Riders to the Sea, John Gabriel Borkman* and others. At the invitation of the Neighborhood Playhouse, New York, *John Gabriel Borkman* was also produced there, under the direction of Thomas Wood Stevens.

The Saint Louis Artists Guild, in February, presented *Moonshine,* by Arthur Hopkins, *The Grandmother,* by Lajos Biro, and *The Point of View,* by Eden Philpotts. In May, they gave that delightful and too-seldom played comedy *Don* by Rudolph Besier. The Thyrsus Dramatic Club gave a spring Program of *Charming Leandre,* by de Banville, *Bombito,* by Clarence Stratton, and *Riders to the Sea.*

The Beechwood players of Scarborough, in April, presented *Playgoers,* by Sir Arthur Pinero, *The Prefect,* and *Dancing Dolls,* by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman. The Beechwood stage was later used for a performance by the Poetry Society of *The Mists of Fujiyama,* by Mary A. Kirkup and *The Maker of Souls,* by Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas.

Norman Lee Swartout, director of the Playhouse Association of Summit, N. J., sends the following forward looking announcement. In June, the Playhouse will present a bill of four one-act plays: *The Other Voice, Suppressed Desires, The Wonder Hat* and *Op-O-Me-Thumb.* In September, a new season will open with an arrangement of *Alice in Wonderland;* this will be followed in November with *A China Guinea Pig,* by Florence Clay Knox, *The Tents of the Arabs,* by Dunsany, *The Gazing Globe,* by Eugene Pillot and *The Song of Youth,* by Grace Norton Rose. On Christmas Eve, at midnight, there will be the third annual production of a special version of *The Nativity* and during the holidays a performance of *Dolls,* a Christmas nonsense play. Some modern full length play, as yet unchosen, will be followed in the Spring by an original one-act play by a member of the Association and Robert E. Rogers' *Behind a Watteau Picture.* The final production will probably be a revival of the Chinese fantasy *The Eastern Gate,* by Mr. and Mrs. Jack Rosé. As a supplementary offering in June *Pan in Ambush,* with Marjorie Patterson, will be played out-of-doors.

The fourth production of the Ypsilanti Players, Daniel Quirk, Jr., Director, was *Getting Unmarried,* by Winthrop Parkhurst, *The Swan Song,* by Tchekof and a first production of *The Wondership,* by Leon Cunningham.

The Players' League of Trenton, J. Milnor Dorey, President, presented *Will-o-the-Wisp,* by Holman and *Where but in America,* by Wolfe in a program followed by another of Lady Gregory's *Workhouse Ward.* The League has in preparation a production of Percy Mackaye's *Bird Masque,* to be given in Municipal Park, under the auspices of the city.

Everybody's Playhouse is a new Baltimore venture sponsored by the Children's Playground Association. It is on the recreation pier and is intended to provide a place where the public of Baltimore may see good plays at minimum prices. Ordinarily the season will be five months, with a new play each month; this

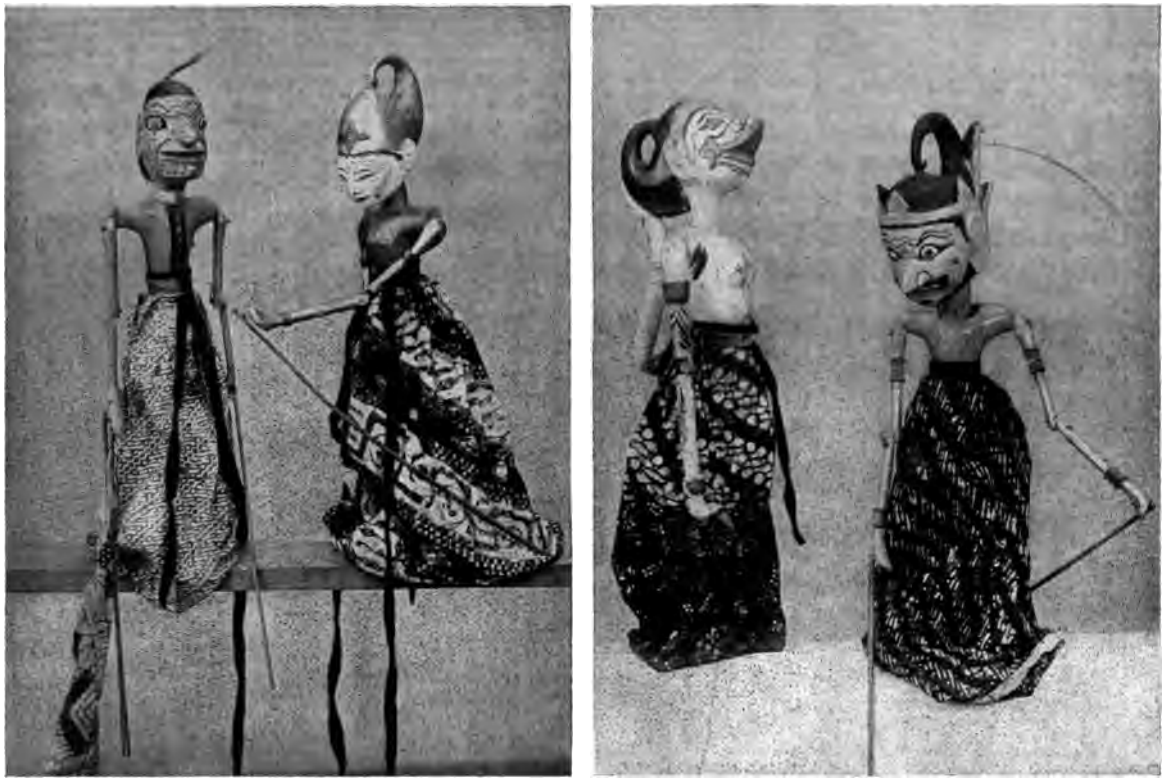
year, on account of a late opening, there will be only two plays, *Mary Jane's Pa,* by Edith Ellis and *Lucky Pehr,* by August Strindberg.

The Beechwood Players, Scarborough-on-the-Hudson, made a special feature of *The Veil of Happiness* by Georges Clemenceau, for their last performance. The play was specially translated from the French for the Beechwood Players and presented for the first time in English. Other plays on the program were *The Gentle Assassin* by J. Kenyon Nicholson, and *Fame and the Poet* by Lord Dunsany.

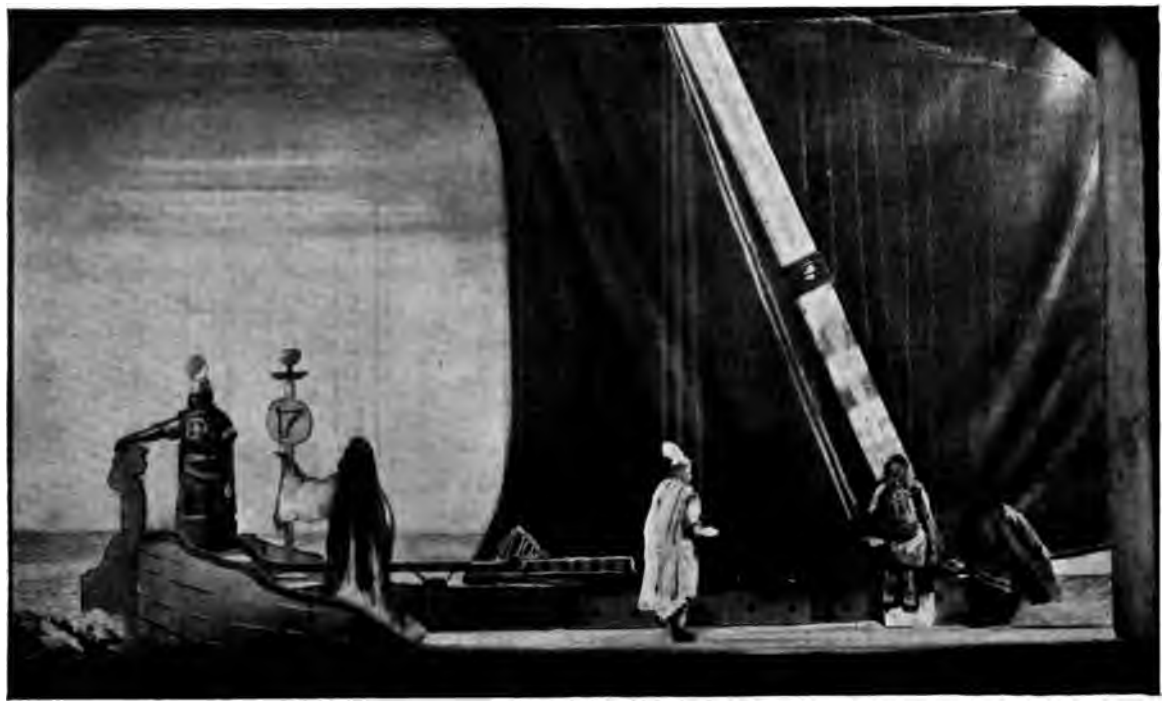
The Yale University Dramatic Association closed a full year with the presentation of *King Henry IV* Part I, on the Yale Campus as the Commencement play. During the year *The Lodger* by Horace Vachell was produced under the direction of Stuart Walker. The competition open to undergraduates for the best two plays resulted in the selection of *Night Life* by John Wiley, and *Curfew* by Richard Griswold. These, with *The Road* by Prof. J. R. Crawford, and a first performance of the Dunsany *Compromise of the King of the Golden Isles,* were given at a Spring Performance in Sprague Hall.

The Drama Committee of the Poetry Society has compiled an interesting list of Twentieth Century Poetic Dramas by Americans which is published in the May 1st issue of the Library Journal.

Richmond, Va., has been added to the list of Little Theatre Towns, with a Little Theatre League under the direction of Louise Burleigh, who sends this account of the theatre: Adair Archer, Harvard 1917, founded in 1918 just before he left for the war, The Little Theatre League of Richmond. He delivered a series of lectures on the drama and closed the first season with a production of *Riders to the Sea.* On the very day of the Dress Rehearsal, he was called to Camp where he died of influenza, leaving the impulse without a leader. Last fall they called me in, and in the course of the year they have staged three productions under my direction. The *Importance of Being Earnest,* a Miracle Play of Adair Archer's and *The Passionate Pilgrim*—a poetic play of the life of Shakespeare, by Margaret Crosby Munn.



Four Javanese marionettes, from the collection of the American Museum of Natural History. (From Helen Haiman Joseph's *A Book of Marionettes*).



Photograph of a puppet production of Yeats' *The Shadowy Waters* at the Cleveland Play House. Setting designed by John Black. (From Helen Haiman Joseph's *A Book of Marionettes*, by courtesy of B. W. Huebsch.)

Theatre Arts Bookshelf

THE ARMY WITH BANNERS. By Charles Rann Kennedy. When the American stage becomes more expressive, and when the American audience develops a quicker understanding of the finer values of drama—and the day is coming!—the name of Charles Rann Kennedy is likely to appear with increasing frequency on theatre programs. No one has firmer belief in such a belated "success" than has the playwright himself; at least there are in his latest plays all the signs of unshaken faith that he is achieving, or striving for, something that will be more appreciated in the theatre of tomorrow than today: the same almost austere intellectual-symbolic formula, the leisurely progress toward the round-ingout of a cycle of plays that have so far proved, with one exception, commercial failures: and continued avoidance of all those facilities and pretty adornments that make a drama readily saleable on the Broadway of today. In *The Army with Banners* one finds an art so completely intellectual that one's interest, trained to emotion and sentiment, falters at times: the high finish, brilliant and sustained as it is, is brittle almost to the cracking-point. (The cracks, to be sure, were obvious enough in the brief presentation of the piece by puzzled Broadway actors two seasons ago!) There are several remarkable characterizations, although the crudeness and noisiness of Tommy Trail—a mordant and scornful caricature of Billy Sunday—might be filed with advantage. Of plot—well, Mr. Kennedy would never be passed by Professor Baker, and this reviewer has a suspicion that a bit of concession to story-interest would have helped over the two or three undeniably dull spots in the book. Symbolic meanings, some of them with more than the allowable seven veils; sudden prods to thought; a sort of divine caricature; a striking play of poetry against slang, of simple holiness against evangelism, of the profane and the human against the sacrosanct; and a deeply spiritual tone over all: these are the virtues that will probably make *The Army with Banners* one of the least read in the short list of truly important dramas of the year. (New York: B. W. Huebsch)

TEN PLAYS, by David Pinski: To print ten one-act plays by the same author in a single volume would be to court failure for them all in the case of most writers for the stage. With David Pinski, it is only to increase the wonder that his style, so peculiarly his own, so strange, so marked, so mannered, can still be varied and powerful enough to carry you forward from play to play with increasing faith in his art and steadily growing interest in his material, his people and his philosophy. Every play in the volume is readable, most of them are actable. It would, in fact, be safe to say that they would all be actable if they were in the hand of the players of the Jewish Art Theatre, who know as well as Pinski does how to make the quick transitions—native to the Jewish mind and heart—from tragedy to comedy, from irony to philippic, from joy to the depths of sorrow. In several of these plays Pinski has left his chosen field of Jewish life to write plays of pure imagination, like *The Inventor and the King's Daughter*, or plays that remember the war like *Little Heroes, The Beautiful Nun* and *Diplomacy*.. Yet, different as they are in quality from the character comedy of *The Phonograph, A Dollar, The Cripples*, from the biting satire of *The God of the Newly Rich Wool Merchant*, or from the sorrowing nationalism of *Poland—1919* and *The Stranger* it is easy to recognize the same hand and mind and memory of the Talmud in them all. The translations from the Yiddish, by Dr. Isaac Goldberg, are notably good. This volume of *Ten Plays*, added to *The Treasure, The Dumb Messiah, The Last Jew* and that bitter but remarkable play *Isaac Sheftel* give David Pinski—still at the beginning of his career—a body of work of unusually high level. (New York: B. W. Huebsch)

LITTLE THEATRE CLASSICS. Volume II. By Samuel A. Eliot, Jr. Whether or not there be a dearth of contemporary plays for Little Theatres, Mr. Eliot is proving that the "classics" may be depended upon to furnish abundant material. His second volume continues the method of the first, which was reviewed by Theatre Arts in July, 1919, and what was then said need not be repeated. *Patelin* is given in a free rimed-verse less accurate but more lively than the prose translation of Dr. Holbrook. Technically this version is superior in that the shepherd story is interlocked with the cloth-stealing instead of merely following it. The version of *Abraham and Isaac* is a combination of the Chester Miracle Play with that of the Book of Brome, which results in a richer characterization and a heightening of the central situation. *The Loathed Lover* is a condensed and clarified version of the tragic plot of Middleton and Rowley's *Changeling,* from which the irrelevant comic underplot has been excluded. The five brief scenes are so arranged as to preserve the continuity of a one-act play. The version of Molière's *Sganarelle* is based upon the translation by Philip Moeller as given by the Washington Square Players. The biographical and critical introductions to all four plays show the present professorial side of Mr. Eliot's activities; that he is also an experienced producer is shown by his equally full sections on staging, characters, and costumes. On the whole, this second volume measures up to the high standard set by the first. The work has been done with fine taste and intelligence and forms a valuable contribution to the dramatic literature available to little theatres. (Boston: Little, Brown and Co.)

THREE PLAYS OF THE ARGENTINE, translated from the Spanish by Jacob S Fassett, Jr. With an introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt. The last five years have more than doubled the number of countries whose dramas, translated into English, are represented on every well-filled play shelf. And since there is no better, surer road to the understanding of a stranger people than through its plays, every new volume that is added to this growing list is of social as well as artistic importance at a time when nations are feeling keenly the need of better understanding. The Three Plays of the Argentine, therefore,—*Juan Moreira, Santos Vega,* and *The Witches' Mountain,*—are welcome to our literature, especially coming, as they do, with the appreciative introduction by Edward Hale Bierstadt which gives a history of the growth of a national drama in the Argentine, its place in the life of the country, and the hopes for a more permanent artistic future. Mr. Bierstadt has chosen the plays in this volume not for their intrinsic dramatic value but because they represent three steps in the dvelopment of the "dramas crillos,"—the creole or native drama of the land—as well as because they have been among the most popular and successful of their types and because they picture most devotedly the hero of the Argentine, the "gaucho." If these plays seem immature rather than naive; crude, rather than in the spirit of the folk; if Mr. Bierstadt seems to have mistaken the drama inherent in the life and character of the "gaucho" for drama in the plays that represent him, there is still nothing but gratitude due him for introducing the "gaucho" to our unromantic world, through *Juan Moreira* and *Santos Vega,* who are, as he says, "a strange and fascinating mixture of Daniel Boone, the pioneer, of Buffalo Bill, the beau ideal of the cowboy, and of Robin Hood, the outlaw and the friend of the masses against the classes." *The Witches' Mountain,* the last play in the volume, is the most modern and the most dramatic. In spirit it has something of Benavente's *Malquerida,* without its climactic power or its literary quality, but with a cold mountain feeling which gives it real distinction. (New York: Duffield and Co.)

A BOOK OF MARIONETTES. By Helen Haiman Joseph. Mrs. Joseph of the Cleveland Play House has here collected a remarkable amount of material about the marionettes of ancient and modern times, Oriental, European, and American. She presents this wealth of material, neither as critic nor as artist, but frankly as a dilettante strayed into a rich field, with many an anecdote added for amuse-

ment's sake and with many an excursion into "quaint lore of the theatre." But her book is likely to stir unnumbered artists and little-theatre groups to experiment with everything from rag dolls to what they will be pleased to term "übermarionettes like Gordon Craig's"—and at the present stage of the dramatic game in this almost puppetless America, that will be vindication enough. Whether it is the *Wayang Purwa* of Java, or the famous theatre of Papa Schmidt in Munich, the marionettes of George Sand or of Tony Sarg, the *Burattini* of old or modern Italy, or the Punch and Judy of England, or even the Chicago Little Theatre puppets that are now showing in New York, there is something about it in this volume. A comprehensive book, if a bit superficial; an enthusiastic and inspiring one, if a bit gushy; A guidebook, to a surprisingly wide and varied field, though its descriptions are usually second-hand; and finally a much needed and deserving book—even if we look forward to a better one which the author will doubtless write when she has become a professional puppeteer and less an amateur fascinated by a new toy. Besides the body of text, the volume contains forty well-chosen plates, a practical chapter by Raymond O'Neil on the construction of a marionette stage, and a very, very bad bibliography. As the first book in English on an important and neglected subject, it is surprisingly good and doubly welcome; as a final or standard work, it would be—well, just a bit underweight. (New York: B. W. Huebsch.)

THE CONTEMPORARY DRAMA OF FRANCE, by Frank Wadleigh Chandler.. Of all theatres, the French is the last upon which such talents as Mr. Chandler's should have been let loose. The technical perfection of its playwrights and the stagnation of its spirit, the busy fecundity of its playhouses and the barrenness of its artists, make the task of searching its promise in terms of the eternal creative human spirit absurdly difficult. There has been so little of obvious crude reconstruction in the French Theatre of the past hundred years that the subtle and curious initiations there of the romantic and naturalistic movements are extraordinarily difficult to dramatize for the reading public. Mr. Chandler recognizes that Zola and the Brothers Goncourt lived, and that Jacques Copeau opened a playhouse in the Rue du Vieux Colombier; but instead of making us see these facts upon the background of modern Europe, the forestage of French life, he has turned blindly to an elaborate cataloging of the polished, adept playwrights of the boulevards. It is an admirable catalogue. It records two hundred and thirty authors and gives some portion of the plot of over a thousand plays. It groups them nicely and is as clearly intelligent about the Theatre Libre and Sardou as about the "laureates of life," as it calls Porto-Riche, Donnay, and Bataille. It lacks, naturally, all the broad philosophic background and interpretation which Thomas H. Dickinson gave to *The Contemporary Drama of England* in the same series. Perhaps, therefore, it is all the more exact a transcription of the actual drama of France in the past fifty years. Mr. Chandler has produced an excellent handbook, but not a critical interpretation. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co.)

FIRST PLAYS. By A. Milne. "These plays were not the work of a professional writer, but the recreation of a (temporary) professional soldier," says the author. If (temporary) professional soldiers could all be counted upon to write plays that combine good technique and dramatic values with feeling for character and individual literary style—why, then, let us put the majority of professional play-writers to school in the army. But it may be Mr. Milne and not the soldiering that is to be credited with this entertaining volume. *Wurzel-Flummery* is what high comedy should be—satirical yet not bitter, amusing yet not farcical. *The Lucky One*, a three-act play of character, by a subtle and surprising turn makes the lucky Gerald, the titular hero, turn out to be the real hero, after all; but the girl marries the wrong man, and this fact, as the author remarks, probably spoils the play for the stage. *Belinda*, the title role of which was played in America by Miss Ethel Barrymore, is a fantastic light comedy the heroine of which is strongly reminiscent of Benson's Dodo. *Red*

Feathers is a brief fantasy of young love and middle-aged love finding that the road to happiness leads at last home. The reader of a play is perhaps too apt to dwell upon its style; but, other qualities being equal, a play is really none the worse for being well written. And Mr. Milne writes well. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf)

MASKS. By George Middleton. Whether Mr. Middleton is saving his best for Broadway today, or whether the six one act-plays published in this volume are what is left over from the early literary days and published now in the hope of sharing the sun of success, it is certain that, as a group they are distinctly dull, undramatic and unconvincing. *Among the Lions* and *The Reason* —both satirical comedies of the irregular relation—are better than the others which include the name-piece, *Masks, Jim's Beast, Tides,* and *The House.* (New York: Henry Holt and Co.)

SHAKESPEARE FOR COMMUNITY PLAYERS. By Roy Mitchell. This is a first-rate book for all who would have Shakespeare a living force in the theatre. Perhaps better than any other book it shows how to make the production of Shakespeare not only possible but delightful both in the schools and community playhouses. The author was formerly technical director of the Greenwich Village Theatre, New York, and is now Director of Hart House Theatre, Toronto. After all, Shakespeare wrote his plays to be acted—not to be used as instruments of torture in American secondary schools, where they are "taught" as the basis of college entrance examinations. No teaching of the plays can be vital, can be worth much, unless the pupil sees them in their natural environment, the stage; and never can they yield their full delight until he plays in them himself. So much for the schools. For the groups of community players now forming all over the country, not over-experienced, not over-rich in aught but enthusiasm and high desire, this book should prove a godsend. It contains sensible and practical instructions that will carry them from start to finish: how to choose the play, to organize the company, to plan and carry out rehearsals, to set the stage, to make cheaply properties and costumes, to manage lighting, to do make-up, to provide music. Suggestions on acting and stage-directing, and full illustrations covering every phase of the text, round out the volume as one of the most helpful of the many recent contributions to what may be termed the practical literature of community drama. When one has read the book, he wants to go right ahead and do everything which it suggests. (New York: E. P. Dutton and Co.)

SOPHIE. By Philip Moeller. In spite of Mr. Van Vechten's hyperbolic introduction to this three-act comedy founded upon the career of the famous French opera singer of the late eighteenth century, one takes up the play with a hopefulness inspired by Mr. Moeller's *Molière*—and is painfully disillusioned. The play fails not because its plot is unreal, its "morality" frankly unmoral, its characters exaggerated. All this is true of many of those great comedies "which are in the best traditions of the English stage." It fails because it is not good of its kind: it is half-baked; it tries to be fantastic, and is bizarre; to be naughty, and is leering; to be verbally brilliant, and is dull. For the playwright who is to the manner born, there is a way of writing comedy of this type which for all its extravagance shall seem convincing and real in the light of its own creation. It is a dreadfully hard thing to do. And to fail is to fail egregiously. Mr. Moeller is really too clever to write a play without an occasional amusing line and good situation; but the author of *Molière* can do much better work than *Sophie.* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf.)

THE WIDOW'S VEIL. By Alice Rostetter. This was one of the novelties produced last season by the Provincetown Players in New York, and is now made available in the inexpensive "Flying Stag" series. It is a capital one-act comedy and should become a favorite among the little theatre groups. The opportun-

ities for novel treatment in setting and in expressiveness of the several voices heard from above and below at intervals throughout the action, are many; the fun, although forced a bit, rises from a situation that is both human and refreshingly new to the stage; and the characters are few—two women, one young and beautiful, the other considerably less so. And oh, yes! it's in Irish brogue. (New York: Egmont Arens.)

FOUR MYSTERY PLAYS. By Rudolph Steiner. 2 vols. *The Portal of Initiation, The Soul's Probation, The Guardian of the Threshold,* and *The Soul's Awakening* form one continuous series in which the German mystic has embodied his idea on the "pyschic development of man up to the moment when he is able to pierce the veil and see into the beyond." Though these so-called "plays" are dialogues, simply, without dramatic action or even definite characterization, they were actually performed in Munich before audiences composed of Dr. Steiner's followers. (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons)

THREE PLAYS. By Noel Leslie. While these one-act plays do not "show great dramatic power, and deep understanding of human nature, combined with an intimate knowledge of stage technique" (see publisher's statement), they really are workmanlike in structure, are well written, and display some grasp of character and ability to devise dramatic situations. (Just here one cannot refrain from saying that it is a pity that publishers should insist upon prejudicing the reader against their books by trying to tell him what he must think.) In *Waste,* Marian Lacey, tubercular, hopeless, tragic, and her selfish and drink-sodden father, Fred, are real persons. So are Jack and Harry Foster in *For King and Country.* Both plays belong to the dreary and hopeless type of purely naturalistic drama; and only the human soul of them saves them from despair. In *The War Fly,* the author shows that he can devise a tragic fantasy of some original power. (Boston: Four Seas Co.)

SNOW. A play in four acts. By Stanislaw Przybyszewski. English version by C. F. Theis. You recall Bunthorne's question, "Patience, do you ever yearn?" And Patience's answer, "I earn my living." In this Polish tragedy of spiritual discontent and yearning, everybody "yearns"—and says so in every other line—Willy and his wife Bronka, Willy's brother Arthur, and Bronka's friend Eva, each of whom, except Bronka (who, remarkably enough, loves her own husband), yearns for the wrong person, and all of whom desire the spiritually unattainable. In its suggestiveness and half lights, in its lack of physical action, and in its self-analyzing talk, *Snow* is one of those plays that, rightly or wrongly, impress one as being characteristically Slavic. Nothing happens until the end, when Willy leaves with Eva for parts unknown, and Bronka, broken-hearted, goes out to the pond to drown herself in company with Arthur. Limitations of temperament may easily prevent a western reader from doing justice to characters who seem to him so morbid and neurotic, so pathologically introspective; nor can he see *Snow* as a play for the western stage. Yet he must admit that the author shows at times profound psychological insight and can write occasional passages of power. (New York: Nicholas L. Brown.)

THE GENIUS OF THE MARNE. A play in three scenes. By John L. Balderston. Says George Moore in his Introduction to this play: "It relies for its interest, not on controversy about facts, but on a purely spiritual issue. Is a man the springhead and source of his ideas, or are they transmitted to him?" Mr. Balderston would seem to think that "a man of genius is but a mouthpiece of a voice speaking from beyond." In this case the man of genius is Joffre; the voice from beyond, Napoleon. The second scene, in which Napoleon appears to Joffre, is arresting and impressive and would make a fine one-act play if it could be detached from the other scenes; and, as a whole, the play,

with its interesting basic idea, its dramatic conflicts and its well-written dialogue, is at least readable, if not actable. (New York: Nicholas L. Brown.)

A CRY OUT OF THE DARK. Three plays. By Henry Bailey Stevens. These allegorical plays are a protest against war from an "idealist" who looks upon organized human carnage as not only destructive and inhumane but futile and absurd. One may not accept the point of view, but will find the allegory strangely impressive. Each play voices its own protest. Perhaps their method makes them fitted to be read rather than to be acted, but all are essentially dramatic, and *The Madhouse,* certainly the most powerful of the three, might very well find a place in an eclectic bill of one-act plays. (Boston: The Four Seas Co.)

THE SOOTHSAYER. By Verner von Heidenstam. Translated by Karoline M. Knudsen. This Swedish writer loves to embody in classic characters and setting themes of universal meaning—in this case, the conflict between love and duty. Man cannot serve two masters. Eurytus, the soothsayer, would serve both Eros and Apollo; he is true to neither, and perishes for his inconstancy. The little play makes no pretence of the Greek form, and is not remarkably impressive in any respect, but shows something of classic quality in its directness and simplicity and something of poetry in its style that is not entisely lost in the translation. (Boston: The Fours Seas Company.)

RIP VAN WINKLE. A folk opera in three acts. By Percy MacKaye. Since the author distinctly enters a *caveat* against any comparison with either Irving's story or with the Boucicault-Jefferson play; since his purpose as well as his necessities were utterly different; and since he had a perfect right to use the central idea of the old legend, common to several countries, just as he might choose,—comparisons would be not only odious but unfair. The mistake was perhaps in calling this version by the familiar name. It *is* fair, however, to warn the reader that he will find here some graceful verse but little poetry, many characters, but little distinct characterization, and hardly anything of either the pathos or the humor of the old story beloved of all readers of English. Mr. MacKaye has done much beautiful work in poem and in play; but if one judges this work by itself, he can term it only the effort of an expert literary craftsman who has taken simply the old legend of the man who slept under the influence of magic liquor, and has dressed it up to serve as a vehicle for pretty musical and scenic effects. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf.)

OMAR AND THE RABBI. FitzGerald's translation of the *Rubáiyat* of Omar Khayyám, and Browning's *Rabbi ben Ezra,* arranged in dramatic form. By Frederick LeRoy Sargent. (Boston: The Four Seas Company.)

THE GENTLEMEN RANKER AND OTHER PLAYS. By Leon Gordon, *The Gentleman Ranker* is a commonplace melodrama in three scenes with the South African phase of the late war, as its setting. *As a Pal,* a satirical one-act sketch of Cockney character, and *Leave the Woman Out,* a one-act detective play of plot and counter-plot, complete the contents of the volume. (Boston: The Four Seas Company.)

STUFF O' DREAMS AND OTHER PLAYS. By Rex Hunter. Three one-act plays whose chief merit is their extreme brevity. (Chicago: T. S. Denison and Company.)

THE LAMP OF HEAVEN. A Chinese play in one act. By Mrs. L. Worthington Smith. A melodrama of the Boxer rebellion, which attempts to portray the immemorial Chinese father, the forward-looking young American officer, and the Chinese daughter whose feet are bound but whose spirit longs for freedom. (Boston: The Four Seas Company.)

COMEDIANS ALL. A Book of Contradictory Criticism. By George Jean Nathan. This volume contains about one hundred broken bits of discussion on all kinds of topics relating to the theatre, varying in length from a few lines to several pages. The point of view, the tone, and the style are those of the author's previous volumes. (New York: Alfred A. Knopf.)

JUDITH. By Arnold Bennett. The success of the Hammersmith playhouse in which Nigel Playfair and Arnold Bennett presented Drinkwater's *Abraham Lincoln*, among other plays, appears to have turned the novelist back to the writing of drama. The first of the plays upon which he has been at work, *Judith*, is uneven. Half of it—the reconstruction of the political and human background to the famous story of Judith and Holofernes—is undeniably successful. It treats its figures with familiar, satiric modernism. When Mr. Bennett reaches the heart of his play, the tent of the invader, he fails. Lyricism and passion and vengeance are beyond his range when the stage must be draped in the hangings of time and lit by the fires of the ages. (New York; George H. Doran Co.)

IBSEN IN ENGLAND. By Miriam Franc, is a record of the introduction of Ibsen's various plays into the English theatre and English translations, with some notes on Ibsen's influence on modern English drama. (Boston: The Four Seas Co.)

A NIGHT LODGING. By Maxim Gorki, is a reprint of a translation by Edwin Hopkins, Jr. In the body of the book it is called *The Submerged*. (Boston: Four Seas Co.)

A QUAKER SINGER'S RECOLLECTIONS. By David Bispham, include, in a record of a life that is full of reminiscences of the great folk of music, some interesting notes on great American actors and actresses. (New York: The Macmillan Company.)

FLYING STAG PLAYS. *The Prodigal Son* (No. 8), by Harry Kemp. A rather dull burlesque of the biblical parable, with trimmings, below the usually exigent standard of the series.

THE BIRTH OF GOD. By Verner von Heidenstam. This mystico-religious one-act play by the Swedish Nobel Prize winner, though scarcely fitted for the stage, is a fresh and arresting treatment of the idea that only through self-sacrifice can man attain to a realization of the divine. (Boston: Four Seas Co.)

THEIR LIVES TRANSLATED. By Cora Ten Eyck. (Boston: Poet Lore Co.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE AND OTHER VERSE. By J. M. White, M.D. (New York: Frye Publishing Co.)

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Theatre Arts Magazine, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1920.

STATE OF NEW YORK }
COUNTY OF NEW YORK } *ss.* Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Edith J. R. Isaacs, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is one of the editors of the *Theatre Arts Magazine*, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: publisher, Theatre Arts, Inc., 7 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; editors, Sheldon Cheney, Edith J. R. Isaacs, Kenneth Macgowan, Marion Tucker, managing editor, none; business managers, none.

2. That the owners are (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of the total amount of stock): Theatre Arts, Inc., 7 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Sheldon Cheney, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Edith J. R. Isaacs, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Marion Tucker, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.; Kenneth Macgowan, 7 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest, direct or indirect, in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails, or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is not required. (This information is required from daily publications only.)

EDITH J. R. ISAACS.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of March 1920.

HENRY L. KETCHAM, Notary Public, Rockland Co., New York
(My Commission expires March 30, 1920)

The figure which appears on the cover of this issue of *Theatre Arts Magazine* is drawn from a Javanese marionette in the collection of Maurice Sterne. It is reproduced from Helen Haiman Joseph's *A Book of Marionettes* by courtesy of the publisher.

Above is the curtain designed by Warren Dahler for the school for community drama workers conducted by Community Service at Washington, D. C. Below is a scene designed by the same artist, showing the relationship of the decorative curtain, when raised, to the decorative scheme of the settings on the stage.

A scene from *The Gods of the Mountain* as presented by students of Hong Kong University under the direction of W. Sinclair, in the first Chinese performance of Dunsany's plays.

The

DRAMA BOOK SHOP

7 East 42d Street, New York City

. • .

For PLAYS and Books about the Theatre

. • .

PLAYS FOR
READING, ACTING, STUDYING
PATRIOTIC PLAYS
PAGEANTS
ETC.

BOOKS ABOUT
SCENERY, COSTUMES, ACTING
STAGE DECORATION
ETC.

DIRECTORS PLAYS
SCENERY
COSTUMES

Let us relieve you of the troublesome features incident to your next performance by arranging for one of our professional coaches. Your performance will be so different.

Miss McNeill, President Dramatic Association, Adelphi College, says: "Your director was the best we ever had."

Production Department

Packard Theatrical Exchange
1416 Broadway, New York

Back Numbers of
THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

Containing articles, plays, and sketches by Gordon Craig, Robert E. Jones, Lee Simonson, Gilbert Cannan, W. B. Yeats, Stark Young, Walter Prichard Eaton, Susan Glaspell, Arthur Hopkins, Eugene O'Neill, Rollo Peters, Sam Hume.

A few complete sets of volumes I, II, and III can still be supplied. The price is now $3.00 per volume, unbound, post paid. All issues except those for February and May 1917, May 1918, October 1919, and January 1920 can still be had singly at 75c. each. Prices subject to change after August 15.

These early volumes of *Theatre Arts Magazine* are indispensable to students of the modern theatre, and will become increasingly valuable as the "new movement" develops. Pictorially they offer the finest display of the new stagecraft yet brought together, and the text includes an authoritative record of three of the most critical years in the history of the American stage.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE, 7 East 42 St., New York

ALBERTI SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

Studio Entrance on Seventh Avenue, corner 56th Street
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY
Fall Opening, Regular Courses, October 28, 1920
MADAME ALBERTI, PRINCIPAL
Connected with Stuart Walker's Companies *and* Young People's Theatre

THE GREENLEAF THEATRE

MR. & MRS. MAXWELL ARMFIELD

1920 NEW YORK SEASON : CLASSES IN 1921

SYNTHETIC DRAMA

ONE SESSION $30

GESTURE & DICTION

STAGECRAFT FOR SCHOOLS

OUT-DOOR PRODUCTION

DESIGN AND COSTUME

FOUR SESSIONS $20

QUARTERLY $8

FOUR FIVE-WEEK SESSIONS

I 18 OCTOBER 18 TO NOVEMBER 5
II NOVEMBER 15 TO DECEMBER 30
III JANUARY 1 TO FEBRUARY 5
IV FEBRUARY 15 TO APRIL 30

FURTHER INFORMATION FROM MISS VELLA MARTIN
"THE SUNWISE TURN" 53 East 44th St. NEW YORK CITY
OR MISS BERTHA LOWE 141 GREENE AVE. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

Dramatic Interpretations
BY
MR. & MRS. CHARLES RANN KENNEDY
(Edith Wynne Matthison)

Lectures on Drama Subjects
BY
MRS. FORBES-ROBERTSON HALE
DHAN GOPAL MUKERJI
RACHEL BARTON BUTLER
EDWIN BJORKMAN
PENG CHUNG CHANG
SAMUEL J. HUME
GREGORY ZILBOORG

Readings
BY
JOSEPHINE PRESTON PEABODY

WILLIAM B. FEAKINS, MANAGER, TIMES BUILDING, NEW YORK

The Marion Press, Jamaica, Queensborough, New York

The Better Play

THERE is a curious faith held by the theatrical managers that the more empty a play is, the better will the generality of audiences like it, and large sums of money are expended annually by those managers in the production of puerile plays in the hope that one of them will be sufficiently silly to make the fortune of its producer.... I imagine that if an accurate financial statement covering the history of the theatre in America and England were prepared, it would be found that the amount of money irretrievably lost on "popular" pieces would be far in excess of the amount lost on "unpopular" pieces, having regard for the capital invested in each; and I should not be astonished to discover from such a balance-sheet that the "high-brow" drama had more or less paid its way while the "low-brow" or "no-brow-at-all" drama had not done so.

As for me, I am content. My belief that any sincerely written play, however gloomy it may be, will gain the support of the general public, provided that it does not disgust them with their kind and bears a clear and undisputable relationship to human life, is supported by my experience of the reception given in America to *John Ferguson*.... And the wish of my life is that the success of my play in America will induce the commercial manager to give the American people the chance to see performed in a public theatre that vital, native drama which is, I am quite certain, being produced somewhere on this great continent. I like to think that a young man, disregarding discouragements, is writing American plays — in some remote village, perhaps — that will reveal his country not only to his countrymen but to the world with that degree of intimacy and understanding that I find in the books of Mr. Winston Churchill, "O. Henry," Mrs. Edith Wharton, and Ernest Poole.

St. John G. Ervine in his Preface to the New Edition of John Ferguson.

Constantin Sergeievitch Stanislavsky (Alexeieff), founder of the Moscow Art Theatre, first artist and chairman of the Council. From a portrait in pastel by Valentin Alexandrovitch Syeroff, completed in the year of his death, 1911, and purchased the same year for the Tretyakovsky Gallery in Moscow.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

Volume IV | OCTOBER, 1920 | Number 4

The New Season

Plays and Repertory in Prospect — The First of the New Productions — Gilda Varesi in *Enter Madame* New Methods in Staging

BY KENNETH MACGOWAN

AT this time last year it took something approaching reckless faith to see as brilliant a season in prospect as the following eight months brought forth. After such a record of accomplishment and with promises even fairer than those of last August, it takes a still greater faith to believe that, whatever the new season may bring, it can reach and satisfy the soaring expectations of the New York playgoer. Yet already a certain measure of accomplishment has come as an earnest of the managers' promises.

The future is unquestionably bright. New plays of distinction coming from abroad, good prospects from American playwrights, interesting revivals of Shakespeare, Molière, Sheridan and the Greeks, and, for general tendencies, a rush of biographical dramas, more and more oriental pieces to give our new artists a fit opportunity for their color, and considerable talk and some downright plans for repertory theatres in New York.

II

At least one manager believes he is to establish a sanely organized playhouse on Broadway before the season is out. Robert Milton, son of a distinguished Russian regisseur, long a director for Mrs. Fiske and sundry other producers, and now a producer and manager on his own account by virtue of *The Charm School,* is to install a company of ten capable players in one of the eighteen new theatres now building between Forty-second Street and Fifty-ninth. To conquer what is considered the popular prejudice against the repertory system, Mr. Milton will introduce new plays at special matinees and insinuate them gradually into the evening bill. There will be no ostentatious trumpeting of the project; so, provided Mr. Milton succeeds in securing plays and performances up to his expectations, the prospects for success are excellent.

Arthur Hopkins' long promised repertory theatre may likewise

slip quietly into town this season. At the time of the actor's strike Mr. Hopkins had his plans practically completed for a new building to house a special producing company. Circumstances compelled him to abandon the project. Now, however, a very curious set of circumstances may enable him to convert the Plymouth Theatre into a repertory house if the difficulty over adequate storage space for current productions can be met. When John Barrymore resumes his run in *Richard III* in October, he will attempt to guard against the breakdown which overtook him last spring by giving only four performances a week of the taxing role of the royal Punch. This will necessitate the production of another play during the remaining four performances. The excellent excuse of Mr. Barrymore's health may thus be used to allay the fears of the American public that if a play is not being given day in and day out for months on end, it is *per se* a "failure" and a thing to be shunned. Among Mr. Hopkins' other plans is the very interesting venture of presenting Jacob Ben Ami, the outstanding figure of the Jewish Art Theatre last season, in English translations of Sven Lange's *Samson and Delilah,* Hirschbein's *Idle Inn,* and an unpublished play by Andreiev which may be called *The Clown,* though the literal rendering of the title is *He Who Gets His Face Slapped.*

III

The specific promises of new plays are many. American pieces that suggest distinction are, as usual, few; yet the prospects are rather brighter than they were for the season that brought us *Clarence, Déclassée, Beyond the Horizon,* and *Mama's Affair.* Two and perhaps three dramas by Eugene O'Neill are announced: *Chris,* tried out last season, *Gold,* to be produced by John D. Williams, and *The Straw,* a tragedy laid in a tuberculosis sanitarium. Mr. Morosco announces another play by Rachel Barton Butler, who wrote *Mama's Affair,* this one called *Mom.* Mr. Williams has a play by that expert writer of short stories, Fanny Hurst, *Back Pay.* Eleanor Gates, who wrote *The Poor Little Rich Girl* and *We Are Seven,* is to be represented at last by a new play, *Jim Lochinvar.* A new play by Louis K. Anspacher, author of *The Unchastened Woman,* is in prospect under the name of *Stepping Stones.* Mr. Faversham is to revive *The Prince and the Pauper* in a new dramatization by Amelie Rives, playing Miles Hendon himself.

From England and the Continent comes much promise. Barrie's *Mary Rose* is to bring back Maude Adams at Christmas time. The author of *Bunty Pulls the Strings,* Graham Moffat, is to be repre-

sented by a new play of Scottish life, *Don't Tell.* Mr. Belasco has bought for Frances Starr a drama by Edward Knoblock, *One. The Skin Game,* by John Galsworthy, in certain ways the most dramatic play he has yet written, is to be imported by Mr. Brady. Fortunately it will be directed by its British producer, Basil Dean. Mr. Brady also undertakes the difficult task of presenting in the odd and stylized manner necessarily demanded, the play which has been made from Daisy Ashford's *Young Visiters.*. The Theatre Guild will reopen with Bernard Shaw's first long play in many months, *Heartbreak House,* following it with a drama that should perhaps be listed among American material, David Pinski's *Treasure. Cook,* a play by the English humorist, Jerome K. Jerome, is promised by Marc Klaw. Winthrop Ames will return to production with *The Rajah,* a melodrama of Asia, by William Archer, the distinguished critic and translator of Ibsen. The prospects for a deluge of D'Annunzio seem excellent: Mimi Aguglia may be seen in *The Daughter of Jorio,* while Morris Gest has secured *Saint Sebastian* and *Helen of Sparta.* From the Spanish we shall have *Blood and Sand,* a dramatization of Ibanez's novel, in which Lionel Barrymore is to appear, and *Man and Woman* by Carlos Bonhomme. Kistemaecker's *Woman of Bronze* will be the first French drama of the season, a vehicle for Margaret Anglin. The long-expected visit of Sacha Guitry, the cleverest and most popular of Parisian playwrights, and his father, Lucien Guitry, a player of remarkable power and skill, will be preceded by the introduction of several of the former's comedies in English. James K. Hackett has bought the American rights to *Pasteur*—a play without a woman—and will probably mount it here after his London season in *Macbeth* and *The Merry Wives of Windsor.* Avery Hopwood has made an adaptation of *L'Illusionist,* which Mr. Woods expects to produce. In addition, Mr. Belasco is to present Lionel Atwill in a version of *Deburau* made by Granville Barker.

Following the great success of *Lincoln* the era of the biographical play seems upon us. Mr. Drinkwater himself is at work on three, *Robert E. Lee, Oliver Cromwell,* and *Mary Queen of Scots,* the last of which is likely to be acted here by Laurette Taylor under William Harris, Jr.'s management. Chicago has received with more favor than one might have expected a Lincolnian drama by Thomas Dixon called *A Man of the People,* which will be presented in New York this fall, while Mr. Dixon's *Robert E. Lee* tours the South. Samuel Shipman and Victor Victor have made a drama called *Undesirable Friends* from the life of a Jewish patriot of the American Revolution, and Mr. Shipman alone has manufactured a rival *Edgar*

Allan Poe to the one by Iden Payne and Thomas Wood Stevens presented in Pittsburgh last spring. *Pasteur* naturally falls into this same group. Other figures to be similarly treated include Whistler and Oscar Wilde. A great portion of these biographical plays are likely to prove trivial, yet the interest in this type of drama has its significance. The rediscovery of the past is always a healthful thing; such plays must of necessity take a looser form of structure and free us more and more from the old three- and four-act restrictions; and heroes, we may remember, can make the highest type of tragedy, as Shakespeare and the Greeks testify.

Mr. Sothern and Miss Marlowe will confine themselves to England this season, and the new Stratford company is unfortunately not to visit America after all; yet the greatest of English dramatists is not likely to suffer from neglect. Mr. Mantell will be on tour, and his former leading man, Fritz Leiber, will also carry a Shakespearean repertory into the provinces. In New York there is some prospect that Grace George will appear in *Cymbeline* as well as in Molière's *School for Wives*. Mr. Barrymore will, of course, be playing *Richard III* once more, and Walter Hampden is to have a repertory including *Hamlet, The Merchant of Venice, Romeo and Juliet, The Taming of the Shrew,* and *Julius Caesar*. In the last, he will play alternately Antony, Brutus, and Cassius. Henry Herbert, who played "Clutie" John in *John Ferguson* and Kira in *The Faithful* when he was with the Theatre Guild, is to give some special matinees of *The Comedy of Errors,* while Rachel Barton Butler will make a special version of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* for her Children's Theatre. Among other promised classics are an all-star production of *The School for Scandal,* with Billie Burke as Lady Teazle, and performances by Miss Anglin of Euripides' *Medea* and Sophocles' *Electra*.

IV

The financial vigor of last season spurred on the Broadway managers to make a large number of productions in August. Of the seventeen presented in a little less than a month, about half a dozen suggest ways in which the coming year may be profitable to art as well as to box offices. By far the best play and the most significant production is *Enter Madame;* for it not only presents that fine player, Gilda Varesi, in a distinctly brilliant comedy of her own writing, but it also introduces a new manager, Brock Pemberton, formerly of the Hopkins staff. The play, which has been fashioned with the assistance of Dolly Byrne, is a witty picturing of an opera singer and her entourage, including a husband who has tired of end-

less tours and found a helpmeet content to stay in New York. At the opening of the play he has cabled madame his decision to seek a divorce, and anxiously awaits her answer. It comes in person, and before the evening is out we see madame exercising all her old charm and defeating her rival easily and neatly. There is true observation in the play, a delightful wit, and a number of freshly intriguing situations. Americans seldom write such first-plays; distinguished actresses, never.

It must also be said that American managers seldom make such excellent first productions. Miss Varesi herself is not, to my notion, a comedienne. She lacks that curious and subtle richness of the spirit which women like Laura Hope Crews and Mrs. Fiske possess. She is, however, a very fine actress; and that means that she can draw a sharp and brilliant portrait. We laugh at her prima donna, rather than with her; but we laugh. Mr. Pemberton has given Miss Varesi the excellent support of Norman Trevor, as the husband, and of a very pleasing new juvenile, Gavin Muir. The rest of Mr. Pemberton's cast is adequate, or more, and he has fused them into that type of silken and effortless production which Mr. Hopkins alone has known how to achieve.

The last days of summer brought two American plays of real promise, if not complete fulfilment. They were David Carb's comedy of Texas, *Immodest Violet,* and Octavus Roy Cohen's broad sketch of the colored people, *Come Seven.* Neither accomplishes its end smoothly or expertly; there are rough spots, places where too much is attempted, and places where opportunities are neglected. But in both plays there is a measurably successful attempt to see some other corner of American life than Broadway and Forty-second Street. Mr. Carb has transferred amusing Southern types to the stage, but his plot demands more skill in handling than he applied and far more ability in the leading player than Marie Goff could summon. Minor figures were played excellently, particularly the boy by Kenneth McKenna.

Come Seven, on the other hand, is content with a far simpler and more natural plot. It is a record of the manœuverings of two negroes in an attempt to profit by various pawnings of various engagement rings without coming within the reach of the law. There is something of the simple innocence of the Dublin playwrights in this little story. If Mr. Cohen could have handled his characters with the skill of Mr. Carb, he would have written an excellent little genre comedy of a race whose dramatic possibilities are very much neglected. As it is, his "all colored" play runs off into reaches of what is familiarly called "hokum." This comic exaggeration is

chargeable to some of the players as well, though Arthur Aylsworth, Earle Fox, Lucille LaVerne, and Henry Hamlin are in the main legitimately effective.

Two of the most interesting of the popular pieces of the new season call for little comment except an acknowledgment that they accomplish in a workmanlike manner what they set out to do. *The Bat* is an ingenious and exciting thriller of the murder-mystery type, devised by Mary Roberts Rinehart and Avery Hopwood, while *The Charm School* contents itself with being a fluffy concoction staged in a charming manner by Robert Milton, with Minnie Dupree returning to the stage for a very fine little bit of acting as a gentle, twittery old maid.

Though neither production and neither play has much of ultimate value, *The Lady of the Lamp* and *Spanish Love* are significant of the marked trend toward the romantic in subject, and toward the new method of production which is sweeping Broadway along with the little theatres. Earl Carroll's *Lady of the Lamp* has no literary value whatever, while the play which Avery Hopwood and Mary Roberts Rinehart have rather clumsily translated from the Spanish is distinguished for nothing more than a certain vigor of hate. It is only because the stories give material for the stage artist and the picturesque actor that they gain interest.

The Lady of the Lamp has been set in scenery designed by the author, who also figures Craig-wise as director, costume designer, composer of the incidental music, and manager. The settings are simple and effective, if not entirely right as to color and line; certainly they far outshine the elaborate and gaudy sets which other producers of spectacle are foolish enough to go to London to buy. When Henry Herbert, as the grim Manchu emperor, appears in the midst of the court of old and pacifist China, there are moments of fierce and vivid contrast quite as good as much that more practiced designers and producers accomplish. Mr.Herbert's acting and George Gaul's fine voice add much to the performance.

Spanish Love, a tale of jealousy and hate between lovers of the same woman, has been mounted with almost all the devices of modern stagecraft, brought rather footlessly together. There is a "skeleton" setting by Robert Bergman which stands through all the acts and is converted by various additions of properties and drops into different exteriors and interiors. The design could be better, though the painting is very well done. In addition to a permanent setting, the producers have added a forestage where the orchestra pit should be, taking out the footlights and building a short flight of steps at either side leading to the main stage; they have made

the first box on each side of the proscenium into an entrance; they have completely covered over the columns and arch of the proscenium itself with hangings; and they use the aisles for still other means of entrance and exit. Thus there is practically nothing of the old stage and the old conventions of production left. It is the most elaborate and thoroughgoing attempt yet made in a Broadway theatre to get away from the production methods of the nineteenth century and approximate the playhouse of the future.

Unfortunately, it is not a well-thought-out or wholly happy attempt. The direction is conventional, the humor and costumes smack of comic opera. Further, the attempt to make over a present-day playhouse by temporary means seems as incongruous as the plays which so often try to carry the work of our new artists. The forestage is cramped; the presence of one of the old boxes by the side of one now transformed, brings you back sharply to the trick of it. The entrance of characters through the aisles jars still more on the sense of illusion. Finally, all these entrances from every direction of the compass are peculiarly ill-fitted to a play which was written with only certain specific old-fashioned rooms and courtyards in mind. *Spanish Love* serves to demonstrate that our producers must be ever critical of the men and the methods they employ in mounting a play, and that we must make new types of drama and a new type of theatre before we recklessly apply all the theories that have been developed around the new stagecraft.

Another of John Murray Anderson's *Greenwich Village Follies* has brought to New York still more of that fresh sense of revue entertainment, and particularly of stage beauty, which Mr. Anderson proved last season that he possessed. Among many good and bad things of the usual revue sort, there are two unforgettable episodes. One is James Reynolds' costumes and the dancing of chorus and principals in a Russian episode, and the other is Margaret Severn's dance with the masks of W. T. Benda, illustrated in this issue. The extraordinary dramatic power of this device, which has lain idle for centuries, is demonstrated before Miss Severn has been on the stage for more than half a minute. In the hands of such an artist as Mr. Benda, the mask gains a significance which, it is no arrant pose to say, the human face cannot master. The next step for Mr. Benda and for some legitimate producer (if the revues do not get there first) is to produce drama with these masks. Even as they stand, they make a very striking climax to the promise of the new season.

The Use of Masks in Dancing

By Margaret Severn

Most present-day actors are against the use of the mask because it makes the expression of individual personality practically impossible and does away with all the effect usually obtained through facial mobility—especially that of the eye, which is the very window into the soul of man and can portray a far more subtle change of emotion or idea than even the most delicate bodily gesture or movement. Certain playwrights and producers, however, see an advantage in erasing the personality of the performer, and favor masks because of their assistance in complete character make-up, their symbolical value, and their power of representing abstract ideas.

It has recently been my good fortune to be the first interpreter of the remarkable masks designed and executed by W. T. Benda, and I find in them a new source of inspiration. In the quick and contrasting changes of personality which they make possible, tremendous scope is given to the dancer's imagination in the creation of new movements and steps. Unthought-of gestures suddenly leap into being when one ceases to be one's self and becomes immersed in the character of the mask. The audience, too, forget the identity of the dancer in their interest in the projected *ideas,* and become absorbed in the action or picture before them.

Mr. Benda worked originally only to satisfy a personal hobby, but succeeded in producing unique and beautiful results. In these masks he has not merely made imitations of the human face—he seems to have captured wandering spirits out of the air and to have given them earthly form, each mask being an entity in itself. When one looks at it, one feels that had Mr. Benda's magic extended itself a little further, the mask would speak in a strange unearthly voice and tell tales of life in undreamed-of worlds. It is this spiritual, unhuman quality particularly peculiar to Mr. Benda's masks which holds so much inspiration for the dancer. When I first looked on the face of the Oriental Princess, for instance, it seemed so real, so completely a personality in itself, that I did not think of making up steps to do in it. It seemed to me that the Princess herself knew exactly what she wanted to do, so I placed her countenance over my own, and, keeping the image of it in my mind, I began to dance. The movements were slow and sinuous; the dark slant of her half-closed eyelids suggested gestures that were at once reserved and rhythmical. The inscrutability of her expression carried me still

Six Masks designed by W. J. Benda. In the *Greenwich Village Follies of 1920*, now current in New York, Miss Margaret Severn appears in a series of dances which find their inspiration in the masks she wears. Elsewhere in this issue Miss Severn gives her impressions of the value of masks in dancing, and on the following two pages we are reproducing photographs which suggest how successfully she has caught the individuality of each mask and re-created it in movement. The masks are chosen from a unique collection designed by W. T. Benda, who is the first American artist of note who has worked in this field. (Photographs by Maurice Goldberg, reproduced by courtesy of the Greenwich Village Follies.)

The Ascetic.

The Silly Doll.

An Oriental Princess.

Pierrot.

A Hindu Demon.

further into attitudes and movements that were meant to tantalize and fascinate though remaining unexplained and distant.

Then there was the skull of the hideous old man—a face expressing bitterness, miserliness, and hypocrisy, together with a glint of wicked humor. This mask has been called "The Monk," "The Ascetic," or "The Miser." In interpreting it, I chose not to imitate realistically the movements of any of the characters suggested by these names, but rather to symbolize in my gestures its predominant qualites of hatred and malice. When wearing it, my body seemed naturally to fall into grotesque and ugly attitudes. I clutched with grasping fingers at the thin air, feeling a malicious joy in my own hideousness, showing only an occasional gleam of the hypocrite's fear.

Utterly different is the character of the "Silly Doll" or "The Flirt." This ridiculous little creature has exquisite golden hair, enormous staring blue eyes, and an impossibly small rosebud mouth. If she could speak, she would certainly use baby talk and be sure to lisp. She has a habit of putting one finger in her mouth, and she loves to hunch up one shoulder and stare at you over it in naïve surprise—she is obviously a born coquette, though all the while she seems seriously to assure you that she doesn't know what flirting means. Of course, when she dances she chooses twinkling little ballet steps. She twiddles her toes in and out so quickly that you can hardly see them move. She shows you that she has an exquisite little ankle, and that her mood can be as variable as her steps.

The practical difficulty of dancing in the masks is considerable. They are most skilfully made and fit over the entire head, but the holes for the eyes and nostrils are very small, so that the vision is limited to the space immediately in front and breathing is difficult. One cannot see to the side or above the level of one's own eyes, and it is hard not to become dizzy and confused. All this is, however, of minor importance, and there can be no doubt that such masks are a great addition to the art of the dancer. They really form an art in themselves, and the proper interpretation of them involves extensive study. One would not wish, of course, to confine dancing to this one aspect. Dancing, much more than acting even, can be used either to tell a story, or to represent a symbolical idea, as one may desire.

The latter purpose is most effectively achieved by de-personalizing the performer, by giving place to a definite, fixed, abstract quality, such as is graphically represented by each of these masks. To my mind, the highest form of all is obtained by a perfectly spontaneous expression of the truth of life as felt by the dancer herself, whether her inspiration arises from a mask or not.

1620—The Puritans and the Theatre—1920

By Edith J. R. Isaacs

The Puritans would have been the very first, in such days of tercentenary jubilation and dignification as these, to have shouted from the housetops, "Not unto us, not unto us give glory." While others were chanting their praises they would have taken stock of their shortcomings; while their descendants were making up the total of their contribution to America, they would have been counting the cost of their limited vision to the fulness and beauty of American life. And they would, as their part in the tercentenary celebration, have paid their spiritual debt by a creative penance.

With a background of three hundred years of history and of progress, it is highly probable that the first debt they would have acknowledged (one which there has been no attempt to pay and little to appraise) is the debt they and their descendants owe to American art and especially to American drama,—which from the beginning has been under the curse of the Puritan tradition.

Historians of the American theatre agree that, after three hundred years, America has no vital national drama. They go even further, and say that, having begun so badly, America can never have a drama essentially its own, because a vital national drama always grows spontaneously out of the religious or historical life of the people, like the drama of India, China, or Spain. At first glance all the facts of the case seem to support the historians in their contention. The wonder of pioneering in a new world, association with a people so aglow with the light of romance as the North American Indians, comradeship in toil and peril, the brotherhood of the sacred flame—none of these gave to the first century of American life any folk-plays or symbolic rites or dramatic legends.

Yet when one looks back, keen-eyed, along the line that stretches from *Beyond the Horizon* through *The Great Divide, The City, Shore Acres, Alabama, Saratoga, Fashion, The Contrast, The Blockheads,* back to the very first and very worst of the early plays of American life, it is easy to see that behind them all, before the Revolution, somewhere in the barren first century, bound up somehow with the religious life of the Puritan fathers, were the beginnings of our national dramatic life.

And there, of course, they are,—in the Puritan's hatred of the theatre,—the seeds, not of life, but of death, not of creation, but of extermination. The real history of American drama is the history of an art growing not *with* the national fibre, but *against* it, yet

growing always; working its way up through a soil soured by prejudice, its stalks fighting their way crookedly to a light that is continually barred. It is the history of a bitter warfare between art and religion in men's hearts, of dramatic instinct, repressed and suppressed, falling inward upon itself, biding its time. Because the early American *theatre* was a transplanted institution, and because a flourishing foreign drama was transplanted and growing beside our own—dwarfing its backwardness by contrast—American *drama,* too, has been mistaken for an unsuccessful hybrid. But its stature was the mark of its Puritan heritage. As the Puritan domination of American intellectual life has gradually lessened, and as the influences of the melting-pot and of the great free spaces that are America have exerted their power, our national American drama has developed and grown strong, nationalizing the theatre as it grew. To call this story less interesting or less a history because it is founded upon negation is to miss its artistic and national significance.

II

To the early Puritans, religion was what it was to the early Hebrews, not only a theology but a theory of right living. It was important to pray, to fast, and to observe the Sabbath, but equally important to share in the world's work, to banish license, idleness, and waste. Whatever in the community encouraged evil living, blasphemy, or extravagance was anathema to the Puritan. As early as 1550 the Puritan spirit in England had been aroused against the theatre. It was not, at first, religious fanaticism, but an opposition that combined moral with material grounds, that joined an appeal for ethical restraint with a protest against the "prodigall, sinfull, vaine expence of money," the expression of which is often humorously reminiscent of Shylock's "My daughter, oh, my ducats." The plays of the time were open to almost every objection raised against them. It was difficult to discover, in the coarse and often utterly ribald morality plays, the note of the festival rites or the liturgical mysteries which had made the early drama "the handmaid of the Church." Acting had passed from the clergy to itinerant companies of proved immorality and doubtful honesty, who, by their strolling habits, helped to spread disease and to shield crime, who squandered vast sums of money in clothes and drink and useless shams, who lured young men and boys from the fields at a time when the agrarian population was already decreasing too rapidly for the good of the state, and who capped all these offences by allowing their trumpets, calling to the play, to mingle with the peals of church bells on the Sabbath day.

It was natural that plays and players should be the object of special detestation to all those who were interested in civic betterment and spiritual welfare, and that the bitterness and intensity of the struggle should grow as the years passed. In the reign of Charles I, the storm broke in its full fanatical fury; and it is interesting to note that what finally closed the theatres was not dogma, but the plague. In 1642 Parliament decreed that

> "Whereas public sports do not well agree with public calamities, nor public stage plays with the seasons of humiliation, * * * it is thought fitt and ordained by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes and set times of humiliation do continue, public stage plays shall cease and be forborne."

The decree had barely been enacted before theatres were ruthlessly destroyed, players were arrested as common rogues, and playwrights were forced to go into exile. They, in turn, took their revenge by writing plays whose bitter satire was directed against the lives and characters of the Puritans, their follies and their vices, real and imagined, their vanity, hypocrisy, parsimony, and ill-temper. All the caustic humor of the age of Ben Jonson and his disciples was aimed at the enemies of the theatre and the rage on both sides grew with each attack and retaliation, until it was no longer possible to say whether the struggle was spiritual, fanatical, material, political, or purely personal.

This was the age in which the Puritans came to America to create a state in which the government should be directly responsible to the Lord for the souls in its charge; to build a new world from which worldly ills should never require to be banished because they had never been allowed to enter. It needs nothing more than an understanding of the ramifications of the strife in England to realize the depth of the Puritan's abhorrence of the theatre as an institution and the strength of his assurance that to forbid the coming of actors, "the caterpillars of the commonwealth," and to prohibit not only all performance but all mention of "profane stage plays" was to shut out forever a main source of sin. As there were to be, in the churches of his new world, no images counterfeiting the form, so there were to be no plays in his community making a forgery of the spirit.

What the playwrights thought of this is suggested by a passage in *The Ordinary,* one of the most violent of the anti-Puritan plays, in which two knaves who are unable to practise their villainy successfully in England agree to go to America to continue in peace the happy evil of their ways.

"No fitter place,
"They are good silly people, souls that will
"Be cheated without trouble. One eye is
"Put out with zeal, th'other with ignorance."

But scorn never won a battle against a Puritan. He had fought a hundred years to close the doors of the theatres in England; there should be no theatre doors to open in America.

How many dramatic voices there were crying in the wilderness, we do not know. There may have been, there doubtless were, sinners among the early Puritans or their children or the people who settled beside them who could not stifle the acting or playwriting soul that was alive within them. But history leaves no published record of their sin, nor of its punishment. The century is a century of silence.

III

Whether a theatrical performance of some sort was given in Williamsburg, Virginia, in 1725; whether or not the company that played in New York in 1732 was wholly amateur and without claim to distinction; whether the two Englishmen and some Boston men who played Otway's *Orphan* at a coffee-house in King Street were entitled to rating as professionals and to record as the first theatrical company in America, or whether William Dunlap is right in calling William Hallam, who brought a company of players from England in 1749, "the father of the American stage," is of no importance except to the authors of the several locally edited histories of the American theatre, whose stories differ according to the centre whose fame, as the birthplace of art in America, they desire loyally to establish. Few of the facts and dates are undisputed. The general isolation of the individual colonies, the difficulties of travel, the scarcity of newspapers, and the undesirability of dramatic notes as news in the colonial press make all very early records as unreliable as they would be insignificant were it not for the evidence they afford that, after the third decade of the eighteenth century, when Garrick was coming into his own in London, the bigotry against the theatre was giving way, in several of the colonies at once, to the world culture which was beginning to leaven life in America.

Before 1774, when the Continental Congress ordered the closing of all places of public amusement as out of keeping with the spirit of the times, most of the important towns in the Colonies, except Boston, were listening to public theatrical representations of some kind and were convinced that attending a performance of *Hamlet* or *Othello* was not much worse than enjoying a day of cock-fighting

or bull-baiting. The theatre in America remained, however, distinctly a transplanted English institution—plays, players, and traditions. Only two native plays were produced on the professional stage before the Revolution, and one of these, *The Prince of Parthia,* achieved its single performance not on its merits but (how history repeats itself!) because a comic opera prepared for production was pronounced too vulgar at the dress rehearsal.

Side by side with the growth of this theatre, however, there had grown up an American dramatic literature which was distinctly national long before it was good art. Of these early plays, one critic writes that they "were fit for no more than the use to which an indulgent Providence and the Dunlap Society have dedicated them, to serve as examples of the good will and sympathy with which a few great and good men, in the days of our country's fiery trial, held out their helping hands to the gentle art of drama." As an art criticism this judgment must stand. Yet the plays are important to our dramatic history for a reason exactly opposite to the one given; because, to paraphrase the critic's words, they show how "during the days of our country's fiery trial" the gentle art of drama held out a helping hand to our great and good men. And more and more, as we approach the Revolution, is the drama called into the service of the Cause as the natural art-advocate. The Revolution itself, which made English actors and English plays unpopular, substituted a struggle to drive out a usurping foreign art for the original effort to suppress the theatre. Before the inauguration of President Washington, a play had been written by a citizen of the United States which marked the dawn of a new era. This was *The Contrast,* by Royall Tyler, with which the history of the American play in the theatre really begins. From that day to this, slowly, haltingly, carrying always the burden of the outworn Puritan tradition of spiritual and social undesirability, the American drama and the American theatre have found their way slowly forward.

Yet even before the Revolution, interest in the art of the drama had found another expression which was to be of greater final value than either blank-verse histories or political satires. In the colleges, notably at Harvard, plays were written and acted as early as 1758. The diary of one N. Ames, a student, contains the following suggestive entries:

> "1760, June 13. Acted Tancred and Segismunde, for which we are like to be prosecuted."
> "1762, Oct. 12. In the evening acted a play. Rebuked for it by our parents."

Just after the Revolution the Abbé Rodin wrote of Harvard:

> "Their pupils often act tragedies, the subject of which is generally taken from their national events, such as the Battle of Bunker's Hill, the burning of Charlestown, the Death of General Montgomery, the Capture of Burgoyne, the treason of Arnold, and the Fall of British Tyranny. You will easily conclude that in such a new nation as this, these pieces must fall infinitely short of that perfection to which our European literary productions of this kind are wrought up; but still they have a greater effect upon the mind than the best of ours would have among them, because their manners and customs are delineated which are peculiar to themselves, and the events are such as interest them above all others. The drama is here reduced to its true and ancient origin."

From that day, the drama in our colleges, and still notably Harvard, has been at once the battering-ram and the builder, helping to tear down all that is artistically, humanly, spiritually false in the Puritan art tradition, and building, with the aid of art, toward the Puritan ideal of national life.

Within the last fifteen years Harvard has added to the workers in our theatre — playwrights, artists, producers — a happy host of young people who are serving truth through beauty. Many of them are of Puritan stock, and come to the theatre straight from the Vermont mowings or from Boston, the last of the strongholds against the theatre. All of them are doing their share to pay the debt of the Puritans to the theatre. So are their fellows from other colleges in every part of the country, even men of other nations who have joined with them to teach and to learn, to lead and to follow.

But we cannot all be artists, and there must be in America today millions of men and women of Puritan ancestry, eager, on this three-hundredth anniversary, to do something that shall worthily express their sense of their privilege and their responsibility. Why not pay the Puritan debt to art? Why not build a theatre at Harvard? And then one at Smith and at Vassar? Why not build a theatre on Boylston Street, and another on Broadway, and dedicate them to the good and the true and the beautiful, and stand guard over their stage doors and their box-offices? Why not help to make the American drama in the twentieth century what drama was four centuries ago, the handmaid of our spiritual life?

Eugene O'Neill

By Walter Prichard Eaton

The Pulitzer prize for the best American play produced in a New York theatre during the year was awarded last June to Eugene O'Neill, author of *Beyond the Horizon*. Prizes of this sort do not always have great significance; they may, for instance, merely mean that all the other plays were pretty poor. However, it is well remembered that all the other plays were not pretty poor during the year of the contest, and *Beyond the Horizon* was not victor without competition. That the judges, though, could have hesitated long over their decision is difficult to imagine, for Mr. O'Neill's drama possesses so conspicuously one merit over all competitors, the merit of a tense, driving emotional sincerity, imparting to the spectator—when he withdraws a little from the spell of the tragedy—the sense that the dramatist has been imaginatively at the mercy of his people; not manipulating them so much as being manipulated by them.

If there is any one thing more than another which wearies the intelligent spectator of the average play, it is the almost constant sense of calculation — by the author, the producer, the actors, but especially the author. Calculation can, and does, result in great "successes"; but it almost never gives deep or lasting pleasure to the thoughtful. "Calculation" might well be blazoned over Mr. Belasco's proscenium, for the average play in his theatre is an almost perfect illustration of what we mean. Consideration of what each actor can do best, or most appealingly, consideration of the time-limits to serious attention before a "laugh" becomes desirable to pick up the pace, consideration of just what sort of emotions, just what kind of characters and scenes, are most appealing to the public — these and others like them mark the drama which is conceived and forwarded by outer, not inner, compulsion. And, if the truth be told, the penalty most theatre workers pay for working in the theatre is the acquisition of an exaggerated idea of the value of calculation, which, of course, they term "technique," a word which spreads a world of whitewash.

Although Eugene O'Neill was, in a sense, born to the theatre, being the son of James O'Neill, an honored and famous actor on our stage for many years, it was his good fortune, it seems to me, to come into the theatre as a playwright after a boyhood and young manhood spent in an utterly different environment, and, further, to come in through the introductory portals of the Provincetown Players' theatre, where (and when) the only calculation was not to

calculate, where individuality counted far higher than conformity. *Beyond the Horizon* is, after all, strangely of a piece with the one-act sketches he wrote for the Provincetown Players. It is his individual vision written into the three-act form, with something added of firmer story and fuller feeling. How uncalculated it is, in the grosser sense, may be guessed from the fact that it is a naturalistic tragedy—and both naturalism and tragedy are supposedly anathema to our theatregoing public. Suppose for a moment the original conception of the play subjected to considerations of what managers or public would supposedly want and demand! What is unique, what is finest, in the work instantly evaporate. Is it not quite possible, then, that O'Neill was able to find himself as a dramatist, to feel his way through character sketches and episodes to character development and rounded drama, without sacrificing his vision, his personal sincerity, because he had a small, free theatre to work in, where his individuality was applauded, fostered, it may be almost overpraised, rather than suppressed? At any rate, there is strong presumptive evidence, which should cause us all to watch still more closely and hopefully our experimental theatres.

A rereading of *Beyond the Horizon* and of O'Neill's one-act plays of the sea, in the volume called *The Moon of the Caribbees,* brings home to one anew the immense value to a dramatist—to any literary worker, for that matter—of a first-hand knowledge of the life portrayed, and of the eye-single to truth of portraiture rather than supposed "effects." The rough, tough seamen of the British tramp, who figure in so many of the short plays, reveal themselves in talk and action, rather than propel a story for the dramatist. The stories here are insignificant, certainly bare of all complication. They are suspensive rather because of the grim allurement of the strange, rough beings caught so unexpectedly in their sordid existences, and because of a certain intensity of emotion which resides in all the writer's work. When the grim old captain in *Ile* orders his boat into the ice,—though the crew is in mutiny and his wife has gone mad,—driven by some mystic pride of a full catch which he cannot put into words, nor conquer, the brutality of the incident might predominate with another dramatist, or we might be involved in a welter of explanation for a course so strange. But with O'Neill, we are captured, shaken, by the mystic instinct, this irrational drive of pride. It is charged with emotionalism, like some higher power suddenly felt, unseen.

Beyond the Horizon is not without its faults. But at least it possesses this atmosphere of emotional intensity (just as, for instance, *The Great Divide* possessed it). Indeed, mention of Moody's

play suggests what is much more than a fanciful analogy. Moody was a fastidious poet, a professor of English, an intellectual New Englander born to a far different inheritance. Yet O'Neill seems at present to be his legitimate successor on our stage, by virtue of their joint possession of that tense emotional sincerity which comes, and comes only, perhaps, from the roused poetic imagination. Moody was an older man than O'Neill when he wrote *The Great Divide,* and he was a far wiser man. He knew his Arizona roughs far less intimately, to be sure, than O'Neill knows his sailor men, and missed thereby the sharp sting of realism; but he saw life deeper, for all that, saw its complexities and escapes. The character spiral of *The Great Divide* winds upward toward the light. Its assertion is the power and nobility of the human will. The character spiral of *Beyond the Horizon* goes neither up nor down, but inward to the point of annihilation. In the particular case in point, there is a social weakness here, as well as a moral one (using "moral," of course, in its finer sense). The degeneration on an American farm, from sturdy independence and moral fibre to the dire and flabby acceptance of fate's buffets exemplified by the end of *Beyond the Horizon,* is never a matter of one generation, and seldom enough, even in its beginnings, a matter of accident—for it was an accident which kept Robert on the farm, as the author intended it should be, as his gesture at Fate. The degeneration of our Eastern farms and farm folk has been a gradual process, with its causes varied enough, but at the bottom invariably economic and social. It began when the railroads followed the valleys, it continued when the railroads opened up the virgin, black prairie soils, and has kept steady march with our urban expansion. So, in the last analysis, *Beyond the Horizon* is not in a true sense naturalistic, however tragic it may be. Though he sees in terms of characters, though instinctively, with a poet's vision, he drives for what is dramatic not by the common manipulation of situation, but by the creation of emotional intensity as his lines unfold before us, still O'Neill has some way to go before he can justly be ranked with Moody, or with certain English dramatists who likewise have command of more intellectual background.

But to admit this, perhaps, is but to admit his youth, and certain limitations of intense emotional vision in all but the greatest artists. Certainly as between the ordinary "problem" play or specimen of "the intellectual drama," and *Beyond the Horizon,* we would not hesitate to choose the latter. It may miss the correct social implications, but it does not miss the bitter sting of actuality so far as its immediate personages are concerned; it has passion and the throb of feeling. It has something else, too, which is rare enough in our

theatre—it has form. Form rare in our theatre? you ask in surprise, thinking of all the chatter about technique and all the array of dramas with correct exposition and almost mechanically smooth development. But that isn't form, because it isn't organic. It is construction. Some wise fool has said that plays are not written, they are built. Most of them are, to be sure. But not the fine ones. The fine play is neither written nor built; it is an organic growth, from within, and if it observes technical "laws," that is because the "laws" happen to have been deduced from previous fine plays, not because the dramatist was bothering much about them. The fine play is an organic unit, as flower and plant are a unit, and when the last word is spoken there is nothing more to be said. The play is resolved as a Mozartian melody is resolved. One has only to think of the sense of perfect form, of finality, imparted by *The Gods of the Mountain* or *Macbeth,* to gather what is meant. That *Beyond the Horizon* achieves this rotundity, this self-sufficiency of form, seems to me also apparent. It is something that dubiously can be taught, for its achievement or lack of achievement depends on the dramatist's possession or lack of the artistic flare. Logic and reason will never serve to give us the living sense of organic unity, the profound satisfaction of contemplating true form. By virtue of its gift, O'Neill seems to me the more certainly a rare artist.

But as yet we are judging him, it must be admitted, on the strength of but one achievement for the larger theatre of commerce, a theatre in which his present rather restricted, if intense, outlook, and his apparent preoccupation with the grim brutality of fate over souls too weak-willed to resist, will not carry him very far in a nation as buoyant as ours. His is a double danger, then. There is the danger every dramatist faces, of compromising with his individual methods of work under the insidious and multifarious temptations of the "practical" theatre; and the danger of trying to satisfy the outlook of his audiences upon life, without first expanding his own outlook. No man can see the whole of life; perhaps it is much to have seen the fo'castle of a tramp liner. Yet, for all his intensity of emotional vision, his true dramatic instinct for internal development of his story, his artist's sense of form, his gift for the enveloping atmosphere of reality, O'Neill's work to date remains intellectually and spiritually thin. It is a little impoverished, like his farmhouse sitting-room; and a little murky, like the window panes. But he must go back to life, not to the theatre, for his enrichment. Like Emerson's traveller in Europe, no dramatist will find in the theatre more than he brings to it.

The Moscow Art Theatre

Production and Organization in Stanislavsky's Playhouse

By Oliver M. Sayler

I. *Production*

There are three phases of a theatre today which command the interest of those who are seeking a new technique of dramatic and scenic art and a new organic economic basis through which their experiments and their proved ideals may be assured of continuity and permanence. In the case of any given institution, we are eager to know what its theory of the theatre may be, how it carries out that theory in concrete action, and what is the administrative structure under which it operates.

In the July issue of the Theatre Arts Magazine, I considered in some detail the course by which the Moscow Art Theatre reached its theory of spiritualized realism, the influence of that theory on the more recent development of the modern Russian stage, and a few of its applications to individual plays. I propose here to show a little more concretely how plays are produced at the world's first theatre and to append a digest of its constitution.

The mechanical equipment of a theatre may be the result of accident, as in America today, or of engineering ingenuity, as in most of the German stages, or of an intelligent attempt to provide a practical means of carrying out a consciously conceived theory of the theatre as an art. Esthetic theory and practical engineering and architecture have not yet united to produce a playhouse without flaws, inasmuch as both theory and mechanism are still in process of growth and development. The collaboration of these two functions, however, has probably gone farther at the Moscow Art Theatre than on any other existing stage. The world's first theatre is not housed in the world's first playhouse; nor is the world's first playhouse, wherever it may be, the home of the world's first theatre, else its fame would have outdistanced that of the stage of Stanislavsky. That stage, however, in Moscow's Kamergersky Pereulok has sufficient equipment to make its theory eloquent.

The home of the Moscow Art Theatre was not even a theatre originally, but a business block. Even yet, the facade is a row of small shops on the street level. The work of remodelling was done so deftly, though, and with such good taste that the interior of the auditorium is one of the most satisfying I have ever seen, with

Fuchs' Kunstler in Munich and Van de Velde's Werkbund Theatre in Cologne its only dangerous rivals. Half as long again as it is wide, with parallel side walls and two balconies, it affords a direct view of the stage from every seat. The stage is even more admirable in its proportions, although not so ample as the newer German stages. I may seem hopelessly negligent when I confess that I did not obtain the exact measurements of stage and proscenium, etc., but somehow there were so many more intriguing and thrilling quests in the theatre's repertory and its company that I forgot the uses of a foot rule. Roughly, however, it is at least twice the depth of the stage of the average New York theatre seating a thousand or less. It has a turn table—*for use* and not for purposes of advertisement. It has adequate space at both sides of the proscenium opening whereby it can set outdoor scenes with the aid of a cyclorama which all but equal the effects obtainable with the German ***kuppelhorizont***. The floor of the stage is arranged sectionally on elevators so that, among other possibilities, the impression of a hill-top sloping away from the spectator's foreground is attainable at will.

Perhaps the most eloquent use of the stage's depth which I saw in the entire repertory was in the setting for the Land of Memory in *The Blue Bird*. A sense of aloofness, of the visible and yet intangible, is the keynote which Stanislavsky desired to strike. The little fence in front of the cottage of grandfather and grandmother Tyl is therefore set at least twenty-five feet back of the proscenium, and yet there is plenty of space remaining for the action of the scene and the cottage still farther distant. By an ingenious arrangement of black curtains and strict control of the lighting, the intervening space is bridged by the eye without the attention being arrested on the way back. The same production reveals striking use of the sectional elevators, too, for in the Kingdom of the Future, between the foreground and the extreme background, the level dips into a kind of uncertain, before-dawn area which indicates most simply but most effectively the symbolic idea of spirits on the threshold of life.

It is in the use of the proscenium, however, that the Moscow Art Theatre displays its greatest virtuosity in achieving the verisimilitude of a scene it wishes to represent. In the first place, a scene is invariably depicted in the same proportions which it holds in life. For a cottage or an alcove, the stage is dwarfed by a false proscenium to the actual size of a cottage room. For a ball-room scene, the entire proscenium width is utilized. Sometimes, as in the scene in a rambling old outbuilding on a Russian estate in Turgenieff's *A Month in the Country*, the eye can detect no conclusion to either

end of the setting; the interior runs off out of sight at both ends and the imagination supplies the invisible reaches of the enclosure.

The proscenium at the Art Theatre is as plastic as the range of plays in the theatre's repertory. I remember with particular pleasure the sense of excitement and surprise and then satisfaction with which I looked on the last act setting for *In the Claws of Life* by the Norwegian playwright Knud Hamsun. The action calls for a circular hallway with a stairway rising up on a spiral out of sight to the floors above. For this scene, therefore, the Art Theatre brings the proscenium sides inwards until only about a third of the stage width is used. At the same time, almost the full height of the proscenium opening is used, and the result is a sense of the towering and the lofty which I have never before seen in the theatre. Imagine what might be done in this way with plays of ancient or medieval setting where the awe of height is a potent factor in the play's motivation.

Perhaps an even more unexpected use of the proscenium in a plastic way is that which helps to indicate the setting by masking off a portion of the proscenium opening. Adolphe Appia has suggested this expedient in the theatre in his designs for the third act of *Tristan and Isolde* at the end of his volume, "*Die Musik und die Inscenierung.*" The most vivid uses to which the Moscow Art Theatre puts it are probably in Gogol's *The Inspector General* and in Andreieff's *Anathema.* In the former play, Hlestakoff is disclosed in the second act in a miserable attic in a provincial Russian inn. The proportions of the scene are dwarfed, of course, to give the impression of the cramped quarters, but Stanislavsky has gone a step farther. An attic room has a sloping roof. Well, a ceiling sloping away from the audience gives only a faint sense of oppression. Instead, therefore, the slant is placed at the spectator's left and the proscenium curtain is draped over this slant just as over an odd-shaped picture frame, with the result desired. Likewise, the impression of sloping ground is all but lost when the stage floor rises away from the audience. In the last act of *Anathema,* therefore, where Leiser is brought to bay at the shore of the sea, the effect of rising ground is gained by bringing the stage level up toward the left, with the proscenium masking off the lower left hand corner just as if a knife had cut across this particular section of a larger scene.

In all these instances of stage setting as well as in simpler but even more ponderous scenes, the Art Theatre has the advantage of being able to forget the curse of the American scene designer and builder—the baggage car. With the exception of an occasional trip

to Petrograd, prepared carefully long in advance, the Art Theatre has seldom ventured out of its own home. Settings are intended primarily for its own stage and its own warehouses, and the construction can be much more substantial and realistic than with us.

The question of the way plays are produced at the Moscow Art Theatre would not be completely answered without a word about their rehearsals. One of the most effective and practical means toward their attainment of a spiritualized realism in their representation of life lies in the thorough way in which they prepare their productions before they are disclosed. The story of their endless patience has become one of the traditions whereby the theatre is known outside Russia. A year and sometimes two are required before a play is deemed ready for public performance. No date is set long in advance for that performance; producer and actors simply go ahead with their work, and when they are ready—really ready—they lift their curtain. Another side to this tradition which is not so well known is the painstaking care with which plays already produced are kept at keen edge. The repertory system as applied at the Art Theatre and throughout Russia requires that no play be presented at two successive performances. That means, of course, that a number of roles—sometimes four or five or six in a fortnight—must be kept in the player's memory. To prevent that memory from slipping even to the slightest degree and thereby ruining the illusion of realism, there is hardly an hour in the day when some part of the theatre does not shelter a rehearsal of a scene or an act of a play which may have been presented hundreds of times. Often in the afternoon or even in the morning, when I have entered through the offices and passed across the foyer to see someone on the floors above, I have heard the hum of voices in subdued tones rising above a screened portion of the lobby in the process of reassuring the memory for the evening's performance.

The question of production at the Art Theatre is not complete, either, without a further word on their practice of the repertory system. By that system, the theatre has lived twenty years with an average of three new productions a year during that time. The earlier seasons in the theatre's history show a larger number of new plays, but it must be remembered that the rigors of war and revolution since 1914 have made it difficult to prepare new productions for the stage in Moscow and Petrograd. Each year, too, several old plays performed first in previous seasons are brought out of storage and polished bright with almost as much care as a new production would require. In this way, any single season may afford an opportunity to see as many as a dozen or fifteen plays on Stanislavsky's

stage, and any fortnight may disclose as high as half a dozen. 'Not the least of the many and oft-recited advantages of repertory is the way a play of great merit may remain in the theatre's programs and finally attain a record as long as if it had been forced to an early death in a long run. I know of no better way to illustrate this point than to repeat a typical announcement of the Art Theatre covering nine days' time. The number in parentheses after the title of the play indicates the performances it has received on the Art Theatre's stage.

Program of the Repertory of Plays from December 15 to 23, 1917

December 15, evening, Dostoievsky's *The Village Stepantchikovo* (20).
December 16, evening, Hamsun's *In the Claws of Life* (84).
December 17, matinee, Saltuikoff-Shchedrin's *The Death of Pazuhin* (54).
December 17, evening, Hamsun's *At the Tsar's Door* (71).
December 18, evening, Turgenieff's *A Month in the Country* (116).
December 19, evening, Dostoievsky's *The Village Stepantchikovo* (21).
December 20, evening, Tchehoff's *The Three Sisters* (239).
December 21, evening, Gorky's *The Lower Depths* (226).
December 22, evening, Dostoievsky's *The Village Stepantchikovo* (22).
December 23, evening, Hamsun's *In the Claws of Life* (85).

After all, though, the most potent single influence in making productions at the Moscow Art Theatre what they are is the human factor. To Constantin Stanislavsky, artist, actor, and regisseur, and to Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, connoisseur and financier, the theatre owes its preeminence. By the contagious influence of their personality and their imagination, they have shaped and inspired the work of the group of artists and players gathered round them, and by their foresight they have devised organic assurances that their influence will be perpetuated after they have departed.

The domination of Stanislavsky's personality is vividly revealed by an examination into the course of *The Blue Bird* from Maeterlinck's manuscript to the first public performance. Fully a year before there was any thought of having the production ready for the stage, Stanislavsky called together the entire company—players, artists, mechanics, and business staff. In an exquisitely simple address, which readers of THEATRE ARTS may be interested to see some time in its entirety, he outlined the task before them, dwelling on the difficulties they would encounter in sensing for themselves the child psychology of the play and in reconstructing it on the stage. The play was then read—once and several times, so that its mood and texture might slowly and surely penetrate through the entire group.

In the case of *The Blue Bird,* Stanislavsky himself was the pro-

ducer, the regisseur. He does not always hold this commanding position, for the Council, of which he has always been president or chairman, has entrusted many of the plays to other hands. To Stanislavsky, however, the Tchehoff plays always went, as well as most of the more important productions. Under him, as producer or regisseur, therefore, the work went forward. With the assistance of the Council, the leading roles were assigned for study and experiment. Under the theatre's leisurely method, mistakes in casting could easily be corrected. The size of the company, numbering upwards of 150, enabled Stanislavsky to cast more than one for many of the roles, with the spirit of competition resulting and an opportunity to ease the burden on the individual by permitting him to trade off for certain performances.

In the matter of scenery and costumes, the work progressed with much the same leisure as with the interpretation of the lines. Stanislavsky himself conceived most of the designs and worked them out in detail with Yegoroff, one of the theatre's scenic artists. Still another member of the staff, with a connection which permitted him to do other work at will, was the late composer Ilya Sats, and to him the producer entrusted the task of writing music in keeping with the spirit of the play as understood after the long conferences of the company with Stanislavsky. Throughout these days of preparation, the business staff kept in intimate contact with the problems as they arose, devising means of solving them but never thrusting an alien hand into the situation to throw the artistic side of the work off its path.

The outcome of all this painstaking care, of course, was a performance of the Maeterlinck féerie which has not been equalled in any country in the world, not even in the playwright's own tongue. It was honest because every stroke of the work devoted to it was honest; it was a unity because the imagination of one man, one supreme artist, was dominant.

To make sure that their particular contributions to the Art Theatre's success will not be lost to the coming generation and that their influence may be perpetuated as much as personality can ever be kept alive after it has passed from the living scene, Stanislavsky has created the Studio Theatres of the Art Theatre and Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko has molded the corporate structure by which the theatre operates. There is not space here to describe in detail the functions and the aspects of the Studios. Through them, however, the Art Theatre is building for the future of the Russian stage. Through them, Stanislavsky intends that the stage he has inspired shall endure. In these later years, most of his affection and much of his

time has been devoted to the beginning players, young and old, who throng the Second Studio, and to the more experienced group comprising the First Studio. Each Studio is a theatre in itself, with complete artistic and mechanical and business staff, where every branch of the art of the theatre may be learned at first hand by experiment and under the encouraging eye of the master.

The perpetuation of the substantial business basis of the Art Theatre in recent years has been largely the work of Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, who has always been chairman of the Direction just as Stanislavsky has been chairman of the Council. It is a subject which deserves consideration all to itself.

II. *Organization*

As one of the few theatres in the world which has attained high ideals without state subvention and with a minimum of private assistance, the Moscow Art Theatre presents an illuminating study in the mechanism of theatre organization and management. The early history of the world's first theatre is not particularly significant except in its record of purposes clearly comprehended and doggedly cherished. Stanislavsky, actor and producer, and Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, connoisseur and business man, stood by each other as have few collaborators in the quest of the new theatre. They had to face and overcome much the same difficulties and obstacles which have proved the undoing of less determined crusaders, and their example in the light of the success which finally crowned their efforts puts to shame those whose will to achieve is less impassioned.

Far more significant than the romantic recital of these early struggles, more illuminating for those who are seeking to build firmly the foundations of our own new theatre, is the structural basis which after nearly two decades of experiment was adopted by the Art Thetre in the autumn of 1917. Herein is embodied the best judgment resulting from years of trial. Many of the organic phases of the constitution and by-laws filed in the Moscow Circuit Court September 15, 1917, had been operative for years. They were simply gathered here for the first time in a well-molded, carefully-balanced unity—a frank confession of the formula of the foremost theatre of our time.

An examination of this constitution reveals the fact that a theatre can be operated on much the same administrative lines as any other kind of legitimate cooperative institution. In order to bring out this fact and not to satisfy someone's hope that a strange panacea for the

ills of the theatre has been found, I shall quote rather freely from this document.

STATUTES OF THE COOPERATIVE SOCIETY OF "THE MOSCOW ART THEATRE"

I. *The Object, the Rights, the Duties and the Responsibility of the Society*

¶1. The Cooperative Society under the general name of The Moscow Art Theatre is formed for the purpose of continuing and developing through its members the activities of the Moscow Art Theatre, founded by C. S. Alexeieff (Stanislavsky), and V. I. Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko, and the organization of all kinds of undertakings and institutions likely to aid the material and spiritual prosperity of its members and the success of the theatre. In conformity with the object of the institution, the Society considers within its scope the opening and the upkeep in its name of theatres, permanent and temporary halls for the organization of dramatic and other performances, art studios, schools, courses, museums, etc. In a note, the organizers of the Society are named, eighteen in number.

¶2. For the realization of the objects indicated in ¶1, the Society may by all legal means acquire and dispose of property, including real estate, conclude contracts, take upon itself obligations, sue and answer suits in court, accept donations, inherit by will, and, in particular, open theatres, branches, offices and agencies, create loan, savings and pension funds and asylums for the members of the Society and servants of the theatre or other of its institutions.

¶3. The Society shall not become operative until 20 members have entered it, every one of whom has paid fully for not less than one share.

¶4 describes the seal.

¶5. The Society is liable to the full extent of its property and capital for the obligations it assumes. The members of the Society are liable to the extent of double the value of their shares for its obligations, but not beyond that amount. The members who join the Society assume responsibility for those obligations of the Society which were incurred prior to their entrance into it.

II. *The Composition of the Society; the Rights and Obligations of its Members*

¶6. Members of the Society may be persons of both sexes not younger than 21, also legal persons (organizations). Legal persons exercise their rights through power of attorney, one for each member.

¶7. In the beginning, the Society is composed of charter members and others invited by them. Further election to membership is made by the General Meeting on the proposal of the Direction.

¶8. A member on entering the Society pays: (a) the initiation fee of 500 rubles, and (b) his share of stock. The amount of one share is fixed at 4000 rubles for those who are actively working in the theatre and at 8000 rubles for those who do not take part directly with their personal services. Stock payments may be made in such instalments as are approved by the General Meeting, but only by members who enter the Society according to ¶3; in addition, the rights pertaining to the owning of shares, including the right to vote in the General Meeting, may, with the approval of the General Meeting, be given to the member before he has fully paid up his shares. The dividends, however, that may accrue to the share shall not be paid but shall be considered as part of his stock payments until the share is fully paid up. The amount of the first payment may be increased by the General Meeting. The entrance fee is not to be returned if a member leaves the Society for any reason whatsoever.

¶9. The number of shares which each member may own is determined by the General Meeting. Shares are not transferable.

¶10 specifies the means by which the member keeps his account with the Society.

¶11. When members of the Society wish to resign, they are obliged to declare their intention in writing to the Direction not less than three months before the end of the fiscal year. In case members of the Society working in the theatre cease their activities due to illness or to other causes beyond their control, they are dropped from the membership roll with a notice from the Society three months before the end of the fiscal year.

¶12 deals with infractions of the statutes and the course to be pursued in excluding a guilty member.

¶13. The date of retirement of a member of the Society is considered the last day in the fiscal year if said member has declared his intention to resign or was notified of his retirement (¶11), or if he was dropped by the General Meeting not less than three months before the end of the year; otherwise, the date of his retirement is considered as the end of the following fiscal year.

¶¶14, 15, 16, 17 and 18 specify the rights and obligations of retired members and of the successors in interest of deceased members. ¶17 regulates the readmission of retired members.

III. *Resources of the Society*

¶19. The resources of the Society consist of the following capital sums: the foundation capital, the working capital, and the reserve.

¶20. The foundation capital consists of the entrance dues and deductions from the dividends in the amount established by the General Meeting, donations and other accidental receipts and loans. The foundation capital is assigned to the acquisition of real estate and fixtures; besides, on the decision of the General Meeting, it may be transferred to the working capital of the Society.

¶21. The working capital consists of the instalments on the payments for shares, and is assigned to current expenses for the business of the Society upon the decision of the General Meeting. To cover current expenses and other needs, loans may be made if confirmed by the General Meeting. The total sum of the liabilities of the Society not covered by mortgage on real estate must not exceed double the amount of the sum of the share payments of members of the Society.

¶22. The reserve capital is assigned to the recouping of losses which may have been due to the operations of the Society and which cannot be compensated by the income. It consists of: (a) the annual deductions from the profits of the operation of the Society to the amount of not less than 20 per cent. of the net profit; (b) the interest on the capital sums; and (c) accidental receipts. Payments into the reserve capital are obligatory for the Society up to the time it equals the sum of the share payments of the participants in the Society. Thereafter, the obligatory payments cease, but are renewed in case part of the reserve capital be expended. The use of the reserve capital rests with the decision of the General Meeting.

¶23 deals with the formation of special funds.

IV. *The Administration of the Business of the Society*

¶24. The business of the Society is administered by: (a) the General Meeting; (b) the Council; (c) the Direction.

(A) THE GENERAL MEETING

¶25. General Meetings are regular and extraordinary. Regular meetings are called by the Direction annually: (1) not later than the month of October for the consideration and confirmation of the report and balance sheet for the year past, of the estimates of the expenses for the current year, and of the distribution of profits for the year ended; (2) not later than the month of January for the election of members to the Council, the Direction, and the

Auditing Committee, and for the consideration and confirmation of the plan of action for the coming year. * * *

¶26 provides for the calling of extraordinary General Meetings by the Direction, on demand of the Council or of one fifth of the members.

¶27. The General Meeting decides according to these statutes all questions concerning the business of the Society. The following matters are within the express jurisdiction of the General Meeting: (a) election of members to the Council, Direction, and Auditing Committee; (b) determination of the aims and the extent of the business of the Society; (c) consideration and affirmation of the financial reports and estimates and the distribution of profits and losses; (d) approval of instructions for the management; (e) acquisition of real estate for the Society and disposition of mortgages on property belonging to the Society; (f) making loans; (g) expenditure of the reserve capital; (h) increase of the amount of the initial dues or the membership shares; (i) admission and exclusion of members and removal of elected officers before the end of their term of service; (j) changing and supplementing of the statutes; (k) disbanding of the Society and liquidation of its business. In case of extending operations and acquisition of real estate, the General Meeting considers how the expenses incurred shall be defrayed. * * *

¶28 fixes the method of announcing the General Meeting, specifies that a majority vote binds all members, present or absent, limits each member to one vote, and provides for an advisory voice but no vote for guests invited by the Direction or the Council.

¶29 regulates the manner of voting at General Meetings: a quorum consists of a third of the members except for decisions indicated in ¶27 where a quorum consists of one half of the members; a majority vote is sufficient except for matters indicated in letters (e) to (k) in ¶27 where a two-thirds vote is required; elections and removal of members and officers must be by secret ballot.

¶30 provides for the calling of a second General Meeting if through lack of a quorum or a decisive vote the first Meeting leaves unfinished business.

¶31 prohibits transfer of votes.

¶32 provides the channels through which matters may be brought before the General Meeting. ¶33 provides for officers at the General Meeting, and ¶34 for certification of the minutes.

(B) THE COUNCIL

¶35. The Council of the Society consists of not less than five and not more than nine members elected at the General Meeting from the members of the Society for the term of one year. The place of residence of the Council is in Moscow. A note prohibits the presence of subjects of powers warring with Russia among the officers or the members of the Society or their employment in any capacity by the Society.

¶36. To replace members of the Council who have left before the end of the term for which they were elected or who have been incapacitated temporarily, not more than three substitutes are chosen by the General Meeting.

¶37 The substitutes agree among themselves on the order in which they shall serve on the Council; in case of disagreement, the choice rests with the Council. The substitute replaces the retired member of the Council up to the end of the term for which the retired member was elected but no longer than the term for which the substitute himself was elected. During the time they fulfil their obligations as members of the Council, substitutes enjoy all the rights and privileges of the members of the Council.

¶38 specifies the officers of the Council.

¶39. The Council is called on the invitation of the chairman. In his absence, the vice-chairman issues the call as the need arises, but in all cases not less than four times a year, in January, March, September, and November. A quorum consists of three members including either the chairman or the

vice-chairman. * * * In cases which admit no postponement, the Council meets on invitation of the chairman of the Direction.

¶40 specifies a majority vote in the Council, provides for reference to the General Meeting of subjects outside its jurisdiction or matters on which the Council and the Direction have disagreed, and releases a member of the Council from responsibility for decisions in which he does not concur if his disagreement be recorded in the minutes.

¶41. The Council directs the entire activity of the Society and oversees the correct fulfilment by the Direction of the plan of activity for the ensuing year which has been confirmed annually by the General Meeting. In particular, among the duties of the Council are: (a) the framing of an annual plan of artistic activity and an annual repertory; (b) the selection of artists and the distribution of the most important roles; (c) the determination of the character, time, and order of the productions; (d) the rules and regulations for the company and the theatre, etc.; (e) the supervision of all the economic matters of the Society. In addition, it is the duty of the Council to represent the Society in all matters with the exception of administrative economic questions, which belong to the field of the Direction.

¶42. The Council has the right to decide on questions that are outside the domain of the Direction and admit of no postponement; it submits its action for consideration and confirmation at the next General Meeting.

¶43 specifies the relation of the Council to the General Meeting and determines the responsibility of its members.

¶44. Members of the Direction and also other members of the Society are admitted to the meetings of the Council but without the right of a decisive vote.

(c) THE DIRECTION

¶45. The detailed management of the business of the Society belongs to the Direction, consisting of not less than three and not more than five members elected at the General Meeting from the members of the Society for the term of one year. The place of residence of the Direction is in Moscow.

¶46. To replace any of the members of the Direction during absence or sickness and also in case of death or resignation from the Society before the completion of the term of office, not more than two substitutes are elected at the General Meeting.

¶47 outlines the rights and duties of substitutes for the Direction after the manner of ¶37.

¶48 provides for officers for the Direction.

¶49. The members of the Direction may receive for their labor in managing the affairs of the Society a definite salary as well as a percentage of the profits of the Society. The extent and manner of computing this salary is determined by the General Meeting.

¶50. The Direction manages all the business and funds of the Society. Its duties in particular are: (a) keeping the membership lists of the Society and the payments on shares of separate members with an indication of the extent of their responsibility towards the liabilities of the Society; (b) the framing of an annual administrative economic plan of the theatre and the current repertory; (c) the receiving and disbursing of money, the buying and selling of interest-bearing securities, the keeping of funds and all kinds of property of the Society; (d) the keeping of the accounts and books of the Society, the giving account of transactions in regard to property and administrative affairs of the Society, the selection and employment of persons in the business affairs of the Society and their dismissal; (e) the making up of a financial report, estimate and balance sheet; (f) the organization of various undertakings of the Society and their management according to the decisions of the General Meeting; (g) the entering and answering of law suits through an attorney; (h) the renting of lodgings, warehouses, and other premises necessary for the operation of the Society; (i) the insuring of the property of

the Society; (j) the receipt for payment and the issuing of notes and various obligations within the limits confirmed by the General Meeting; (k) the making of agreements and contracts; (l) the giving of powers of attorney regarding matters of the Society; (m) the execution at the authorization of the General Meeting of lawful acts for acquisition and sale of real estate; (n) the calling of the members of the Society to the General Meeting and generally the management of all the administrative economic business of the Society. * * * In case of disagreement between the Direction and the Council, the question is carried over to the General Meeting.

¶51. The Direction makes expenditures according to the estimates annually confirmed at the General Meeting. The General Meeting determines what additional sum the Direction may spend above the estimated sum in cases admitting of no delay. Every such expenditure must be presented for the consideration of the next General Meeting.

¶¶52, 53, and 54 deal with the technical details of the legal appearance of the Direction and its members and matters as to powers of attorney according to the Russian civil code.

¶55. The Direction meets as the need arises but in any case not less than once a week on dates fixed by the decision of the Direction. * * *

¶¶56, 57, and 58 regulate voting in the Direction, provide for responsibility for damages to the Society due to errors of the Direction, and stipulate that complaints against it be brought before the General Meeting.

V. *Financial Statement of the Affairs of the Society; the Distribution and Disbursement of the Profits*

¶59. The fiscal year of the Society is reckoned from June 29 to June 28 of the next year inclusive. Each year, not less than two weeks before the General Meeting, the Direction makes out a report and balance sheet which is sent to the Council; the latter presents it to the General Meeting with its own conclusions. A note provides for the opening of the books and for the supplying of copies of the report and balance sheet to members of the Society.

¶60. The report must contain in detail the following items: (a) the change in the number of memberships and the general sum for which the Society is responsible; (b) the condition of the funds of the Society; (c) the general income and expenditure for the time for which the report is made out; (d) the account of expenses for salaries to servants of the Society and other expenses in management; (e) the account of the productive property of the Society; (f) the account of the debts of the Society to others and others to the Society; (g) the account of the income and losses and the report of the net profit and the approximate division of it.

¶61 provides for the auditing of these reports by the Auditing Committee, consisting of three members elected by the General Meeting, none of whom are members of the Council or the Direction or otherwise concerned with directing the business of the Society.

¶62. After the acceptance of the report by the General Meeting, the following deductions are made from the annual net profit, that is, from the sum which remains after all expenses and losses are covered: (a) not less than 20 per cent. into the reserve fund for the purpose of bringing it up to the sum indicated in ¶22 of these statutes and then in the proportion decided by the General Meeting; (b) into the foundation capital, as much as is decided by the General Meeting. The part of the profit left over is distributed as dividend on the shares, but the amount of the dividend should not exceed 6 per cent. From the surplus, payments for other purposes can be made in proportions decided by the General Meeting, in particular for the creation of special funds and for the compensation of the Direction, also in general for the compensation of individuals who have given service to the Society. If part of the net profit still remains, it is distributed as compensation in addition to the salaries of the members of the Society who by personal

labor take part in the activities of the theatre in proportion to the number of shares belonging to each of them.

¶63. If after the settling of the accounts a loss should be shown, this loss is made up from the reserve fund, and if the latter is insufficient, from the shares of the members (the working capital); in this case, if anyone does not own a full share, he must pay in proportion and within a time determined by the General Meeting.

Section VI, ¶¶64-67, is concerned with the process to be followed in case of a possible dissolution of the Society and liquidation of its affairs.

Just how much of this constitution is able to function under the Soviet civil code today is difficult to determine. Through the first six months of the Bolshevik regime, while I was in Moscow—in other words, through the first complete theatrical season after its adoption—this document provided the basis of operation for the theatre. The State theatres in Moscow and Petrograd were somewhat affected by their intimate connection with the government, although the subsidy was continued in each case just as before the revolution. Other houses were requisitioned and taken over by the Soviets to be operated under their supervision. The Moscow Art Theatre, however, held such a place in public affection and the work it has always done is so clearly in line with the aims of the Kommissariat of Public Instruction and Fine Arts under which the theatres are controlled today, that it was permitted to go its way unmolested. Certain of the financial clauses of the constitution, however, may well have had to be altered by this time in compliance with Soviet administrative regulations, but even that has not been established by the meagre news that filters through to the outside world.

The chief value of the constitution and the mode of organization of the Moscow Art Theatre, however, insofar as it may serve as an example for similarly-minded institutions elsewhere, can not be affected by any changes, however drastic, which recent months may have brought about. It was adopted after long years of patient experiment to function under an economic structure similar to that which still persists in America and in western Europe. Its pattern might well be followed as a model by the groups which are seeking to build a sound and enduring basis for the new theatre in this country.

Only those, perhaps, who have had bitter experience in trying to formulate a sound business basis for the new theatre will be able to see at a glance the full significance of the structure devised by Nyemirovitch-Dantchenko and his assistants on the Direction. The document is so simple and so similar to the structure behind all legitimate business and other corporate enterprises that it may disappoint those

Across the front of the building in Kamergersky Pereulok, over a row of tiny street shops, and directly in the rear of the auditorium, the foyer of the world's first theatre extends its inviting area to the playgoer for the promenade between acts. Scarcely one in ten of the spectators at a Russian theatre remains in his seat during the intermissions, but the foreign visitor is tempted from the half mile constitutional, which keeps the Russian business man awake throughout the performance, to an inspection of the panelled panorama of portraiture around the walls. The upper row is a pictorial roster of the great playwrights of every country, the lower the photographs of productions in the past history of the theatre. It is from the latter that most of the illustrations for this series were taken. (Photograph by Oliver M. Sayler.)

A corner of the old Kremlin Palace, setting for the fifth act of Count Alexei Tolstoy's historical tragedy, *Tsar Fyodor Ivanovitch,* as presented at the Moscow Art Theatre. Alexei, cousin of Lyoff Tolstoy, was born in 1817 and died in 1875, leaving his best dramatic work in the form of a trilogy: *The Death of Ivan the Terrible,* 1866; *Tsar Fyodor,* 1868; and *Tsar Boris,* 1870. *Tsar Fyodor* was the opening production of the first season of the Art Theatre in 1898. *The Death of Ivan the Terrible* began its second season. Instead of reviving the third number of the trilogy, the Art Theatre has used the earlier dramatic version of Pushkin's *Boris Godunoff,* which served Musorgsky for his opera. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

Avid for devices whereby the illusion of reality can be attained on the stage, the Moscow Art Theatre treats its proscenium and its curtains with extreme flexibility. In this, the second act setting for Gogol's masterly comedy, *The Inspector General,* the impression of the attic of a Russian inn is heightened by a mere box of a room with slanting ceiling and the curtain hugging the angular line of the setting's frame. Russian inns in out-of-the-way places are little better today than they were a hundred years ago and so this scene is strikingly contemporary. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

A fifth act group in Gogol's *Revizor* or *The Inspector General* at the Moscow Art Theatre. This classic of Russian comedy, which in eighty-five years has gone well past 500 performances at the Alexandrinsky Theatre in Petersburg, was not revived at the theatre of Stanislavsky until the season of 1908-1909, when the Art Theatre was a decade old. In the last act the complicated situation which has given the impostor unlimited opportunities to levy on corrupt officials under the guise of the inspector, reaches its climax. Uraloff, in the role of the town-bailiff at the right, now plays the same role at the Alexandrinsky in Petrograd. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

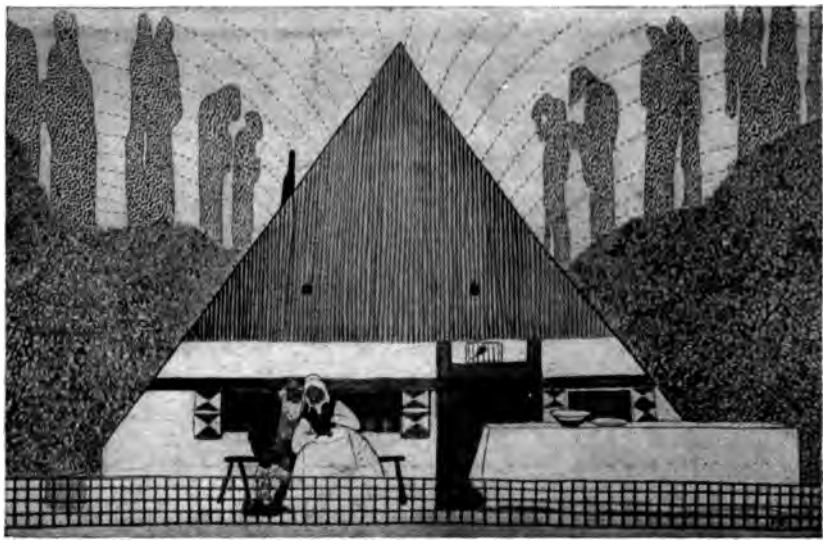
The flavor of Russian gentility of the first half of the last century runs throughout Turgenieff's play, *A Month in the Country*, in spite of some droll and amusing and even awkward characters from the neighboring countryside. Most of the leading characters dress after the French and read *The Count of Monte Cristo*. To draw this dual picture of western Europe and Russia and make it unison was a task which the Art Theatre realized must be entrusted to an artist of the first rank. All of the settings, therefore, were done by one of Russia's leading living painters, M. V. Dobuzhinsky. His work reaches its most striking success in this spacious morning room, set with western art trophies but shimmering with the largeness of spirit which is Russian. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

For the romantic tragedy of Pushkin, the Moscow Art Theatre struck a note sharply at variance with the repression of its modern realistic productions and entrusted the scenic settings to Alexander Benois, best known in this country for his designs for several of the ballets in the Diagileff repertory. The first scene of *The Stone Guest*, shown above, is instinct with Spanish passion, and sets the key of the interpretation. It is laid in a graveyard near Madrid. A single stone shaft surmounted by a cross rises in the foreground. Midway back, great overpowering cypress trees shut the Spanish moon from the nearer scene, permitting it to shine brightly on the sleeping church behind.

On the same program with Pushkin's *The Stone Guest* appears the same writer's brief tragedy, *The Festival in the Time of the Plague*, adapted from the English original of Christopher North. London in the days of the Black Death is the setting and the action proceeds in a courtyard off a highway. A red brick building stands aslant at the right, connecting in the centre at the back by means of a flying buttress with a grey stone building which brings the picture forward again at the left. For both of the Pushkin plays, Benois has designed an enclosing proscenium of draperies in maroon, dull blue, and old gold, linking the two by a subconscious color flavor.

To the English-speaking world, Ivan Turgenieff is known wholly as a novelist, but in Russia he has the added reputation of dramatist. Chief of his plays in the repertory of the Moscow Art Theatre is *A Month in the Country*, a somewhat sober comedy in five acts, first placed in the repertory by Stanislavsky in the season of 1909-10. In it as in much of his writing, Turgenieff is autobiographical, telling the story of his own disappointed romance as a youth in his early twenties before he left Russia to live abroad. The fourth act setting shown above gives a hint of the size and elaboration of the outbuildings on Russian estates. The extreme length of this interior is suggested by the interesting device of running the scene off both to right and left without enclosing walls. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

The upstart ambition which characterized much of the merchant class in Moscow and Petrograd in the middle of the Nineteenth Century found a satirist in Ostrovsky just as the same qualities in English life fell prey to the pen of Thackeray. The play, *Enough Stupidity in Every Wise Man,* deriving its title from a Russian proverb, "Na Vsyakavo Mudretsa Dovolno Prostotui," tells of the efforts of Yegor Dmitritch Glumoff to make a rich marriage. Through one acquaintance he forces his way to another until he has almost attained his object in the person of Sophia Turusina. At this point, however, the wife of one of his early friends whom he had previously courted sends his diary to the new object of his courtship, his plans are uncovered and the match falls through. The setting above is for the third act of the play. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)



The Land of Memory in *The Blue Bird* as the Moscow Art Theatre visualizes it. The Russian production of the Maeterlinck play was the first in the world, antedating the first French performance by two seasons. Simple but original devices are used in this scene as in all the rest to gain the desired mood and atmosphere. The impression of the past is vividly achieved by the down-curving lines of the background converging in the cottage which is set twenty-five feet back from the proscenium with unobtrusive curtains leading the eye to its aloof half-reality.

As a page out of its doctrine of representation and realistic illusion, the Moscow Art Theatre makes flexible use of its proscenium, adapting both width and height to the nature of each particular setting. Here, in the fourth act of Knud Hamsun's *In the Claws of Life*, an unusually narrow stage is combined with an equally unusual height to give the effect of a tower-like hall and staircase. The Art Theatre is enabled to use its proscenium thus because its auditorium is little wider than the proscenium and every seat commands a perfect view of the stage even when its area is greatly diminished. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

Two of Knud Hamsun's plays are in the current repertory of the Moscow Art Theatre, and of the two *At the Tsar's Door* is more in keeping with the high standards of the theatre. It is a bit of typically Scandinavian realism of the post-Ibsen style and relates the domestic tragedy of a poet who refuses to compromise with wife or with life. A distinctly Scandinavian flavor is caught by the Art Theatre in the production, in which Katchaloff, leading actor after Stanislavsky, plays the role of the poet. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

who expected a short cut to an effective financial basis for the new theatre. A careful reading between the lines, though, will disclose one extremely important fact—a fact which gives an otherwise prosaic legal paper an imaginative touch. That fact is that the position of the General Meeting—the democratic gathering of all the forces and personalities within the theatre—and also the place of the Council, the active agent of the larger body, has been safeguarded at every turn. To this end, the functions of the Direction, which in most theatres would dominate the entire activity of the institution, have been strictly limited to the business side of the theatre's life.

There can be no more significant message from the world's first theatre to the new theatre of America than this insistence on the complete separation of the creative and the administrative functions of the theatre and the subordination of the latter to the former as its obedient servant—no more significant message unless we can profit equally from the realization that an adequate business structure is absolutely essential to the success of the theatre as an art.

Sea Gull device used as decorative motive throughout the Moscow Art Theatre.

The Portrait of Tiero

A Drama in One Act

By Zoe Akins

Characters:

Sigolio, *the Count of Urbino.*
Cleofante, *his wife.*
Setoni, *his cousin.*
Francesca di Genova, *a cousin to Cleofante.*
Tiero di Lannoy.
Guests, *including Messer del Vasto, a critic; Messer Giovannino, a poet; and a Cardinal of the Church.*
Servants.

Scene: *A room in the Villa d'Urbini in the country. Through great windows ajar at the rear, a terrace is visible, and beyond the gleaming balustrade one may see the sweep of cypress trees descending the long avenue to the gardens.*

Time: *A spring afternoon in the Sixteenth Century.*

At rise: *With the exception of Messer Giovannino, all the characters of the play are on the stage,—including the servants and the guests. Roland, a magnificent Major-domo, supervises his assistants as they go from person to person offering fruit and wine. Then the fruit is left in two baskets on a cabinet; and the servants presently withdraw. All the while there is a swift clamor of small talk.*

Cleofante moves among the groups, slowly, indifferently, magnificently. She is perhaps between thirty and thirty-five years of age. Her manner and the attitude of the others toward her proclaim the greatness of her position and authority.

The young girl, Francesca di Genova, is also present. She is fair, shy, lovely, troubled—and, in the group, inconspicuous.

Sigolio, gray and withered, but with sharp, bright little eyes, occupies his great chair beside a table near the centre of the room. He never for an instant hesitates to govern the conversation—deftly, turning it about the way he desires it to go, and always he is chuckling as if at some secret he keeps to himself. A silver flagon of wine and a glass stand on the table at his elbow. He drinks a great deal. He listens always to Cleofante when she talks, stopping the conversation about him with a gesture to strain toward what she is saying.

His attitude toward her is one of indulgent pride. Across the table from him, wearing the red of his Office, is a complacent Cardinal.

Setoni, Sigolio's cousin, only a few years younger than the Count, moves among the guests with what one feels is a delicate discretion. His face is fine and humorous, his bearing a little aloof. He has his secrets too—for all his simplicity and humor.

Tiero di Lannoy sits apart, on a marble settle. . . A hound lies beside him on the seat, another lies on the floor, and he strokes their heads idly as he idly listens, as if not understanding and not caring, to the conversation that is waging. He is very young and very beautiful; dark, and rather sullen, except when he meets Cleofante's eyes, and then his face is radiant with a smile. For him no one else exists—in the room—or in the world.

As Tiero stares continually at Cleofante, so Francesca stares unhappily at Tiero. Out of the clamor of talk the conversation presently grows clear. A group surrounding Cleofante is agreeing with one who is speaking.

FIRST GUEST. Again I say it is a miracle!

THE OTHERS OF THE GROUP [*agreeing instantly*]. Yes... Indeed, yes... I too, say...

CLEOFANTE [*very distinctly*]. You are wrong. [*Sigolio holds out his hand against further words from the Cardinal, who has been speaking, and listens to Cleofante, who continues.*] There are no miracles—

SIGOLIO [*chuckling, and leaning towards the Cardinal*]. You hear? My wife has no nervous attachment to a tradition, my lord; the Church has one daughter who regards her with sophisticated eyes, eh? [*He chuckles, proudly, and strains his ears as Cleofante speaks again.*]

CLEOFANTE [*calling across the room to Setoni*]. Come, Setoni—and join forces with me! [*The group about her tries to interrupt as Setoni advances.*]

SEVERAL GUESTS [*speaking at once*]. Madonna! But—! We say—

CLEOFANTE [*to Setoni*]. They would have it that my portrait of Tiero is a miracle, Setoni. Tell them, as I have told them, that there are no such miracles. One does not sit before the canvas and have one's hand guided by God! [*Sigolio chuckles outright. Several of those listening smile... But several are grave. Tiero is listening, but with a far away look in his eyes as though he heard only the sound of something he loved.*]

DEL VASTO [*from the other side of the room, speaking with subtle intent*]. Art has her own miracles, Madonna—and often God has less to do with them than the devil... But miracles they are... And who knows how or why?

CLEOFANTE [*looking at him keenly as if she were answering more than he has said, and speaking very slowly so as to send her meaning clearly*]. Art may work miracles for others, Messer del Vasto, and you who have written so much of art and artists should know whereof you speak. But neither God nor the devil guided this hand when it painted the portrait of Tiero!

SIGOLIO [*to the Cardinal*]. Always the portrait of Tiero! Do people talk of nothing else this spring, my lord?

THE CARDINAL. Indeed, Count, they talk of nothing so much. The critics marvel, and the painters envy. Your wife has immortality for a new jewel.

SIGOLIO [*chuckling, as he leans forward*]. One that I shall graciously permit her to wear although it has not come from the coffers of the Urbini. [*Cleofante has seated herself and glances casually toward Tiero; he, seeing her eyes on him, smiles radiantly across the room at her, and then leans forward, his face in his hands, as though to drain the sight of her... Setoni meanwhile is speaking.*]

SETONI [*to the group*]. My cousin Cleofante does not believe in inspiration. She shuns the false energy of all stimulants, even those of criticism and sympathy, when she sets herself to a task. What she does, she does alone—unencouraged, unadvised, unmoved. She has a man's broad and vital technique, and a man's ability for thinking straight and far. For years I have watched her work,—coldly, intelligently, solely with the power of her brain,—achieving effects that are in no way miracles, but are matters of technique and deliberation.

SIGOLIO [*who has been listening, and speaking involuntarily*]. I think she is different from any woman who lives.

CARDINAL [*leaning forward*]. Eh, Count—? I did not hear that.

SIGOLIO. No matter. [*He chuckles and listens.*]

THE FIRST GUEST [*to Cleofante and Sigolio*]. Then let me alter my praise, Madonna, only to the extent of saying that there is about this portrait something of the ecstasy and thrill of a miracle; but if Messer Setoni has explained you fairly, you are a greater artist, even, than we thought.

DEL VASTO [*from across the room where he stands beside a table eating grapes,—a challenge of irony in his voice*]. And if you continue to achieve such marvels of technique and deliberation, Madonna, Raphael himself must guard his laurels.

ANOTHER GUEST [*leaving del Vasto to join the group about Setoni and Cleofante*]. I remember that Leonardo said to me years ago that when he painted a portrait, he— [*He continues the story, but his voice grows lower as he joins the group to which he has been speaking.. While they are listening, Sigolio gives up trying to hear, and pours out some wine for himself and the Cardinal.. Francesca moves to where Tiero sits and stands near him, waiting to speak.*]

SIGOLIO [*to the Cardinal, as he offers the wine*]. Degenerate days, my lord! Too much talk—altogether too much talk! Too much art—too much unrest! We are losing the great simplicities. [*He drinks and stops instantly as with a thought.*] What will the world be tomorrow? If there are many women like Cleofante—? [*He drinks, chuckling.*]

FRANCESCA [*to Tiero, timidly and yet desperately*]. Tiero—won't you go with me—into the garden—or out upon the terrace?

TIERO [*hard, and stubborn*]. No. No... [*Without another word Francesca hurries from the room unnoticed.*]

ONE GUEST [*continuing his conversation*]. But it seems to me this portrait gives one a keener sensation of sheer enjoyment than any I have ever seen. It is more than a portrait—

CLEOFANTE [*interrupting, pleased suddenly*]. Yes, yes, it *is* more than a portrait, is it not? I know that.

SIGOLIO. Do not forget, my friends, that my wife had for a model a singularly pleasing young man. Eh, Tiero? Eh, Cleofante? Much of the picture's success is due to that happy chance, is it not? [*Cleofante rises, restless and chafing.*]

CLEOFANTE [*shortly*]. That is possible. [*Her eyes go to Tiero suddenly as if she hated him. Sigolio sees the look, and, as always, chuckles.*]

ANOTHER GUEST. How much does the painter owe to his model, after all—?

ANOTHER [*interrupting*]. It depends often upon the relation between the painter and the model, says—

[*Cleofante stands in the open window, restless, impatient, while the others argue so rapidly that their words are lost. Sigolio watches her and leans closer to the Cardinal, indicating Cleofante with a motion of his hand.*]

SIGOLIO. The eternal woman, my lord! In spite of the big gift; my mention of Tiero was not tactful. She has taken him and used him, and now she does not want to admit the obligation. She does not want it remembered that another contributed to her success. She resents, already, that the real Tiero was her collaborator... The eternal woman!

DEL VASTO [*as Francesca enters the room again, a small metal box held unobtrusively in the folds of her gown*]. Ah—for instance—here is the Lady Francesca! Messer Raphael has said that much of the glory of the Sistine Madonna is due to her loveliness. [*Francesca pauses, flushing.*]

SIGOLIO [*to the Cardinal*]. You hear that? Give a woman the talent of ten men and he is still a bigger thing than she. Messer Raphael celebrates the beauty that inspired him... My wife wishes to belittle the beauty to which she is so beholden... Jealousy, my lord,—a woman's jealousy... But could I love her were she less a woman? [*He rises and addresses the others deliberately and dryly.*] I do not know what degree of gratitude Messer Raphael owes to our cousin, Francesca, because she served him as a model for the Blessed Virgin—but I do know that my wife paints with the same ease and sureness of effect one model as another. Come, I will show you a drawing that she made only a few weeks ago of her devoted husband. [*His voice grows fine with irony. Cleofante watches his face warily,—yet with a certain amusement, although she is a little doubtful of the significance of his remarks as he continues.*] I do not say that it is a pretty picture, but I say that it is done by the same hand, with the same *inspiration*—if you insist upon the word—as the portrait of Tiero, though I still maintain, my dear— [*to Cleofante*] that many people are praising your latest work for a quality that does not belong to the artist and that *they* cannot go beyond—the beauty of our young friend, himself... Will you come? [*The group is ready to follow him.*]

DEL VASTO. Assuredly, Count... but we were saying...

ANOTHER. The beauty I, too, admit... But it is the flaming *manner,* the splendid style of it, the unexpected tones and delicacies that, I say, give the portrait its vitality, its grace,—that make it somehow *seem* a miracle...

ANOTHER [*under his breath to a friend*]. I have seen all her work... It has distinction... but she has done nothing like this before.

HIS FRIEND. I agree that she has gone beyond herself—far beyond... They say— [*His words sink in a whisper.*]

SIGOLIO. This way, my friends; Cleofante, you are coming too?

CLEOFANTE. I am coming; but this drawing, my lord, of which you are so suddenly proud, is only a hurried sketch that... [*She does not finish.*]

SIGOLIO. [*definitely*]. It has pleased me... [*He leads the way gossiping with the Cardinal and offering his arm incidentally to Francesca as they pass her; she wavers, then takes it and goes out*

with them. The others follow, leaving Cleofante and Setoni speaking together, and Tiero dreaming on the marble settle.]

CLEOFANTE [*in a low voice to Setoni*]. Look at him! The portrait is the nobler. The portrait is remarkable. He is not.

SETONI [*not sharing her attitude*]. But he has the passion, the vitality, the youth, and the dreams that drench your canvas and make it great.

[*Tiero leans over a dog and then turns suddenly from it to Cleofante who catches her breath as he smiles.*]

CLEOFANTE. Look! I must paint him again—like that—! [*Suddenly she moves to Tiero and placing her hand under his chin lifts his head and stares down into his eyes. Tiero, after a second of complete stillness draws a long, sighing breath, glances sharply at Setoni, who is watching, and rises suddenly, shaking away Cleofante's touch. Leaving her abruptly, he whistles to his dogs and goes out upon the terrace. There he leans against the balustrade,—his head flung back, the dying sunlight on his face... Cleofante stares at him, and then laughs a little uncertainly... Setoni comes and touches her arm.*]

SETONI [*meditatively*]. Let us go and hear what the learned critics have to say regarding this drawing of your husband.

CLEOFANTE. They are all fools... But my husband is no fool... I like Sigolio. He knows that the drawing is not good. But I *will* paint a portrait of him—a portrait that will make them all wonder... If only I could work again! My success has distracted me, depressed me, and left me uncertain, and a little frightened... Of course,—because I have done an extraordinary thing, these dilletanti who talk of art all day long, wish to imply that my achievement was a sort of accident. They would tear the credit away from me... They whisper that there is some reason... They would have it that I *love* Tiero... [*She is speaking with calm irony, amused and cold: she pauses and then continues.*] People are so stupidly superstitious. They attribute the most ridiculous miracles to romance—especially the lesser breed of artists and critics... You can understand that it seems odious to me to admit that Tiero has had any part in my success... Sigolio is no fool. He knows what their tongues ache to say... And he knows, too, how to vex me and mock me with the hint of a debt to Tiero... Sigolio is very curious... I wonder what he really knows... ?

SETONI. He pretends more than he really knows about your work,—about all the arts,—about many things.

CLEOFANTE. But I have seen him pretend less than he really knows...

SETONI [*musing*]. He likes your hard and brilliant surface. He is immensely proud because nothing penetrates or softens you.

CLEOFANTE [*suddenly looking toward Tiero*]. There is a great discrepancy between the portrait and Tiero... Tiero is a vulgarian—

SETONI [*impatiently*]. Tiero! A vulgarian! You are playing with words, Cleofante.

CLEOFANTE. For once you are obtuse, and even obstinate, Setoni... The portrait *is* the nobler. Tiero has been too much loved. The liking that people have for him is as if some common and vulgar usage were made of him. One grows diseased through infection from minds that crowd too close.... People have left upon him a sort of stain, a breath,—how can one describe it... ?

SETONI. The portrait is not that of a vulgarian.

CLEOFANTE. No; I did not know him so well then... It is far beyond a mere likeness of him. It is creative, Setoni. I wish that Tiero would go away. His presence vexes me so that I cannot work any more; the sight of him disturbs my contemplation of the picture. Let us go and look at it. Sometimes I cannot realize that it is the work of this hand— [*They go out. Tiero now comes back, idly, into the room and then with sudden passion flings himself down on the marble bench, his face in his arms.. Francesca returns.. She stands near him, speaking timidly.*]

FRANCESCA. Tiero—? [*Tiero lifts his head; he answers a little wearily.*]

TIERO. Yes, Francesca? [*She advances a step toward him and holds out the box she has been carrying.*]

FRANCESCA [*simply*]. Take them. [*Tiero rises and looks curiously at the box she offers, but he does not understand. She places it on the table between them, and opens it while Tiero looks. As he sees, he cries out, hurt.*]

TIERO. No—!

FRANCESCA [*lifting a chain of jewels from the box and twining it about her fingers,—looking at it wistfully*]. I cannot keep them any longer. Let them find you another bride, Tiero. [*Tiero turns from her and sits, his face in his hands. He is about to speak but can find no words. Francesca looks at him compassionately.*]

FRANCESCA. I do not reproach you. Two months ago you came into this house hoping to love me whom you had seen but once before, because a marriage had been arranged for us. You hoped to love me, Tiero,—I know that.

TIERO [*suddenly*]. If you only knew with what eagerness I came, Francesca! What dreams I had!

FRANCESCA. I know with what eagerness I expected you,—and the dreams I had... But you loved her instead.

[*Tiero lifts his head as if to speak. She checks him, quickly, bitterly.*]

Oh, I know! I know! [*She slides the jewels from her fingers back into the box and closes the lid heavily.*] There are your jewels, Tiero. Let them find you a bride who will be content with what you give her.

TIERO. Francesca—if only you were kind! If—only— [*He cannot go on.*]

FRANCESCA [*suddenly coming and sitting by his side, and touching his clasped hands with hers*]. Oh, be wise! Go away and leave her! Do not stay in this house any longer... Go home, Tiero! Cleofante is done with you now. The portrait is finished.—

TIERO [*somberly*]. I hate the portrait.

FRANCESCA. I hate it too, for it gave you to her. But go home, now, Tiero. Say to your family that you no longer wish to marry me—or say that I have asked you to let the marriage wait a little; but go soon; Cleofante is different from other women. She—

TIERO. Why do you talk to me of her? It is useless.

FRANCESCA. I have known her a long time. I know her mercilessness, her vanity, her coldness. And I do not want you broken, Tiero,—like a reed in her hands. You will go—will you not?

TIERO. It is too late.

FRANCESCA [*after a pause*]. You love her so greatly, then? You will not leave her even though there is no happiness for you here? I have seen men sick and humble for her love, but she talks to them as one man to another. There is no love in her, Tiero, for any one. [*She rises and walks to the window and then comes back and stands beside the table, proudly humble as she pleads.*]

You and I are young. We are like two children lost in an old forest. Or like two little boats overtaken by darkness on the waters. We are being sucked down—down—down—. Let us save ourselves if we can. Let us forget all that has happened here! Leave this house tonight—and take me with you—if—if there is any hope in your heart still,—if I might comfort you at all,—if even the least little dream remains...

TIERO [*looking at her with sudden compassion and rising and taking her hands*]. Forgive me. I have failed you. I am sorry...

FRANCESCA. Do not fail yourself,—your father's house.

TIERO. You do not understand. I have failed you and myself, too; but I cannot fail Cleofante—for she loves me, Francesca,—even as I love her.

FRANCESCA [*startled*]. Tiero! [*She clings to his hand, searching his eyes.. Then she flings his hand from her and sits down in Sigolio's chair beside the table.*] No... No... You are dreaming! You are mad!

TIERO. Dreaming, or mad, or both—it is true...

FRANCESCA. She has won you with words! She has told you she loved you; why,—God knows! Perhaps she does love you in her curious and inexorable fashion. But she will never give you herself... She will starve you with words; Cleofante could give herself to no one.

TIERO. Even that has been, Francesca.

FRANCESCA [*after a pause*]. The forest has closed about us. There is no way through. The whirlpools are running in the darkness...And we are being sucked down.

TIERO. Hush... *I* am not afraid. I only wonder what is to happen... But I wish you had not been so kind. [*He lifts one of her hands and kisses it; with the other she hides her tears, but he takes it from her eyes, holds it and kisses it too.*] Forgive me...

[*Then he goes quickly out, pausing on the terrace to whistle to his hounds, which come at his call. He vaults the low balustrade, followed by the dogs, and disappears down the avenue. Francesca's sobs come bitterly. Then from a pocket of her dress she draws out a vial of poison, stares at it... and decides. Half blinded by her tears she goes to the window for a last look at Tiero. She watches an instant; and then, lifting her head, is about to drink, when Cleofante enters. Cleofante and she face each other.... Francesca slowly takes the vial from her lips. Cleofante lays an arm about her shoulder and holds out her hand for the poison. Francesca, at first, does not yield, but her hand is trembling so that she cannot hold the bottle which Cleofante takes quietly....A young man comes along the terrace and pauses, peering into the room. Francesca moves away from the window.*]

CLEOFANTE [*with sudden pleasure as she recognizes him*]. Oh!... Messer Giovannino? When did you come, Poet, and what treasures do you bring? [*Giovannino advances into the room. He does not see Francesca, who now sits cowering in Sigolio's high-backed chair. He is a young-old man—magnificently dressed, insidious with words, and an egotist. He comes forward as he kisses Cleofante's hand.*]

GIOVANNINO. Salutations, my lady....I kiss no hand that my verse has never celebrated; but yours—I kiss yours twice, first because of the admirable lines that I have written of it, and again be-

cause it has painted the portrait of Tiero di Lannoy. [*Holding her hand and staring down at it.*] Strange hand . . . so white . . . so soft . . . so strong . . . so gifted . . ! A dove and a conqueror. . . . A little flower and a god . . ! A third time I salute your beautiful right hand, Madonna! [*Again he kisses it. Cleofante is pleased in spite of the obvious artifice of his praise.*]

CLEOFANTE. Have you written the sonnet about the portrait as you promised? Tell me that! If you have forgotten— [*But Giovannino flourishes the manuscript.*]

GIOVANNINO. Behold! Will you hear it . . . ? The sestet is particularly good, and the first lines . . . [*reading*]

> "O vivid face! O haunting radiant face!
> "As a dark star might move across the day
> "And make the tide of golden sunlight gray . . ."

You see the idea is that of a black star—flaming and burning through the insipid daylight. . . . Extraordinary—is it not?

CLEOFANTE [*taking the sonnet and looking at it*]. I drink all praise of that picture thirstily, Giovannino. We must show this sonnet to Sigolio, and to Setoni.

GIOVANNINO [*with more sincerity than is his habit*]. The Count, Madonna, chooses to be gracious about my verses always,—because of course he is indifferent; but Messer Setoni is given to a great love of all the arts, and discusses seriously even the slightest of talents; and he has flattered me by sometimes showing himself difficult to please.

CLEOFANTE [*suddenly tiring of him*]. I have just left him discussing my portrait with an energetic young man from Rome who is writing a book on modern painting and who argues all his points by quoting Titian, Muxiano, Raphael, Michael Angelo, Leonardo—and God knows who else! . . . And by the way, Sigolio is having a new wine brought up from the cellars—something he has got recently from an unheard of monastery on some unheard of island near Greece.

GIOVANNINO. Madonna! An unknown wine from an unknown island! Will you tell me where they are drinking it?

CLEOFANTE. In the west loggia,—you know the way—through the red gallery?

GIOVANNINO. I can find it, Madonna. A new wine! Ah! [*He goes out with an affectation — not wholly affected — of eagerness. Cleofante sees that he is gone, and finishes reading the sonnet; then she goes toward Francesca—who has been bitterly resenting the idle*

conversation with Giovannino at such a moment. Again Cleofante holds the vial of poison to the light and stares at it; then she smells it; and then, speaks decisively.]

CLEOFANTE. I know this poison well. The Blind Man makes it. It has no taste; it works slowly and insidiously. The first effect is a haze over the eyes; then he who has drunk begins to flush and tremble and his voice drops to a whisper; but there is no sickness, no agony, for a few moments,—not until he falls, when the pains take him. Then it is all over, for he dies immediately.... At least so the Blind Man explained the time that he came to pose for me as Judas, the Disciple.... He even brought a vial, such as this, and showed it to me with great pride. He calls it the "Song of Darkness," for he gathers the herbs alone, and he brews the poison alone, although he can see nothing. Where did you get this, Francesca?... And why were you going to drink it? [*She speaks casually, but she does not quite succeed in hiding her troubled curiosity and concern. Francesca looks up bitterly.*]

FRANCESCA [*significantly*]. Don't you know?

CLEOFANTE [*steadily*]. Certainly not.... Why?

FRANCESCA [*rising*]. Oh, God! [*She passes Cleofante as if spurning her, and all things else in a moment of supreme disgust. Cleofante watches her cautiously, and then summons all her esprit to meet the situation; following Francesca she lays an arm about her shoulders and speaks with apparent concern.*]

CLEOFANTE. Come, confess; what has troubled you, child?

FRANCESCA [*withdrawing from Cleofante's touch, but answering her with painful directness*]. Your love for Tiero,—and his love for you.

CLEOFANTE [*furious, at a loss, fighting against the truth*]. But.. ? What right have you to think this?

FRANCESCA. Cleofante,—I *know*.... [*There is such authority in her manner and voice that Cleofante is hushed. She makes no further effort to speak, but stands still, regarding Francesca thoughtfully. Francesca goes to the table and lifts the lid of the jewel box, which she holds toward Cleofante for an instant.*] These are the jewels that he gave me. [*She sets the box back on the table with a gesture of final renunciation. From her neck she takes a key on a long, golden chain; the key and the chain she lays on the box,—and then very quietly but swiftly, as if putting everything behind her, she goes out, across the terrace and down the avenue. Cleofante watches her from the window, still thoughtful and grave. A little page enters.*]

PAGE. The Count desires to know if Madonna will taste the

new wine, and will she have it brought to her here, or will she join the others in the loggia?

CLEOFANTE. No... Yes... A glass here... No, two glasses,—and tell Messer Setoni that I wish to speak to him.

PAGE. Yes, Madonna. [*The page goes out. Cleofante opens the box of jewels and plays her fingers among them, drawing up strands of pearls and diamonds from the depth of the box and enjoying their beauty in the light.... Then she closes the box, locks it, and places it, with the vial of poison, in a drawer of a cabinet. As she moves away, she pauses sharply, hearing a step on the terrace. Tiero appears in the window. He stops short at seeing her, and then slowly comes toward her. She stands perfectly still; Tiero pauses, looking at her, and then leans against a heavy chair as though tired. He speaks almost impersonally in a weary, agitated voice.*]

TIERO. What a strange woman you are! [*He would put his arms about her, but Cleofante draws back. He turns suddenly and goes out upon the terrace. Cleofante calls softly after him.*]

CLEOFANTE. Tiero!

TIERO [*answering from outside*]. Yes?

CLEOFANTE. Where are you going?

TIERO [*coming back to the window*]. Does it matter? I don't know.... Nowhere.... To the lake, perhaps,... do you want to come?

CLEOFANTE. Perhaps—presently—

TIERO. Very well. I will wait for you. [*He comes back into the room and starts to leave by another door.*]

CLEOFANTE. Where are you going, now?

TIERO [*petulantly*]. Would you ask of a child the questions that you put to me? [*She does not answer, and he continues, less complainingly, but a little theatrically.*] I am going to look at my rival, the portrait of Tiero! [*He leaves her abruptly. At the same time the page enters from another direction bringing the wine on a tray. As he places it on the table, Setoni follows. The page withdraws. Cleofante sits beside the table, and Setoni sits opposite her.*]

CLEOFANTE. Will you try the new wine?

SETONI. Not so soon again. I have been drinking it with the others.

[*Cleofante regards it.*]

CLEOFANTE. How dark it is! Like purple grapes crushed in red soil! [*She tastes it and continues.*] It is rather heavy. I do not think I like it. But I know very little about wines.... They are Sigolio's passion. It is a wise man, Setoni, who has a passion that will lie still. The casks in Sigolio's cellar lie still; and the pictures

and books that are your passion lie still. To love a living thing is folly and madness, I think.... It places one so at the mercy of another mind, another will, another *self,* really.... A little while ago I took a bottle of poison out of the hand of Francesca.

SETONI. Poison? The little Francesca?

CLEOFANTE. Yes.... She confessed that she wanted to die. Because she thinks Tiero no longer loves her; because she thinks he loves me. Imagine it!

SETONI. Nothing seems so tragic to one who is old as the death of one who is young, and this alone proves that life is a good thing.

CLEOFANTE. I wonder... ? If one is an artist, yes. I myself feel that I have that genius that undoubtedly dominates our greatest modern painters.... At times, Setoni, I have rebelled at the devotion that I have felt for this supreme interest in my life. I have known weariness, loneliness, despair, but I have kept on.... As an artist I have accepted myself.... Nothing else has mattered.

SETONI [*leaning toward her, and speaking very low*]. Not even—*Tiero?*

CLEOFANTE. Ah, you, too! You think *that,* too?

SETONI. There is a mystic relation between the man and the picture. There is a life-likeness,—a breath borne to the canvas,—a quality that hints of passion and birth and death.... What else am I to think? Not Raphael or Titian could have painted such a thing unmoved, unstirred.... Keep your secret, Cleofante.... But what I think— I think....

[*Cleofante is silent for a moment; then she begins to speak again in almost a stifled voice.*]

CLEOFANTE. This I will tell you.... The night that Tiero came into this house, I knew I should paint a wonderful portrait of him. To watch his face I made him talk. His eyes were often troubled by my most casual remarks—and so I looked at him as many men must have looked at many women, with an amused contempt for his inhibitions, his stupidity,—but with a great contentment with his beauty.... Then I grew obsessed by my ambition to infuse his youth and splendor into the portrait that I immediately began. His passionate vitality was like a strong glare in which I lived and worked. I was interested in finding myself alive to this light, this warmth. I had decided that I was not born to feel intimate sensations; that I stood upon the shore of my life flinging my dreams into far and impersonal distances, and so I was a little amazed at finding a human being so close to me.... The portrait grew and was finished.... And then came the day when I perceived that it was more beautiful

than Tiero.... Yes, he loves me, I suppose. . . . But I want him to go away.... I do not want it said that he inspired me... that I owe anything to him.... I want to begin a new portrait that shall again assert my genius. I cannot work in this uneasy mood. What shall I do, Setoni? He is always coming to me with his subtle claims. I find it difficult to deny them. Then, there is Francesca. She will not marry him, now. What tale are people going to tell? [*Cleofante looks at her wine, and sips it slowly, nervously.. Setoni looks at her, smiling amusedly and significantly.*]

SETONI. I will speak to Tiero.

CLEOFANTE [*apprehensively*]. What will you say—about me?

SETONI. I will not mention you.... You are certain that you want him to go away?

CLEOFANTE [*after a slight, sharp pause*]. Yes.... You swear not to speak of me?

SETONI. I swear.... There will be no need. I will speak of Francesca.

CLEOFANTE [*rising quickly*]. I will send him to you. [*She goes quickly out. Setoni waits an instant and Cleofante reappears with Tiero.*] Here is Tiero, Setoni. [*She goes out leaving the two men together. Tiero is surprised and resentful at being so suddenly deserted by her.*]

SETONI [*explaining*]. I told Cleofante that I wished to speak to you alone, Tiero.

TIERO [*still standing, aloof and questioning*]. Well... ?

SETONI [*as if deciding to come to the point at once*]. An inexplicable and tragic thing almost happened a little while ago. . . . Francesca was discovered with a vial of poison at her lips.

TIERO. Francesca? [*He thinks a moment and then seats himself, leaning toward Setoni.*] You have a sharp way of putting forth your meaning in smooth and wandering words, Messer Setoni. I have no such talent, and little taste for it in another. Your words run like hounds in circles. Mine are arrows that go straight. Let them pierce you now, since you invited them. There is nothing, nothing at all, that I could or would do with Francesca's life. It does not concern me any longer. If she wishes to die—she must die.

SETONI [*meditatively*]. I am glad that I am no longer young.

TIERO. I know the ways of hounds, sir. I see where your words point. You are at ease because no longer must you break yourself or another.

SETONI. An old man does not bear the hopes of his father's house; he is not needed in war; no woman fastens her happiness upon him. It is not necessary for him to lie beneath the obdurate walls of a

city from whose heights he would see his ensign ride the air.... All bitter things are over and done with when a man is old. Then he may sit still and watch. And he is often amused at the odds that people seek and give.... There are no odds to age. One man's wife is as beautiful as another's—or if not so beautiful, more desirable in some other way. One man's life is as rich as another's. All passions are a little remarkable and a little absurd,—and if they burn high they do not burn long.... But wisdom makes life a pleasant thing—and an old man hopes—if he hopes at all—that other boats at sea will find the quiet harbor where his own life rides at anchor as gently as white clouds ride in a rainless Autumn sky....

TIERO [*sharply*]. I will not give up loving Cleofante to reach any harbor that waits for any man in the world. I will not cheat myself with such wisdom as yours,—not to save Francesca, not to save myself,—not even to save Cleofante. You have seen into my passion for her; but you have not seen beyond the obdurate walls of her silence and her pride, for she is a veiled woman and often her mysteries rise between us like war—even when she lies in my arms, and her breath struggles in her throat like sobs, from our kisses. Cleofante is not an easy woman, or a simple one, to love, for she is prouder than a city under the ensign of an old enemy. But she is like a strange land that one has found and cannot leave as long as one lives. [*He pauses. Setoni plucks at a tassel of the table cover and does not at once speak. Tiero stares at nothing. At last Setoni rises.*]

SETONI. There is nothing more to say. I have been intrusive. I am sorry. [*Tiero rises also. Setoni turns as if to speak to him again when Sigolio enters with Cleofante followed by the Cardinal and the other guests. Cleofante searches Setoni's face for evidence of what has been said, but there is no sign in his calm and ironic countenance.*]

SIGOLIO. Let us hope that Messer Giovannino's poem, when he has finished it, and brings it to us, will be worthy of the new wine. [*He seats himself in his great chair and addresses the room in general.*] There is something after all in this habitual practice of the arts that is making our Italian cities very charming and civilized places.... The poets talk, talk, talk.... And I, for one, find a poet's talk much more agreeable, more fanciful, more interesting than his verses. One never takes poets seriously, of course; yet their exaggerated and rich speech has a certain decorative value in a conversation. One has them about as one has those silver vases, for instance. And now and again they put some deep thing that they have seen or felt into their verse—saying it expertly and for all time.

Of course, painting and sculpture are the more serious and necessary arts, if life is to become an expression of one's tastes and one's power. Yet, the poet gives life a flavor more potent perhaps, because more intelligently imaginative than music—and yet with the cry and emotion of music. [*To the Cardinal.*] Of religion, my lord—I say— [*But he pauses, listening, and turns toward the terrace. The others follow his gaze. Four servants appear carrying something between them up the stairs. They stop as soon as they have reached the terrace level.*]

SIGOLIO. What have you there . . . !

ONE SERVANT. The body of the Lady Francesca, my lord; she has drowned herself in the lake.

[*Sigolio rises slowly. There is no movement except his own as he turns slowly to the Cardinal.*]

SIGOLIO. Come, my lord. [*They start toward the terrace. Sigolio leaning on the Cardinal's arm. Cleofante starts forward; but Sigolio touches her on the shoulder, speaking as he would to a child.*] Stay here. . . . [*He goes out upon the terrace and signals to the servants to follow him with their burden. Francesca's wet golden hair falls loose as she is borne aloft. Cleofante closes her eyes; one or two of the guests drop to their knees; the others remain standing with bowed heads. . . . There is a pause after the little procession disappears. It is broken by a long sigh from Tiero, who speaks presently in a low amazed voice.*]

TIERO. How little she looked!

[*A general movement breaks the tensity. Setoni gropes forward and clings to the back of a chair. One by one the guests bow to Cleofante and go.*]

ONE GUEST. I will leave you now, Madonna.

ANOTHER. The pathos of her falling wet hair!

ANOTHER. We will go. Your house has our great sympathy.

ANOTHER. I am trembling and feel the tears coming.

[*Cleofante inclines her head to each, and they leave, silent and subdued, bowing to Setoni and Tiero, who stand by, grave and quiet. . . . When the others have gone, Tiero, Cleofante and Setoni can find nothing to say to one another. Tiero suddenly goes out upon the terrace and sits on the balustrade, staring out over the gardens. His hounds come to him, and leap up catching at his knees. Setoni and Cleofante move together. Setoni indicates Tiero.*]

SETONI. I am glad that I am an old man.

CLEOFANTE [*meditative and grave*]. I suppose she had to die.

She was not qualified for life. After all, death is the most beautiful thing that can come to any one. And those who are beautiful should die before their beauty goes. Only those who have work to do should live. I have wanted to die, often, but I could never bring myself to *stop*. I have had to go on because of the things I had to do. Work alone qualifies us for life, Setoni. It is much more exquisite to be blown from the tree as a flower than to be shaken down as a shrivelled and bitter fruit.... I envy Francesca a little. She has completed herself with a supremely romantic act.... If I could die—and still do my work—I would. But my work is more important than my life, or my death.

SETONI. You are very modern, Cleofante, and, as you have well said, you seem to stand on the shore of life and fling your dreams into far and impersonal distances. Emotions do not halt your mind. Your thoughts go farther than human actions and far beyond all human intimacies. But I cannot keep up with you. I cannot go so far, nor so swiftly, nor so serenely. I am still bound by old prejudices, old weaknesses — such as my involuntary affection for Francesca, and by such sympathy, for instance, as I feel now for that boy yonder. In spite of my cold, steel-like admiration for you, Cleofante, and in spite of the thrill of going far and deep that makes every conversation with you an adventure, I feel in some mysterious way that you are worth less than he. His soul has finer proportions than yours. For after all, the artist is only a Hand... but a human being is a human being....

[*Cleofante has grown hard and cold. She thinks before replying, and then speaks thoughtfully but with a dull envy in her voice.*]

CLEOFANTE. One chooses.... One cannot both live and die.... One cannot possess the grace of beauty and at the same time the fascination of ugliness.... One cannot grow to be a great Hand without losing all conventional proportions. That is my deep sorrow, Setoni,—the limitations that beset me. I would touch everything—be everything—possess everything—and yet not lose myself in the ritual of power—or the ritual of passion. I wish to be both drunken and sober.... Which is impossible... unless, indeed, I am. [*Her voice drops to a whisper. Suddenly she speaks again, with a sort of speculative malice.*] So Tiero is, in a way, my rival, you think? I can see that you consider the greatness of the portrait due to much that he brought to it—much that my hand—alone—could not have created?

SETONI. Yes.

CLEOFANTE [*changing the subject, and speaking casually*]. What

did you say to him, Setoni? Did you persuade him to go and leave me in peace?

SETONI. I spoke to him of Francesca's attempt to drink poison. I thought that he had the human vanity for sacrifice. But he is neither weak nor vain. If Francesca wished to die, he said, she must; he would not be driven by pity for another away from you.

CLEOFANTE. How beautiful passion is in a man, and how humiliating in a woman! [*She pauses, and then continues thoughtfully.*] Tiero should also die, too—in battle, perhaps.... [*Again she continues after a pause.*] Now that Francesca is dead, perhaps he will see that there is no possible excuse for his staying longer in this house.... [*Her voice grows suddenly hopeful.*] I will tell Sigolio to get rid of him.

[*Setoni is amused, and lifts his eyebrows.*]

SETONI. Sigolio—? Sigolio is as proud as he is hospitable. It amuses Sigolio to see young men languishing for his wife. He is very proud of Tiero's devotion, I think. Sigolio knows well how to pour the poison into those situations which he likes to keep in his hand like—playthings. Who was it, Cleofante, that first insinuated your debt to Tiero? Was it not Sigolio?

CLEOFANTE. Yes. I remember. It *was* Sigolio who poured the poison into that state of ecstasy in which, for a while, I lived.... When the soul obeyed the senses, and the senses obeyed the soul.... But he should have been quicker with the poison. He was not clever enough, Setoni—for there was a time— [*She pauses, and begins in a voice tremulous with emotion.*] Was it love...? I do not like to think so now, but Tiero brought into my life a mysterious emotion that in moments of deep thinking still confuses me with humiliation. I lied to you, Setoni.... Tiero has been my lover. The third day that he posed for his portrait—I was nervous, vexed. I could not paint. And when suddenly he abandoned his pose and put his arms about me, I was relaxed and indulgent. There was a moment, when I stared into his eyes, as his face bent above my own, such as I have never otherwise known. A river seemed to come flowing, with a great murmur, from some indescribable distance through the silence that hung between us.... But he has disappointed me. He is not so beautiful as the portrait. Sigolio was very clever to make me hate him; but I have discovered that it is not Tiero who made the portrait what it is. It was my own vision of him; my own illusion. Even you have failed to understand that, Setoni; even you have failed to understand that this vision, this conception, sprang from my own imagination, from a

force in my own mind to which he—nor any other human being could contribute.

SETONI. Perhaps.... I will leave you now, Cleofante.

CLEOFANTE. Do not go! I am being torn to pieces by all the things I feel! I must be free of Tiero—free of hating him and free of loving him—free of my debt to him! Free of his stupidity and his demands! What can I do, Setoni? His insane love is like a cage that has no door through which I can escape.... I must work, Setoni. I must be free and cold, again,—and quiet—like a tree when there is no wind. How can I put myself to the test when I am shaken and bent and caught up at my roots by this whirlwind of human emotions? Vanity, passion, ambition, hate, malice and restlessness—all are swarming in my heart like angry bees—filling it with a honey on which I cannot feed and live! Tiero must go, Setoni. I must be at peace. [*She lays her hand on his arm. But he rises slowly as if he had not been listening.*]

SETONI. I will leave you now.... I am thinking of the little Francesca, and there is nothing to say.

[*Cleofante, left alone, sits staring out on the terrace at Tiero. Menace is in her eyes. She paces the room once and then stops, decisively. She calls.*]

CLEOFANTE. Tiero...! [*He does not hear. She calls more sharply.*] Tiero! [*He rises.*]

TIERO [*advancing slowly*]. Yes, Cleofante.

CLEOFANTE [*impersonally*]. Francesca is dead; you must go home now, Tiero.... For a little while at least.

TIERO. No, no.... Not now.... It is too late, now. [*He comes close to her and places his arms about her.*] Our love has exacted a living sacrifice. It has been fed, like the deities of old, with the flesh and blood of a human being. Surely now the cold clouds that have been floating between us will lift and vanish. The death of Francesca has set me free to love you perfectly—always, Cleofante.

CLEOFANTE. You will not go—not if I ask it? [*She is impenetrable.*]

TIERO. I will never leave you now, Cleofante. I have won you with terrible gifts,—love and fame and death; and I will keep you! You are only a woman, after all,—with soft hair and soft hands and soft kisses; some day I will draw my knife through the portrait that you love so much—and then you will be all mine again. [*Cleofante draws back in sudden anger and fear. At this moment the page enters and starts to remove the glasses of wine over which Cleofante and Setoni recently sat. Cleofante, under pretense of directing him, moves to the table.*]

CLEOFANTE [*to the page, sharply*]. No,—leave those.... [*The page moves to the cabinet and takes away the fruit. Cleofante follows him, talking over her shoulder to Tiero.*] You have not tasted the new wine, yet, Tiero. Setoni's glass is untouched. You shall have it.

[*Tiero has flung himself down on a couch, and his mood is disturbed by Cleofante's casual suggestion.*]

TIERO [*almost sullenly*]. I do not want any wine, Cleofante.

[*Cleofante unlocks the cabinet and takes out the vial of poison, concealing it in her hand. She sits by the table and sips her wine, watching for a chance to pour the poison into Tiero's glass.*]

CLEOFANTE [*significantly*]. Sigolio's first and second wives died mysteriously. He is very watchful.

TIERO [*scornfully*]. Are you afraid? You have suddenly become a coward, then!

CLEOFANTE [*meditatively*]. No, I have never been afraid of anything in my life.... Won't you drink, Tiero? This new wine has a mysterious flavor.

TIERO [*briefly, coldly*]. No.

[*Cleofante sips the wine, and watches him narrowly. He closes his eyes suddenly and she is about to pour the wine when he looks at her again. Her outstretched hand falls on a plate of fruit. Tiero stares at her helplessly, broodingly, then suddenly his mood changes. He flings himself down on the couch, and cries out desperately.*]

TIERO. I am sick! Sick in soul and mind and body! That piece of canvas means more to you than my living self. You are like those women who take from one man what they give to another. You have cheated me, and starved me, and sickened me! [*His face drops into the hollow of his arm. Cleofante now pours out the poison, swiftly, but cautiously, and as swiftly and cautiously she locks the empty vial in the cabinet drawer, and then goes to Tiero and sits beside him, bending over him.*]

CLEOFANTE [*softly*]. Let my tenderness cure you, my darling. [*Her arms are about him, and she lifts his face to hers.*]

TIERO [*shaken with sudden passion*]. Cleofante— [*He draws her to him and she yields as if talking to a child, playing her fingers through his hair and letting him sob against her breast.*]

CLEOFANTE. Kiss me... again... Kiss me. Are the bad thoughts gone, now?

TIERO. They are going.... Oh, Cleofante! Why do you make me suffer? Why do you give yourself to me—and then take your-

self away? Love me! Love me as I love you.... Keep nothing back....

CLEOFANTE. How hot your face is! And your hands! [*She rises and brings the poisoned wine. She slips her arm under his head, lifting his lips toward the glass, and speaks authoritatively as to a sick child.*] Drink this—drink it all, my darling. [*He obeys her silently. She gives him all that the glass contains without a tremor. Then she rises with a calm smile and goes to place the empty glass on the table, but it falls from her hand and breaks on the floor.*]

TIERO [*observing it and speaking meditatively*]. Death, I think, is only the falling and the shattering of a wine cup.

[*Cleofante is startled by the words, and her smile goes. Something soft and regretful comes into her face, and she returns to Tiero and sits beside him, her arms about him. It is growing darker outside.*]

CLEOFANTE [*gently*]. Do you remember, Tiero, one evening beside the central fountain—when a nightingale sang, and I said that its nest might have been in my heart—so close its song came through our silence?

TIERO. I remember....

CLEOFANTE. It is growing dark. The nightingale will sing, presently.... Go and wait for me there.

TIERO.. I cannot leave you, Cleofante—not even to go from you one instant and wait for you until the next.

CLEOFANTE [*rising*]. Go and wait for me by the fountain, Tiero.... [*Tiero rises, goes to her, and puts his arms about her.*]

TIERO. What a strange woman you are! Shall I never know you? Shall I always be tossed about by your inexplicable moods like the dust about the feet of a running horse?

CLEOFANTE. Will you wait beside the fountain until I come, Tiero?

TIERO. I will wait... but come quickly... for I—I— [*His voice drops to a whisper. He is trembling—.*] —I need you.

CLEOFANTE. I will come. [*With a triumphant tenderness she winds her arms about him and drains his lips of a long kiss. Then she stands away from him.*] Go....

[*Tiero passes his hand across his eyes, and goes. Cleofante stands motionless looking after him. Setoni enters and sits down heavily in the big chair. Suddenly Cleofante, who is looking off, gives a low cry.... Setoni rises and turns toward her. He is almost a shadow in the room. Cleofante sees him, and at first shrinks away from him; then recognizing him, she lays her hand on his arm and*

points out toward the garden; he draws back, amazed, questioning, incredulous, horrified. For a second there is silence. Then Cleofante speaks, in a low, vibrant voice.]

CLEOFANTE. Will you please tell me if there was any other way? But this must remain a secret between us, Setoni. If my husband knew that I had poisoned a man he might be jealous.... Then—people are still very prejudiced against murder.... And it seems such a little thing when one is doing it....

[*She stares straight ahead, smiling faintly at nothing. A page enters with lighted lamps. Somewhere, close at hand, a nightingale begins to sing. Setoni makes his way to Sigolio's great chair, and huddles into its depths, as*]

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE

SHELDON CHENEY
EDITH J. R. ISAACS
KENNETH MACGOWAN
MARION TUCKER

EDITORIAL

THEATRICALLY, Paris is stirring once more. With Rouché at the Opera and Copeau drawing crowds to the Rue de Vieux Colombier, the only vital side of the French theatre is picking up again at the point where the war cut it off. One of the interesting new developments along modern lines has been the importation by Firmin Gemier of the methods of Max Reinhardt. With vast crowds and a vaster audience he is producing in a "circus" the same story which Reinhardt first utilized for this manner of production long before the war. Although his *Œdipus* is the *Œdipus* of Saint Georges de Bouhelier, the method seems largely that of Reinhardt. In one respect at least he has gone farther, as far as the Reinhardt of *Danton* in his Grosses Schauspielhaus. M. Gemier is sending his actors down through the audience to reach the stage. This is a trick which is spreading rapidly. In London the players taking part in the auction scene of *The Skin Game* are seated in the stalls, while in our own New York, *Spanish Love* not only uses the boxes for entrances to a fore-stage in the orchestra pit, but also sends the actors up and down both aisles. On the surface, this is a shattering of the line between audience and players, which brings more annoyance than pleasure. It is necessary to bear with this sort of thing for just one reason: our producers are feeling their way toward the coming new theatre. Within the shell of the old, they are trying to create a new stage innocent of the old picture frame and filled with significant, fresh relations between the players, their background, and the audience. These abortive experiments at mixing audience and actors only show how fast the theatre is now moving and in what direction.

THE counsel to the little theatre directors of America which we print in the succeeding pages is worth some study. It is the letter of a man who has directed a productive group of his own, The Wisconsin Players, from which the plays of Zona Gale sprang, and who has made a still larger contribution to the newer theatre through his critical works and his pioneer collection of plays, *Chief Contemporary Dramatists*. The bulk of his prescriptions are so obviously salutary as to need no re-emphasizing here, except perhaps his warning that some of our little theatres have disastrously developed the

A corner of "The Waste," the third act setting for Maxim Gorky's *The Lower Depths* at the Moscow Art Theatre. After a singularly beautiful and almost lyric narrative of his wanderings, the old pilgrim Luka, who by his simple pity weaves a thread of silver through the play, brings Natasha, sister of the keeper of the lodging, to a resolution to be happy with Vaska Pepel, a thief and son of a thief, who resolves to break away from his past. But the jealous sister is looking down from an upper window, and after a brief moment of hope, the action falls again to the dread and the fear which lurk in this tangled web of beaten humanity. The scene is in one of those drear courtyards used for a refuse dump in the poorer quarters in Moscow and Petrograd. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

"Scenes from Country Life" is the subtitle of *Uncle Vanya*, one of the four long plays on which the fame of Anton Tchehoff as a dramatist rests. It came after *The Sea Gull* and before *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard* and was first produced at the Moscow Art Theatre November 7, 1899. Like the scenes of most of his plays, those of *Uncle Vanya* are laid among the landed proprietors in the Russian countryside and the small towns. Passion flaming up too late in life is one of the sober themes of the play. In the last act, shown above, resignation is the only result of it all, expressed thus in the words of Sonia: "We shall rest. (Telyegin plays softly on the guitar.) We shall rest. We shall hear the angeis. We shall see heaven shining like a jewel." (Photograph by Sherer and Nabholtz. Moscow.)

The benefactor, David Leizer, at bay in the fifth act of Andreieff's *Anathema* at the Moscow Art Theatre. This scene reveals the control of ensemble which is a leading characteristic of Stanislavsky's stage. Under his inspiration, the company is better aware of how to place itself on the stage in order to give the verisimilitude of life and to convey the mood of a scene than any other group of players in the theatre of our time. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

In Alexander Rodionovitch Artyom, the Moscow Art Theatre possessed the greatest of Russian character actors and probably the most gifted artist of his kind and time in any country. He is shown here at the left in one of the leading roles of Maxim Gorky's play, *Smug Citizens*. His deeply furrowed features and his startlingly expressive eyes gave distinction to every role he played, but his keenly sensitive artist soul contributed even more. Around him Tchehoff wrote some of the most droll and pathetic parts in his plays, and since his untimely death in 1914 those roles have been played by one and another member of the company but never to the satisfaction of the exacting Moscow audience. (Photograph by Fisher, Moscow.)

habit of trying to compete with the long runs of Broadway. (Who was it said that a single success meant the failure of any repertory theatre?) All this is so true that Mr. Dickinson's philippic might pass without comment here if it were not for his comparison of the output of our amateur playhouses with the professional organizations which he chooses to call the little theatres of England. We think this an error on his part, but a very productive error. It is true that the Incorporated Stage Society, the Court Theatre in London under the Barker-Vedrenne regime, and the Gaiety Theatre in Manchester under Miss Horniman's management, brought forth the first plays and stimulated the dramatic impulses of the men who, with their imitators and disciples, now dominate the London theatre—Bernard Shaw, Arnold Bennett, John Drinkwater, Granville Barker, St. John Hankin, Harold Brighouse, Laurence Housman, John Masefield, and Stanley Houghton. But The Incorporated Stage Society was able to utilize the services of professional London actors for their occasional performances on Sunday evenings, while the two other organizations, from which a far larger stimulus came, were entirely professional theatres, giving performances and paying salaries week in and week out. To return to our own producing bodies—all but two or three of which have been entirely amateur—it is a very suggestive fact that they have outdistanced the English bodies in two directions, the creation of one-act plays and the development of the new methods in setting and production. Perhaps the temperaments of the two countries account for the emphasis on beauty of stage setting over here and its lack in England, though the fact that the Great War intervened in England at the time when the new stagecraft was gaining headway may be even a more potent explanation. All these comparisons should serve only to make us recall the very great differences between the theatregoing audiences and literary circles of England and America. The English theatre has had a tradition and an experience of hundreds of years behind it. More than that, its cultured classes and its men of letters—out of which audiences and playwrights must at first be created—are fairly well centralized in London and the big cities of the Midlands. Scattered as America is, and young into the bargain, is it quite fair to look for more than a few Gales, Glaspells, and O'Neills from our very new and very little theatres? Our playhouses have had a stiff bit of pioneering to do. If they will only read and observe the wise precepts of Mr. Dickinson — especially as to crasser imitations of Broadway—they should stand a fair chance of producing a few Galsworthys and Hankins of their own.

Theatre Arts Chronicle

NEW YORK, September 12, 1920.

To the Little Theatre Directors of the United States:

I am permitted by the courtesy of the editors of the THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE to use their columns for the circulation of this letter. For some time I was myself a director of a little theatre, and though I no longer have a theatre of my own, my study of conditions in the theatres of England and the United States, and particularly in the experimental theatres, makes me anxious to submit to you some of my views.

Nothing could be more encouraging than the growth of the little theatre idea in the United States during the last ten years. The number of little theatres runs to hundreds. These have their own directors, their own companies, many of them their own houses. They have the support of local artists. They are building up a solid place in the community. The number of productions every year would run to thousands and thousands. And many of the productions are good, and some good plays have been written.

And yet it is my belief that the little theatre in the United States has not as yet lived up to its opportunity. I am supported in this judgment by comparing the record of the little theatre in England with that of the United States. I know it is easy to say "They do it better abroad," and so I must prove that the little theatre in England has lived up to its opportunity better than it has in the United States. The little theatre in England has provided the majority of the first-rate names of the last fifteen years to playwriting and direction. If we must leave aside Yeats and Synge and Lady Gregory and Lennox Robinson as coming from Ireland and representing a group *sui generis*, we still have Stanley Houghton, St. John Hankin, Granville Barker, Elizabeth Baker, Miss Horniman, John Drinkwater, Harold Brighouse, George Calderon, and Arnold Bennett as belonging to the little theatre movement. And scores of other well known names could be mentioned. To these I have a right to add the names of Shaw and Ervine and Dunsany, who though Irish have been introduced to the world on English stages. And these are not names only. Every one of these men and women has added to the English theatre works of real merit through the medium of the little theatres. Capture of the British stage by the outsider is one of the wonders of the time. No one recognizes just how firmly the insurgents have ensconced themselves until he looks for the old familiar faces. And these new leaders continue to write for and to produce in their provincial theatres, which are run by local dramatic societies.

This is far from the condition in America. The new workers have done much for which they deserve due credit. As I am too near home I am not going to mention the names of those who, at the expense of great energy and patience and often under conditions of great personal sacrifice, have done the best work for the American little theatre. If I were to mention names of those who have done much, I might by inadvertence or ignorance omit the names of some who have done more. The important point is that we cannot be satisfied with our progress. After nearly fifteen years of experiments the little theatre in the United States is still tentative and unproved.

The little theatre is not a plaything. I know it is hard to enforce this where so few are willing to take you seriously. The little theatre has had to contend against much misunderstanding in newspapers and in the minds of people generally. Editors insist on putting your notices in the social columns. And even if they take you seriously they are likely to do you much harm by misinterpreting your purposes. But you cannot do anything better than to insist on the real dignity of the thing you are trying to do.

The little theatre should produce its own plays. Nothing will give your work character and standing in the community quicker than the production of new works by local artists. Not only does this appeal to local pride, but it is almost the foundation stone of your efforts. Of course, it is easy to go back to Wilde and Shaw and the English comedians and new masters. Your audiences expect some of this from you. But if you depend too largely on outside inspiration you will become spineless. I am reminded of what Donald Robertson said: "The repertory theatre should produce its own plays and go for inspiration to the masters."

The little theatre should enforce the cooperation of the best writers and artists of the community. Too many little theatres have been content to produce little works which were less than the community could muster through neglect of securing the best cooperation. This cooperation can be secured if you go out for it; and nothing short of the best that the community affords should be countenanced. The fact that directors have contented themselves with the petty or the puerile because it was the first thing that offered has kept the leading artists of the community aloof. It is the director's business to enlist the best writers, painters, musicians, dancers, sculptors, and craftsmen generally in the work of the theatre. Contributions of real excellence are worth going out for and worth struggling for. If the director cannot secure them he is failing as director. Let him not think that because the best artist in the community has not offered his services he is too proud to help. His cooperation can be enlisted.

The director should not keep an eye aslant on the professional theatre. Here we have suggested the crowning fault of the American little theatre director. Paradoxical as it may seem, it is the thing that disqualifies him in comparison with his English cousin. For while the Englishman has gained his place in the institution of the British theatre by sticking strictly to his muttons, the American little theatre director has as a rule failed of acceptance in the professional theatre through a certain anxiety to handle his affairs in such a way as to win professional approval. Nothing more surely shows itself than a lack of respect for your own house and wares. This has been manifested in the little theatre in America in many ways. What are these? They are:

A certain injection of the commercial in your transactions.
An aping of the ways and interests of the professional theatre.
Copying the methods of publicity of the professional theatre.
Imitating the themes of the professional theatre.
Unnecessary borrowing of "professional" artists and craftsmen.
Efforts to create long runs.
Puffing of personalities.
Seeking for hearings outside the admittedly narrow circles in which true understanding lies.
Taking big theatres for the exploitation of "little theatre" successes.
Precipitate indulging of the big town tryout.

In all of these we have evidences of that straddling of principle which has been the bane of the little theatre. All of these represent the virus by which the ways of the big theatre inoculate the director of the little theatre to the hurt of his own art and the discredit of his institution.

It may seem that I am standing for impossible principles. I do not consider them too high. It is because I believe that an observance of them is necessary if any real use is to be made of the present opportunities that I venture to offer them boldly to the little theatre directors of the United States.

Thomas H. Dickinson.

Theatre Activities in Southern California

By Richard Burton

Whenever I go to the Pacific coast, I come back with an impression of intelligent, high-aiming activity in the interests of the theatre. And the impression has been quickened by a visit this year to California.

In many ways, the far west seems to be the section of the country where the freest experimentation and the broadest spirit of approach to the theatre problem can be seen. I do not refer to the moving picture art and industry, although the manifestation of the marvellous growth in this newest phase of dramatic life and playhouse development is certainly such as to catch even the casual eye in that centre of the camera country, Southern California. But for the purposes of this article, I have in view the spoken play. Many things combine to make California a kindly soil for the growth of the theatre in all its aspects.

In the first place, it should be borne in mind that the climate cooperates wonderfully in all attempts at outdoor representation: the winter vs. summer distinction hardly exists, and the masque, the pageant, the open-air performance of whatever kind, can be safely planned and surely carried through. Closely connected with this basic matter of the weather is the scenery or natural setting which lends an ideal décor for dramatic entertainment. Here California has no superior, if indeed a rival. The staging furnished by nature often makes man's scenic endeavors paltry in comparison. All that has to do with playground and open-air playhouse activity is thus fostered by natural forces. I thought of this standing in the Civic Stadium in San Diego,—a superb bowl seating fifty thousand, and commanding a magnificent view of the beautiful bay; a place which, in that favored climate, can be utilized any day in the round year, while the Yale Bowl for over half of each year is inevitably inutile.

But it is not merely nature that here favors the drama. California is full of folk progressive in their ideas in respect of the playhouse: witness the spread of the community theatre idea. Vigorous organizations which truly root in the desire to serve the people and secure the cooperation of the people in this most democratic of the arts, are fast developing on the Pacific coast. The Community Players of San Diego, Hollywood, and Pasadena are illustrative. The San Diego Players gave a most artistic production of Maeterlinck's *Pelleas and Melisande,* and at Hollywood the season closed with a performance of Clare Kummer's *A Successful Calamity,* which greatly pleased the local audience and had to be played an extra week. The charming, quaint little theatre, converted from a bowling alley into an ideal setting for community drama, does genuinely advanced work in the way of lighting and scenic investiture, and Miss Neely Dickson, the indefatigable and able director, has won warm praise from her public by what she has accomplished during three years of labor.

Pasadena, too, has closed a third season, financially ahead for the first time; and after attending several performances, I can testify that the town has affectionately adopted the Playhouse as an institution. I saw *Bunty Pulls the Strings,* the final bill, and was deeply interested to find that the prominent parts were taken respectively by a chimney sweep, a gardener, the district attorney, and a shop girl,—a practical illustration of the community ideal! The city is building an outdoor playhouse in one of the beautiful outlying arroyos, which the Players will occupy this summer, returning to their town theatre in the autumn.

Nor should it be forgotten that the now famous Mission Play, housed in its own unique theatre at San Gabriel, near Pasadena, brought its ninth highly successful season to a close in late May, with Frederick Warde and Mrs. Tyrone Power in the leading parts. This remarkable attempt to tell picturesque local, religious history in stage terms has become a California institution, and

beyond doubt will go down in our dramatic annals as a pioneer example of the illuminating of history on the stage.

Another interesting and impressive attempt signalizing the summer of 1920, is the so-called Pilgrimage Play, which in June began a ten-week season in the wonderful open-air theatre erected for the purpose in the arroyo El Camino Real,—or, to put it plainer, in a canyon just off the King's Highway, as the old Spanish road is called, in Hollywood. As a setting, the spot is incomparable. The typical California valleys and hills have been utilized to make a superb background for a stage which faces a thousand seats, the view from which fairly takes the breath away. When the audiences saw the Three Wise Men on their camels, winding down the mountain path high above the stage where the manger is placed, they had all of the illusion of Palestine. Here the story of Christ, every line of the text drawn from the New Testament, was enacted by hundreds of actors working in the sincere and simple spirit of the Oberammergau play. There are sixty-three speaking parts, with an ample equipment of supernumeraries. Mrs. Yorke Stephenson was responsible for the arrangement of the piece, and I can testify to the skill and good taste with which the material was handled. From a specially constructed platform above the stage, the Los Angeles Symphony Orchestra furnished incidental music. For the first five weeks the part of the Christ was played by Henry Herbert, for the second five weeks by Mr. Reginald Pole, nephew of William Poel, the distinguished London producer of Shakespeare in the Elizabethan manner.

The mention of Reginald Pole reminds me to say that this young idealist in the playhouse came to California a few years ago and has been instrumental in putting on Shakespeare and the Greeks in Los Angeles and neighboring towns, either with civic backing or in connection with the schools. He is employed as dramatic director at Pomona College, where in a fine Greek theatre he has produced Euripides and Sophocles, and in an interior theatre, designed by Myron Hunt, has put on *King John* and other Shakespeare plays. In Los Angeles last winter, he staged Ibsen's *When We Dead Awaken* in such fashion as to arouse real enthusiasm, giving the local theatre lovers an opportunity to see a drama not elsewhere offered. In casting plays, Southern California has the advantage of being able to draw on many noted players who are engaged in moving picture work and are glad to get back for the nonce to the "legitimate." Hence, revivals of standard plays are frequent, such as all-star performances of those favorites of the past, *Ingomar* and *Arizona*, with R. D. McLean, William H. Crane, and other old-time artists among the actors. In Los Angeles, too, I found a young theatre woman, Miss Wilhelmina Wilkes, responsible for the productions at the excellent Majestic stock company theatre, and in witnessing a performance of that pleasant though negligible trifle, *In Lilac Time*, was delighted with the settings, which for harmonious good taste were as good as anything seen on Broadway.

If one moves north, there is Carmel-by-the-Sea, with its open-air theatre where worth-while drama and spectacle are always given, supported by the literary colony, made up of Harry Leon Wilson, George Sterling, and others. And there is San Francisco, with its Little Theatre, and the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, with that leading American exponent of the new stagecraft, Sam Hume, in charge of the dramatic interests of the University. But the story of the theatre in northern California is a long one by itself. The Bohemian Club Jinks still offer their Grove play annually, and nothing in America is more distinctive and distinguished, as the lucky visitors know full well.

Altogether, the Pacific coast is a section to be watched by all who are interested in the free, democratic, untrammeled contribution to the theatre in the United States, something growing out of the soil, true to local conditions, and dictated by a real love of this great art of the people.

Theatre Arts Bookshelf

PLAYS. FOURTH SERIES. By John Galsworthy. The newest group of plays by Mr. Galsworthy should be more than welcome to those of his admirers who have grieved at finding only two plays worthy of the author of *Strife* and *The Silver Box* in the six plays of what might be called his middle period. There is no *Justice* in this newest collection, and no *Pigeon;* but, at any rate, two of the three are thoroughly worthwhile both dramatically and as to themes. *A Bit o' Love,* the play that begins the volume, is in Mr. Galsworthy's weaker vein. It has its excellent points; the picture of the instinctively cruel puritanism of an English village is admirable. But the play is gummed very thick with the sentimental figure of little Tibby Jarland. Each of the other two plays is remarkable in its own way. *The Skin Game* possesses a greater number of powerful scenes of dramatic conflict than Mr. Galsworthy has ever put into a single play. Judged by larger values, this story of the private war between an old and somewhat beneficent aristocracy and a vulgar moneyed upstart is of little importance. It has supplied, however, the material for that age-tested "conflict of wills" which is ever effective, and which Mr. Galsworthy has rather singularly neglected in his plays of ironic and will-less tragedy. The other play, *The Foundations,* is an utter departure for Mr. Galsworthy or any other English playwright. It is a fantastic comedy of the starving proletariat of some years after the Great War, retailing through character a number of intriguing reflections on human society, and ending in an indiscreet—some say indecent—joke. The interesting point of it all is that *The Foundations* has been written for a type of "stylized" acting, emphasizing deliberately yet nicely the grotesque artificialities of the caricaturist. Our stage is almost unfitted at present to handle such a play by such a method, but the existence of the manuscript ought to do something towards stimulating the development of a new producing method. Our scenic reforms have run ahead of our playmaking; here we have a play suited to a type of acting we have yet to learn. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.)

LILULI. By Romain Rolland. These times of ours call for a great satirist, an Aristophanes, a Lucian, a Swift, a Voltaire, who, seeing clearly and sanely, yet saved from madness by a gigantic sense of humor, and possessed of Olympian speech, may cry aloud and spare not the follies and suicidal madnesses of this race of fools. He should be angry (*facit indignatio versus*) but not too angry to see sanely; he should be indignant but yet pitiful; he should ridicule yet sympathize; laugh largely yet still feel the dint of pity. He should have a cosmic sweep of vision and upon his world stage assemble all sorts and conditions of men, acting their parts after that particular kind of folly which nature has implanted in them. In arresting phrases he should generalize deep truths from human experiences, and should say for us largely and finally what we feel but cannot utter. Such should be his insight and wisdom; but, too, he should show beauty of concept and phrase in the midst of the ugly and the ridiculous; arouse pity as well as terror and contempt; make us feel in the very midst of the hurly-burly of his vast burlesque something of the eternal tears of things. Perhaps Romain Rolland is scarcely of the race and lineage of the master satirists, and his *Liluli* may not be the ideal satire for this crazy age; but Rolland shows many of their great traits, and *Liluli* is so far the one outstanding satire of its time. It is a burlesque, Aristophanic in method, but with something too of Lucian and Rabelais and Swift. The play is named for the deceitful spirit of Illusion, who appears to many as the fair and winged Ideal, but who leads all to final destruction, who rejoices in carnage and chaos, and whose supreme desire is to drown the race in a deluge of blood. On the vast stage of the world appear with her Polichinelle, incarnation of skepticism

and incapable of illusion; Altair and Antares, loving and beautiful youths, who kill each other at Liluli's command; Janot, the French peasant, and Hansot, the German, friendly enough until forced to fight; Polonius; bands of Fat Men, of Thin Men, of Gallipoulets, of Hurluberloches, of Diplomats (here comes the sharpest political satire of these times), of Workers, of Intellectuals—of all classes and types and conditions of human beings, lured by Liluli to utter annihilation. Even Polichinelle perishes; and Illusion alone remains laughing over chaos.

Rolland is a clear and disillusioned spirit, with something of Aristophanes' insight into life, of Rabelais' homeric laughter, of Swift's bitter irony, and possessed of tenderness and pity not so characteristic of these great ones. His *Liluli* is a challenge to thoughtful readers. How would it "act"? Is it too complicated, too subtle, and too terrible for any theatre today? Where is the audience that can follow its intricacies, or, following, brook its terrible disillusionments? (New York: Boni and Liveright.)

PLAYS. By Susan Glaspell. Eight plays by a single American author, every play acted at least once, and one of them, *Suppressed Desires,* the most acted of Little Theatre plays, make a volume that is bound to attract attention and to create the sort of discussion which is at once complimentary to the author and extremely disconcerting. For it is almost impossible to consider such plays singly, impersonally, or on their merits either as acting plays or as literature. Miss Glaspell is a "product" of the Little Theatre movement, specifically of that vital group, the Provincetown Players, and the interest aroused in her volume is not solely an interest in *Trifles, The People, Close the Book, The Outside, Woman's Honor, Bernice, Suppressed Desires,* or *Tickless Time.* It is an interest in the "movement" she represents, in the "experiments" she has tried, in her scope, her material, her technique. The volume well rewards a study along these lines, even the failures—and not all the experiments are successful—having their undoubted merit and their raison d'être. For readers who can achieve an artistic perspective in relation to these plays there is satisfaction in finding, after reading and rereading them all, that the big things are the good ones, and that the biggest is the best. Apart from *Suppressed Desires* and *Tickless Time,* both of which are comedies written in collaboration with George Cram Cook and both of which have the light, clever, spontaneous quality that make for popularity, the plays that merit attention are *Trifles* and *Bernice.* And these two serious plays are distinctly superior to the two comedies in form, quality, human interest, and characterization, just as *Bernice* (first published in THEATRE ARTS MAGAZINE for October, 1919) is, in everything, distinctly superior to *Trifles.* It is as if Miss Glaspell hit a far target more easily than one close by. And while it is a great deal to have written the most successful playlet of the years, and as sustained and actable and true a drama as *Trifles,* and to have capped them in *Bernice* with the American psychological play most nearly like the representative modern continental play, the volume leaves the hope that Miss Glaspell will aim at the stars next time. (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.)

PLAYS OF THE 47 WORKSHOP. SECOND SERIES. The four plays in this volume maintain the standard of the first series. All are neatly and expertly constructed, show a sense for legitimate stage effects, and, while perhaps not masterpieces, are of a literary quality decidedly above that of most contemporary one-act plays in English. The characterization of Gismonda, the young, beautiful, and faithless wife in Kenneth Raisbeck's tragedy of the Italian Renaissance, *Torches,* is the highest achievement of the volume. Norman C. Lindau's *Cooks and Cardinals* has a funny Irish cook, and a benevolent Cardinal who reminds one of Henry Harland's delightful prelate in *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box.* The other two plays are a "costume comedy," *A Flitch of Bacon,* by Eleanor Holmes Hinkley, and a pathetic fantasy by Doris F. Halman called *The Playroom.* In none of these plays is there any hint of the unskilled work-

man. They are worth printing, worth reading, and worth being acted before audiences that like sincere and distinctive work. (New York: Brentano's.)

WAT TYLER. By Halcott Glover. Keeping entirely in the spirit of the age which it represents, never preaching or haranguing, and yet creating a sense of the modernity of its people and of the problem of labor which is its theme, *Wat Tyler,* a play in three acts by Halcott Glover, manages with unusual felicity to be both a thesis play and a very real drama. In size and scope and handling, the play is conceived in terms of the great new theatre which Reinhardt and Gemier have made realities. Before Reinhardt essayed Romain Rolland's *Danton* with success, it might have been said that *Wat Tyler* was written to be read, not to be played, even with the pull of such playable characters as Wat, Jack Straw, and John Ball. But today anything is possible to the theatre of imagination—to whose attention we recommend *Wat Tyler.* The gradual massing of the people for rebellion, the steady progress under inspired leadership, the conquest and the fall—the tragic fall—are conceived with power and portrayed with skill and art. (London: The Bloomsbury Press.)

THREE LANCASHIRE PLAYS. By Harold Brighouse. One has come to expect from "the Manchester School" (which actually does not exist) arresting and sometimes powerful pictures of lower and middle class life in Lancashire, tragic or humorous, but usually atmospheric and characterful. Such are Stanley Houghton's *Hindle Wakes,* Allan Monkhouse's *Mary Broome,* and Mr. Brighouse's own *Hobson's Choice* as well as his two excellent short plays *The Price of Coal* and *Lonesomelike.* The present volume presents nothing equal to any of these; its three plays strive but fail to attain. All show a sense of the theatre, good situations, lively talk (and, one might exclaim, "What more could you ask, in Heaven's name?"), but for all this they are at best but commonplace. *The Game* is a comedy in which a sporting young woman, Elsie Whitworth, loves a star football player, Jack Metherell, for his prowess, but for all her easy management of men, is utterly routed by Jack's tyrannical old mother, in a really excellent third act. Old Mrs. Metherell, the best drawn character in the volume, is worth not only more than the remainder of the *dramatis personae* in this particular play but everything else in all the plays put together. *The Northerners,* a realistic tragedy of labor and capital in Lancashire in 1820, does poorly what Hauptmann and Galsworthy have done well. As in so many plays of this kind, the economic subject matter is found insufficient. The sharacters are inconsistent and ill-motivated, and sex takes up the burden. *Zack,* a light comedy of character which reverts to the method of fifty years ago, while utterly unreal, is at least funny. Zack himself is certainly lovable though hardly credible. (New York and London: Samuel French.)

PLAYS FOR CHILDREN. A Selected List. Compiled by Kate Oglebay for the Community Theatre Exchange of the New York Drama League. This is the first of a series of play lists promised by the Community Theatre Exchange to answer the inquiries and meet the needs of all kinds of producing organizations from Boys' Clubs to Little Theatres. The present list has been prepared, apparently with great care, fine intelligence, and good judgment, by one of the leading authorities in this country on children's dramatics, and will certainly prove valuable to all who are engaged in giving plays to be acted by children or before children, of from six to sixteen, and to parents and teachers who look for help in story-telling, recitations, and class-work. The list is classified into Reference Books; Books about Scenery and Costumes; Books of Stories and Poems for Story-Playing; Story-Telling, Readings, and Recitations; Dramatic Readers; Plays; Books of Plays; Plays for Christmas; Plays for Other Holidays; selected from the publications of sixty-four publishing-houses. The plays run from the simplest to the most elaborate in costumes and scenery. With each play is given a summary of the plot, the kind of play, number and sex of characters, scenes, and settings. The pamphlet is attractively arranged and printed. (New York: H. W. Wilson Co.)

Scene from *The Merchant of Venice*, as produced by students of Smith College under the direction of Samuel E. Eliot, Jr. The settings were more or less based on a series made for this play by Robert Edmond Jones, but were adapted and built by the students. The production is considered to have set a new standard at the College.

Setting designed by Burnham Hoyt for Philip Moeller's *The Little Supper*, as produced by the Denver Little Theatre under the direction of Sara Lacy.

Published in October
Orders taken now for

Theatre Arts Monographs No. 1

ON BUILDING A THEATRE

By Irving Pichel

With special reference to the construction, equipment, and lighting of Little Theatres, School Auditoriums, and Community Playhouses

23 Illustrations, 80 Pages, Stiff Paper Binding
$1.50 and postage — Limited Edition

Theatre Arts Inc., 7 East 42d Street, New York

Unusual Photographs of Children
and Portraits of Character

Mary Dale Clarke Studios

CHARLES J. FOX
JOHN J. McCUTCHEON

Telephone
Plaza 1492

865 Fifth Avenue
New York City

YVETTE GUIL
SCHOOL OF THE T

SECOND YEAR
October 4, 1920, to April

Dramatic and Lyric Inter
Pantomime, Improvisation, Fol
Dances, Vocal Instruction, Vo
Eurythmics (Dalcroze), Histor
Stagecrafts, French Lan

LECTURES (open also to t
Prof. H. M. Ayres, Literat
Middle-Ages (6 lectures)
H. E. Krehbiel, Afro-Americ
Songs (4 lectures).
Dr. Ludwig Lewisohn, Hist
velopment of the Drama
tures).

Advanced pupils will particip
Educational Trip to Europe p
May, June, July, 1921

Apply for prospectus to
Secretary of the School

Miss Poillon, Hotel Majestic, N

Knabe Piano

The
DRAMA BOOK SHOP
7 East 42d Street, New York City

For PLAYS and
Books about the Theatre

PLAYS FOR
READING, ACTING, STUDYING
PATRIOTIC PLAYS
PAGEANTS
ETC.

BOOKS ABOUT
SCENERY, COSTUMES, ACTING
STAGE DECORATION
ETC.

Back Numbers of
Theatre Arts Mag

Containing articles, plays and
by Gordon Craig, Robert E. Jo
Simonson, Gilbert Cannan, W.
Stark Young, Walter Prichard
Susan Glaspell, Arthur Hopkins,
O'Neill, Rollo Peters, Sam H
Zoe Akins, John Drinkwat

PRICES — [illegible] — POSTP
Vol. I, $5.00; Vol. II, $3.00; V
$5.00; Vol. IV, $3.25. All issu
cept those for February and Ma
May 1918, October 1919, and Ja
1920 can still be had singly at

For Xmas Presents
Why Not Theatre Arts Magazi

THEATRE ARTS MAGAZI
7 EAST 42d STREET N

ALBERTI SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION
Studio Entrance on Seventh Avenue, corner 56th Street
CARNEGIE HALL, NEW YORK CITY
Fall Opening, Regular Courses, October 28, 1920
MADAME ALBERTI, PRINCIPAL
Connected with Stuart Walker's Companies and Young People's Theatre

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
3 9015 01920 8175

THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DATE DUE

MAY 01 1991

FEB 26 1991

APR 23 1992

APR 28 1992

Replaced with Commercial Microform